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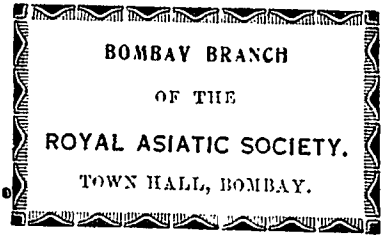

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Mlle DE MONTPENSIER.

MEMOIRS

OF

MADEMOISELLE

DE MONTPENSIER,

GRAND-DAUGHTER OF HENRI QUATRE,

AND NIECE OF QUEEN HENRIETTA-MARIA.

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WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

EDITED FROM THE FRENCH.

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INTRODUCTION

BY

THE EDITOR.

THERE is no country perhaps whose literature is so enriched with interesting memoirs and autobiographies as that of France. Every period, since the days of Gregory de Tours, is illustrated by contemporary writers, whose works remain lasting memorials of their times. The Chronicles of Froissart, Philippe de Co-

mines, Monstrelet, &c. &c., not only give us accurate delineations, and the most interesting particulars of the leading personages of their day, but they also familiarize us with the manners and customs, the etiquette, the gossip and the intrigue of the period in which the writers lived. The chronicles of courts always retain a strong and peculiar attraction. With what avidity do we seize upon each trivial detail concerning princes and their companions! How anxious are the humble many to obtain even an idea of the every-day life of the great and privileged few: to dive into the recesses of palaces, and contemplate, in the relaxation of the domestic circle, those who in public are environed by an imposing barrier of ceremony, pomp, and dignity! Hence it is that we peruse with so much pleasure the memoirs of those who have lived in the intimacy of courts: and of these more especially, each succeeding epoch of French

history has transmitted its own contemporary record.

Among the treasures of this kind—this "raconte," as Michelet explains it, of "the mobile race of the 'Gael, bruyante, sensuelle, et légère:' prompt to learn, prompt to despise, greedy of new things," we know no work more likely to interest the general, or instruct the curious reader, than the memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, eldest daughter of Gaston Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIII.; grand-daughter of Henry IV.; and niece of Henrietta Maria of England, with whom she was on terms of close intimacy during the exile of that unfortunate queen, whose "Sayings and Doings" she records in these Memoirs; in which she also gives a very interesting account of the young Prince, afterwards Charles II. She was styled, by way of distinction, "Mademoiselle," as the dauphin is called, "Monseigneur:" "La Grande Mademoiselle," par

excellence; and by every writer of her times "the heroine of the Fronde."

The name of Mademoiselle is already favourably known to those acquainted with "le Siècle de Louis Quatorze:" and "the shadow of its coming," indeed, has been pretty well anticipated by the present annotators on her eventful day; yet are her memoirs, as related by herself, so replete with naïveté and candour, so deeply mixed up with all the stirring incidents that arose out of the cabals of the court — the political schemes, the love intrigues, the sudden rise of those turbulent factions, hurried on by wantonness and caprice, that we need make no apology in presenting them to the world in an English dress.

A brief summary, tending to throw some collateral lights on the most distinguished actors in the scene, by an outline of historical facts, may not be unacceptable to the reader. For whilst Louis Quatorze is the *Lion* of that day, rejoicing in the exact

costume, reposing in precisely the same modern-antique fauteuil of the "old régime," it is difficult to withdraw the mind suddenly from one era, to have it absorbed as suddenly in another. With this view we subjoin a general sketch—a sort of "carte du pays" of the stirring and eventful times of "Louis le Grand."

In the first place, we would direct the reader's attention to the dignified simplicity and extreme politeness of those times. Yet, at the era when Louis XIII. ascended the throne, the noblesse were garrisoned throughout the country in castles or towers surrounded by moats, oppressing the tillers of the land: the highways were almost impassable, the cities without police, the State without money, and the government possessing little credit with other nations. Pleasure had always been the occupation of the French; they employed themselves in balls and tournaments, whilst the Spaniards and Portuguese were discovering and conquering the eastern and western worlds. The spirit of discord, extending its baneful influence from the court, insinuated itself into each community throughout the kingdom. Everything was contested, because there was nothing settled: there was not a

department in all Paris which did not come to blows. Even the heads of processions fought with one another for the honour of their banners. The canons of Notre Dame were often seen in worldly array against those of the Holy Chapel: and on the day when the king placed his country under the protection of the Virgin Mary, the Parliament of Paris and the Court of Exchequer fought for precedence in the very chapel of the saint they were both met to supplicate. We may add, that such was the spirit of duelling, that it was with truth declared, that in the course of a ten years' war, more Frenchmen fell by the hands of Frenchmen than by the hands of their enemies. They consulted astrologers, believed in sorcery, and too surely enlisted "a legion" of evil spirits in their quarrel. The wife of Maréchal d'Ancres was burnt at the stake, accused of witchcraft against Mary de Medicis. On being asked what charm she used, she fearlessly replied,—"That only which great minds exercise over weak ones."

This is quite sufficient to give a general idea of the spirit and manners of the age in which Mademoiselle was born—of the gross errors diffused through all orders of the State, rent asunder by the demon of party. After

the towering genius of Richelieu (who had completed the ruin of the political power of the French nobility) had passed away, Louis XIII. speedily followed him to the tomb. Jealous of his brother, Gaston, Duke of Orleans (the father of our heroine), Louis, in his suspicions, withdrew from the society of Anne of Austria, his queen; treating her as a criminal, and retiring to St. Germain, where he endured a solitary existence, his health broken, and his mind so enfeebled, that he found no pleasure except in the noble chase of badgers. He had ceased to interfere with his imperious minister; whilst Anne of Austria, disheartened and disgraced, although, after being twenty years without issue, she had presented her husband with a son (afterwards Louis XIV.), presumed no longer to dispute the authority of one who exacted the powers of royalty, and was king in all but the name.

But, as a French author with naïveté observes, "the Cardinal and Louis XIII. happened to die:" the one admired and hated; the other speedily forgotten. The cardinal was himself to the last. On the fourth of December, 1642, he sent for the king to his bed-side; when he made the monarch promise him that his last arrangements should be

punctually obeyed; explained how he had disposed of every great office in France, as though the patrimonial possession was his own; and named his secretary Mazarin as his successor in the ministry. After this strange scene, edifying those around him by his calm piety, with a tranquillity which almost terrified Bishop Corpeau, he expired without a groan. The weak king, who had held him in such awe, did not long survive him. During his last hours, there was a whispering at the foot of the royal bed: he inquired what it was, to which the little dauphin, now seven years old, replied,—"Je suis Louis Quatorze." "Pas encore," exclaimed the dying king. He expired May 14, 1643.

Anne of Austria, annulling the will of her husband, was then declared regent (as Mary de Medicis had been after the death of Henri IV.); and, by the same "arrêt," Gaston Duke of Orleans received the empty title of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, under the command of the regent. But the queen placed herself in the hands of Cardinal Mazarin, who, until his death, was virtually the king of France.

Richelieu's life had been spent in the endeavour to break down the ancient aristocracy of

France, and to convert the monarchy which he wielded, into a pure despotism: but though Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria upheld his system after he was gone, the great nobility, headed by the princes of the blood, were not prepared to see that system continued under his Italian successor.

Anne of Austria was obliged for a time to continue the war with her brother Philip IV., king of Spain, whom she tenderly loved, merely because Richelieu had begun it. The Spaniards, animated by the death of Louis XIII., and the weakness of the state under the minority of the king, ravaged the frontiers, attacked Rocroi, and purposed marching even to the gates of Paris; flattering themselves with success from finding the French army inferior to them in numbers, and commanded by a young man of only one and twenty. This inexperienced youth, whom they despised, was Louis de Bourbon, then Duke d'Enghien, since known by the title of the Great Condé.

The battle of Rocroi founded his glory. At the battle of Fribourg, he is stated to have thrown his *bâton* as general into the enemy's trenches, and then, sword in hand, at the head of his regiment, marched to recover it. This

battle was his second triumph. When styled Monsieur the Prince, on the death of his father, it is said that he reckoned the years of his youth by the number of his victories.

The queen, Anne of Austria, absolute regent, had made Cardinal Mazarin master of France, and of herself. He held over her that sway which an artful man gains over a woman weak enough so to be governed, and sufficiently self-willed to persist in her election. At first he used his power with moderation, affecting as much humility as Richelieu had displayed pride and haughtiness; appearing in public with a modest train, and remarkable for his affability and condescension. But soon the dexterous cardinal seized with eagerness the opportunity of interfering in a great feud among the high nobility, which ended in his taking part with the house of Condé against the Lorraines.

The prince had married, by the arrangement of his father, a niece of Cardinal Richelieu—the young man's own inclinations not being consulted in the matter. All powerful as Richelieu was, the heir of the Condés saw in him nothing but a successful *parvenu;* and to unite himself with aught but the nobles of the land seemed

to him the lowest degradation. The father, however, was resolved, and the son submitted; treating his bride, Clémence de Maillé-Brezé, from the wedding hour, with all the contempt a forced marriage was likely to engender. Then it was that the young hero sought to forget his sorrow in the glory of the war. He carried everything before him; and after having placed the frontier in a state of security, he again returned to Paris, where he was received with enthusiasm.

During his absence, his wife had presented him with a son. He embraced the child with tenderness, but treated the mother with the most chilling indifference. His sister, the beautiful Genevieve de Bourbon, had married the Duke de Longueville—old, but possessing enormous wealth. She, however, found consolation in the homage of the young Count de Coligny. A tender billet was picked up in the *parquet* of a rival beauty, Madame de Montbazon—a Lorraine, and a hater of the whole race of Condé. Her lover was the Duke de Beaufort. The scandal was blazoned, and a duel ensued between Beaufort and Coligny, in which the latter was mortally wounded, under the eyes of his mistress, who saw the rencontre from a window. The queen caused Beaufort to be

confined at Vincennes, from which he escaped; and she ordered the Duke of Guise, and other chiefs of the Lorraine faction, into banishment. Mazarin, as we have said, took the side of the Condés; and on reaching Paris, the victor, embracing his sister's quarrel, showed himself the most zealous partisan of the queen and the cardinal.

Then commenced the civil wars in Paris. The queen, with tears in her eyes, entreated the Prince of Condé to take upon himself the charge of being the protector of the king. The hero of Rocroi, of Fribourg, of Lens, and of Norlingen, was flattered with the honour of defending the court; and thus the Parliament had the great Condé to contend with during the faction of the Fronde.

We have little space here to discuss this great chapter in the history of France. Suffice it to say, that the hasty and uneven temper of Condé little fitted him to pursue a steady course in affairs of this nature. But for his great name, and that of his sovereign, this war would have been altogether ridiculous. The Parisians took the field, adorned with feathers, and clad in silk stockings; and no one could tell for what they were going to fight. In the midst of these troubles, there

was a meeting of the nobles at the Augustines; not to reform the kingdom, but to settle a dispute as to the granting a "tabouret" to one of the ladies of the court. Thus did caprice hurry them into sedition, with women at the head of their factions, gallantry forming and dissolving their cabals. The Duchesse de Longueville engaged Maréchal Turenne to cause the army he commanded for the king to revolt from its allegiance; whilst the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt wrote to the Duchesse de Montbazon, "Peronne is at the service of the fairest of the fair." The Coadjutor de Retz wielded the democracy—the *bourgeoisie*; and the religious public were in the hands of this profligate archbishop, the first pulpit orator of the day. It is well known that the leading personages who figured in the Fronde, with the exception of the cardinal, were young men, or under forty years of age. The Prince de Marsillac, afterwards Duke de Rochefoucault, author of the "Maxims," was but thirty-five; Turenne thirty-seven; and Condé under thirty, when the civil dissensions began. History also records the number of pretty women who filled prominent parts on either side; the Duchesses de Longueville, Montbazon, Chatillon, Bouillon, &c. &c. All

parties abused, negotiated with, and betrayed one another. Gaston of Orleans, a weak-minded prince, wittily termed "a soldier in spite of Mars, and a statesman in spite of Minerva," was jealous of the glory of the great Condé, and the influence of Mazarin. He (Condé) pointedly insulted Mazarin, by turning on his heel, with "Adieu, Mars!" Whilst the cardinal, "moins irrité qu'effrayé," not liking the appearance of things, removed with the queen and the young Louis to Compeigne.

Yet he watched every movement with a calm eye; and, seeing that the time was come, he brought Gaston to yield a reluctant consent, and struck the blow, when, under pretence that the Frondeurs had a design to assassinate this prince, he got Condé to sign the order for his own arrest. "I find it necessary," he said, "to provide for some of these insurgents. The Duke of Orleans has signed the warrant, and I want the signature of 'Votre Altesse,' as lieutenant of the guard." The great Condé took the pen, did as he was requested, and the same night was a prisoner at Vincennes. Yet was the cardinal obliged to go to Havre, where he was afterwards confined, to set him at liberty, himself retiring to Liège; whilst Condé returned to Paris

amidst the acclamations of the people. Gaston, Duke of Orleans, went out to meet him; and every street, roof, and tree, was crowded to give him welcome—"l'ivresse n'était jamais plus grande," says a writer of the day.

Mazarin was now proscribed, a price was fixed on his head—"tout arrive en France!" and fifty thousand crowns were offered to any one who would assassinate the cardinal prime minister. Even this was laughed at; and the wits of the day wrote their epigrams on the subject: "So much," they said, "for a cardinal's nose, so much for an ear, so much for an eye." The French make everything serious a jest; whilst a trifle of the day is turned by them into an affair of moment.

In the meantime, the king, being of age, dissolved the Parliament at Paris, and transferred it to Pontoise. Some of the members obeyed, some refused: and, to add to the other disturbances, there were now two Parliaments in the same body. Condé, on his return from Havre, had gone to Bourdeaux, where he was received with enthusiasm. Here his levies were mustered, and from hence he negotiated a fresh alliance with Spain, and took the field against the king. The queen-regent and her son entered on the defensive, and displayed

the Oriflamme (the royal standard of the ancient kings of France;) whilst Turenne, having reconciled himself to the court, again commanded the royal army.

And now Louis XIV., nursed in adversity, with his mother and Cardinal Mazarin, wandered from province to province, with fewer troops to defend him than he used afterwards to have in attendance in times of peace, and with the Prince of Condé in arms against him; whilst the cardinal, who had never ceased to be the queen's director, assembled a large army to oppose him, displaying the green scarf, which was the cardinal's livery.

All the hopes of the court were centered in Turenne. The royal army was stationed at Gien, upon the Loire. The troops of the prince were encamped within a few miles of it, under the command, as Mademoiselle relates, of the Duke of Nemours and the Duke of Beaufort. Gaston perceived that unless he came forward with his support, the queen's and the cardinal's forces, (although Mazarin was still denounced as an enemy to the State,) must soon unite in spite of these preliminary prohibitions, and that if their forces together should crush Condé, he himself must be left at the mercy of the court.

Then it was that our heroine exerted over her father all the influence of a vigorous mind. It will be seen that her early dislike of Condé was soon changed into a sincere esteem, bordering, perhaps, on even a more tender feeling, and leading her to nourish the hope that if Clémence his wife should die, she might take her place. Stimulated by his daughter's suggestions, Gaston, with the garrison of Paris already in his hands, mustered the vassals of his appanage with those of his daughter's duchy, thereby hoping to overwhelm the royalists; and, according to her brilliant description, whilst he remained at Paris, she, like another Joan of Arc, defended the city of Orleans with courage and success.

This, however, was the only advantage that attended Monsieur's separate arms; the generals quarrelled among themselves; and, but for the sudden appearance of Condé, the Orleanists must have been crushed by the superior powers of Turenne, who completely baffled them. Condé, when aware of this, saw that nothing but his immediate presence could avert their utter destruction. He at once encountered all risks; and after traversing two hundred leagues, threading forests, and fording rivers, he arrived at the camp,

disguised and alone. On appearing in the forest of Orleans, the centinel on guard, who thought him many miles away, did not know him. The moment he recognised him he threw himself at his feet and embraced his knees, whilst the despairing army received him with every transport.

Turenne soon saw through the dusky light that the enemy's watch-fires indicated a change of position. "Monsieur le prince est ici," he exclaimed: thus does one great hero readily discover the movements of another. A desperate battle then ensued with one wing of the royal army. Mazarin awoke the king, who was in bed, to tell him of the ill news; the court were thrown into consternation, and proposed to save the king by flight, but Turenne soon retrieved the misfortune by his exceeding firmness and skill; and although Condé had nearly rendered himself master of the royal family, yet, in the face of his great rival, he placed his whole army in a most formidable position.

During all this, Paris was in a state of violent commotion. Gaston protested that his general had acted against his instructions in giving battle to the queen: and Condé, with no disposition to continue a campaign against

Turenne and the Oriflamme, whilst the disposition of the capital was so uncertain, marched his army beneath the walls of Paris, leaving it to his force in the south to press Turenne.

But Turenne did not wait for this: watching his enemy's movement, he instantly followed him, hoping to bring on a decisive battle ere his antagonist could reach the Seine. Condé, however, had passed the river safely at St. Cloud; and before Turenne could come up with his rear, was thundering for admission at the gates of Paris. But the gates were closed against him. Gaston, shrinking from decisive responsibility, feigned illness, and took to his bed; whilst the civic authorities, having denounced Condé as a traitor, refused to give him an advantage over Mazarin, on whose head they had set a price. Thus was he left outside the gate, and had barely time to occupy the Faubourg St. Antoine, when the royalists appeared. Night fell: and under the guns of the Bastile the two armies rested in presence of each other.

Then it was that Condé, with a few seigneurs of his party, and a small number of soldiers, sustained and repulsed the charge of the whole royal army; arranging his little troop in the narrow streets before the Port

St. Antoine, and himself taking a post where he could, with a chosen reserve, rush to the assistance of whichever party should be most sorely pressed. Soon after day-break, Turenne directed a column upon each of these streets. Now the royalists prevailed: the next moment Condé had headed a desperate charge, and thrown them back into the fields. Amidst the smoke, and the burning heat of July, the narrow streets, seen from their high-built houses, ran with blood. The oppression of the air at noon was such that human energy gave way: white flags were hoisted, no one knew at whose bidding; and for more than two hours there was a total cessation of the strife. The king and Mazarin viewed the action from an eminence. The queen, in tears, was on her knees in the Carmelite chapel; whilst the people, who equally feared the troops of the king and the prince, shut up the gates of the city, and would not let a single person either pass out or enter; and this whilst the greatest personages of France were furiously engaged in battle, and shedding each other's blood in the suburbs. As a writer of the day says, "It was a shocking sight to see them carried to the Port St. Antoine, and there refused admittance."

Then it was that *our Mademoiselle*, taking

part with the Condé, conversed with this prince from a window overlooking the wall, as he approached, dripping with blood, close to the gate; when he told her, that unless it was opened, his troops must perish, repeated the names of those kinsmen and noble friends who had been slaughtered, and wept—"the first, the last, the only tears." Mademoiselle then took upon herself to order the gate to be opened, and hastened to make another effort with her father. Her energy overpowered him, and he signed an order for the governor of the Bastile to obey her as himself: upon which, in her zeal, she ordered the cannon of the Bastile to be fired on the king's troops.

The royal army was then obliged to retire; and the gate being opened, the relics of Condé's army filed in, singing; Condé closing the march with a few gentlemen of his household. Turenne was asked, "Did you see the Prince of Condé in the thick of the battle?" "I saw more than twenty Condés," he replied; "so rapidly did he appear to rush from danger to danger." Condé, indeed, reaped glory; but Mademoiselle, as it was surmised, lost her dearest hope of marrying her cousin the king. As the first gun was fired from the Bastile,

Mazarin, distinguishing her, and knowing the ambitious views of this princess, exclaimed—"Corpo di Bacco! elle à tué son mari!"

After this indecisive battle, Mazarin was again banished the kingdom, when he retired behind the frontiers; and Gaston, Duke of Orleans, was exiled to Blois, where he passed the remainder of his life. Condé withdrew his troops towards Flanders, and gained the Spanish camp. Mademoiselle was ordered to leave Paris, and to take up her residence on one of her estates; whilst the queen and her son made their public entrée into the now peaceful capital, where the noble presence of young Louis contributed to confirm the general feeling of disgust against the anarchy which had been excited. Mazarin was soon after recalled by the king, and, to his own astonishment, was received with acclamations and rejoicing. Thus terminated the faction of *the Fronde.* Mazarin again grasped openly the reins of empire, which he held undisturbed for the remainder of his life.

Many interesting notices are given by Mademoiselle of our Charles II., then a fugitive in France with his mother, his sister Henrietta, and his two brothers. The young men were expelled from France on Mazarin's treat-

ing with Cromwell; when the Dukes of York and Gloucester went to Flanders to learn the art of war under Condé.

The cardinal now sought to complete his ministry, and to secure the tranquillity of the State, and seeing how necessary it was to his greatness as a minister, that there should be an heir to the crown, he negotiated a match for Louis, first with the Princess of Savoy, and then with the daughter of the King of Spain. Notwithstanding his affections were deeply engaged at the time by Mademoiselle Mancini, the cardinal's niece, yet, in 1659, the king married the Infanta Maria Teresa, and peace was concluded between the two countries. The marriage ceremony is described by Mademoiselle, and Mazarin came back with the king and the new queen to Paris, more powerful than ever. Soon after this event, he died; leaving the king, who appeared to be the only person who regretted him, all his wealth.

The court was agitated by many hopes and fears whilst the cardinal lay on his death-bed. The beauties of the day flattered themselves with the idea of governing a prince of twenty-two, who was already such an enthusiast in love that he had, it was said, offered his crown to

Mademoiselle Mancini; while the young courtiers each promised themselves to become the favourite of the day. Every minister expected the first place. What could be anticipated from a king kept in ignorance of all the affairs of the State? Mazarin had prolonged the minority as long as he could; but the king insisting upon it, he had instructed him, in some degree, before his death. Great was then the surprise, when, never dreaming of conferring with their king, on asking him "To whom shall we apply?" Louis made answer—"LE ROI GOUVERNE PAR LUI-MEME;" and the resolution once taken, he maintained it until the last moment of his life, rendering himself worthy of the sun-flower he took for his device, with this motto, "*Nec pluribus impar*"—Rocroy its dawn—Blenheim its setting.

We will pass lightly over the war that ensued: suffice it to say, the presence of the young king—the idol of his army, rendered the severity of his discipline not only easy, but pleasing; services, not ancestry, being now considered. Towns were besieged and taken. Louis had only to present himself before them with his troops, and he entered as though he had been at the gates of Paris. Ath and

Tournay were taken in two days. He entered the trenches before Douay, and it surrendered. Lisle, the most flourishing of cities, well fortified, and containing a garrison of six thousand men, capitulated after a few days' siege. And these campaigns, accompanied by the greatest abundance, and attended with such certain success, appeared to be merely a court progress. The queen and her ladies attended the king, or followed in the rear: whilst, seeing the magnificent taste of the king amidst even the fatigues of war, every one exerted himself to exhibit patterns of sumptuousness in his entertainments, his equipage, and his dress. The king had his *petit coucher*, his public drawing-rooms, his private parties, and his hall of audience in his tent: never departing from the ceremonials of a throne, except in permitting his generals and his aids-de-camp to dine at his table. The Spanish council, mortified and enraged at the weak defence made against him, wrote to the governor on the capture of Dole, that the King of France might have sent his valet-de-chambre to take possession of the country, and have saved himself the trouble of coming in person.

In peace, it was the same: he had only to command, and his wishes were carried out as

easily as his conquests; whilst in his loves, see the list of his gallantries, and who was able to resist him! Even the secret league between him and our Charles II. was confided to no one but Henrietta of England, Charles's sister, then the wife of Monsieur, the king's brother—a princess of twenty-six, chosen as plenipotentiary, to conclude a treaty! It was whispered that Louis knew her power. Nothing could equal the pomp and grandeur which attended this expedition. The queen was there, attended by all the ladies of her court, Madame appearing in the midst of them with brilliant and distinguished lustre; it was one scene of festivity from St. Germain to the coast. She succeeded with her brother; and the destruction of Holland was planned amidst balls, mirth, and feasting.

Immediately on her return, Madame, as she was styled, died in a shocking manner, supposed to have been poisoned in taking a glass of succory water. It was believed that she fell a victim to the jealousy of her husband.

All that the efforts of ambition and human foresight could devise for the destruction of a nation, were put in practice by Louis against Holland; never were there such formidable preparations made for so small an undertaking.

The king, accompanied by his brother, marched at the head of a hundred and twelve thousand men, towards Maestricht, on the frontiers of Spanish Flanders. The Prince of Condé, and Maréchal Turenne, were the generals of the king's army: the Duke of Luxembourg commanding under them. William, Prince of Orange, our William III., then about twenty-two years of age, elected captain-general of the land forces, was unable to make head against the torrent which overwhelmed his country; the king, at the head of his household, and a body of the choicest troops, Turenne having the command under him; and Condé likewise at the head of a strong army.

French history gives the account of Louis passing the Rhine. The Prince of Condé received a musket shot in the wrist; and his sister's son, the last of an illustrious race, was killed by his side. The same evening, an envoy arrived from Poland, offering the crown of that country to him as heir of Longueville.

France seemed to have arrived at the pinnacle of her glory. The name of her generals impressed awe; and Louis was in effect the sole king of Europe—an absolute monarch—whose finance was well administered, and who

possessed the power of sending an army wherever his ambition prompted.

We are compelled, however reluctantly, to pass over many stirring incidents in these campaigns: books are filled with minute particulars; and we can convey, in this hasty sketch, but a faint idea of the glory of the times in which our heroine shone. It must suffice to say, that whilst the king carried everything before him in Franche-Comté, Turenne, on the frontiers towards the Rhine, was displaying all that was great and consummate in the art of war; thinking he had done nothing whilst there remained anything to do. Montecuculi, who had joined the Prince of Orange, was the only adversary worthy of being opposed to him. Each judged what the other intended, from the measures he himself would have pursued in the same situation, and these conclusions were always just. They opposed to each other caution, *finesse*, courage, and activity; and were about to join issue, staking their reputations on the event of a battle near the village of Saltzbach, when Turenne, whilst attending to the fixing a battery, was killed by a cannon-ball. The same ball that struck him carried off the arm of a general near, whose son wept on his account.

But he said, "Grieve not for me: it is for that great man we must shed our tears." Turenne was mourned by all—by the soldiery, and by the people. He was interred at St. Denis, and the king honoured his memory.

Condé had continued to command the army in Flanders; but it was soon judged essential that he should take Turenne's vacant place. With his physical powers failing fast, and not knowing the intentions of his predecessor, he undertook this new service with reluctance. "Oh," said he to his attendants, "je voudrais bien avoir causé seulement deux heures avec l'ombre de Monsieur de Turenne, pour prendre la suite de ses desseins!" He, however, compelled the enemy to raise the siege of Hagenau, and to repass the Rhine: and thus ended the last campaign of Condé. "We shall have nothing but misfortunes," said an old soldier, "now that Turenne is at St. Denis, and Condé at Chantilly." His retirement was the cause of universal regret. "Homme rempli de gloire et de modestie," says la Bruyère; and one who was heard to say "*je fuyais*," with the same grace that he said "*nous les battîmes*." His greatest amusement was gardening. The neglect and indifference he testified towards his wife continued to the last. And at his

death, a sealed letter was found, beseeching the king never to recall the *lettre-de-cachet* by which the princess was confined to the castle of Chateauroux; whilst her son, who thereby enjoyed her wealth, took no pains to have it cancelled. This son was married to Anne of Bavaria, after having, as Mademoiselle explains to us, been refused by herself.

Having carried our heroine so far through the most eventful epoch of her times, we are now disposed to leave the rest to her own pen. Anne of Austria, the queen-mother, of whom the king always stood in fear, being dead, amours at home and wars abroad made the subject of Louis's life. His court became the centre of pleasure, an example of magnificence, and the model of all other courts. There assembled the most beautiful women of the age, the most elegant men; yet the king surpassed all his courtiers in the dignity of his person, and the noble expression of his features: the sound of his voice alone was sufficient to engage those hearts which his presence seemed to awe: even Mademoiselle, when addressing him, laid aside the "blunt and deliberate air," which Lenet says was habitual to her. Indeed, the embarrassment with which people spoke to him, flattered his

complacent superiority. "Sire," said an old officer about to solicit a favour, "I do not tremble thus before your enemies." He needed to say no more—the request was granted.

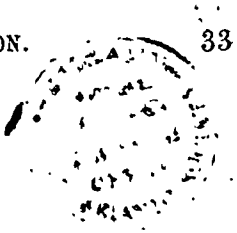
But it is time to conclude our retrospective glance of the splendours of such a court—the wonders of such a reign. Never can it be read or reflected upon enough—the rapid strides made during that period to all but absolute power, and then its sudden eclipse! Well did Louis Quatorze earn the incense offered to him by the soldiers and statesmen of France in the present day. Well did he merit the eulogy passed on him by Don Ustaris, a political writer of Spain, who exclaimed, "*c'est un homme prodigieux!*"

And now, with best acknowledgments to those authors whose writings assisted us in our details, we will introduce our heroine, under her full list of titles, to the reader.

Anne Marie Louise d'Orleans, eldest daughter of Gaston de France; Souveraine de Dômbes, Princesse Dauphine d'Auvergne, Duchesse de Montpensier, was born at the Louvre, May, 1627. Her mother died five days after her birth. It appears by her memoirs that she had a proud spirit—which but too often precedes a fall—a great deal of courage, and a

grandeur d'ame, displaying itself in a bravery quite astounding. But we must refer to her own amusing narrative, where she has drawn her own portrait in the most natural colours, exhibiting in their nicest shades the genius of the woman and of the princess. She wrote several works, and was famous for her "characters," or, so to say, written portraits of her friends. She was cried up as a sort of wonder of her time: they praised her for "*l'heureux naturel*," which shone through all her works; her modesty and her erudition, which raised her "*au dessus de son sexe.*" She died, April 5, 1693, and was buried at St. Denis. The Abbé Anselme preached her funeral sermon.

We subjoin a list of the royal family, and the princes of the blood, who flourished in her times.



PERSONAGES

MENTIONED IN THIS WORK.

MARIA THERESA OF AUSTRIA, QUEEN TO LOUIS QUATORZE, AND THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

Louis XIV. had only one wife, Maria Theresa of Austria, sole daughter of Philip IV., King of Spain, and Elizabeth of France (aunt to Mademoiselle.) Historians have strained hard to say of her something effective; but her life, in spite of its trials, ran on in one even tenor. It has been reported, that a nun having asked her if she had not laid herself out to attract the young men of distinction at her father's court, she replied—"No; for there were no kings among them." But we find the infantas were not permitted to converse with any young men of the court. Even

when Charles I., then Prince of Wales, went to Madrid to espouse the daughter of Philip III., he was not allowed to speak to her. Maria Theresa died in 1683. It is recorded, that, on hearing of his loss, Louis exclaimed, "*Voilà le premier chagrin qu'elle m'aye jamais donné.*"

Louis le Dauphin, entitled Monseigneur, was the only issue that lived of this marriage. He was born, November 1, 1661, and died April 14, 1711. For a long time before his death, there was a prophecy current in France —"Son of a king, father of a king, but never himself a king." He married Maria Anna Christina Victoria of Bavaria, by whom he had issue,

Louis, Duke of Burgundy, who was born Aug. 6, 1682, and died in 1712, of the measles. He had, by Maria Adelaide of Savoy, daughter of the King of Sardinia, who died in 1712, the Duke of Brittany, who died in 1705;

Louis, Duke of Brittany, who died in 1712; and

Louis XV., born February 15, 1710. The premature death of the Duke of Burgundy was regretted by all Europe. He had been well educated, and was a pupil worthy of the

Duke de Beauvilliers and the celebrated Fenelon.

Philip, Duke of Anjou, (second son of Monseigneur,) King of Spain, who was born December 19, 1683, and died July 9, 1746.

Charles, Duke of Berry, who was born 1686, and died 1714.

Louis XIV. had also two sons and three daughters, who all died young.

LEGITIMATED AND NATURAL CHILDREN.

Louis XIV. had by the Duchesse de la Valière, who became a recluse of the Carmelite order,

Louis de Bourbon, Count of Vermandois, born 1667, and died in 1683.

Mary-Anne, styled Mademoiselle de Blois, born in 1666, and married to Louis-Armand, Prince of Conti. She died in 1739.

LEGITIMATED CHILDREN BY MADAME DE MONTESPAN.

Louis-Augustus of Bourbon, Duke de Maine, born in 1670, and died in 1736.

Louis-Cæsar, Comte de Vexin, Abbé of St. Denis, and of St. Germain des Prés, born in 1672, and died 1683, *aged* 11 *years*.

Louis-Alexandre de Bourbon, Comte de Toulouse, born 1678, and died in 1737.

Louise-Frances de Bourbon, styled Mademoiselle de Nantes, born in 1673, married Louis, third Duke of Bourbon Condé, and died in 1743.

Louise-Maria de Bourbon, styled Mademoiselle de Tours, died in 1681.

Frances-Maria de Bourbon, styled Mademoiselle de Blois, born in 1677. Married Philip, second Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, and died in 1749.

PRINCESSES AND PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL WHO LIVED IN THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV.

John-Baptist-Gaston, Duke of Orleans, second son of Henri IV., and of Mary of Medicis. He was born at Fontainebleau, in 1608. Hated by his brother, (Louis XIII.,) persecuted by Cardinal Richelieu, engaging in all the political parties of the court, and but too often forsaking his confederates; he was the cause of the death of the Duc de Montmorenci, and of the virtuous De Thou. Jealous of rank, and the etiquette of precedence, yet he once broke through its forms, and, taking the Duc de Montbazon by the hand, led him

down stairs before all the court. Upon which the Duc observed, that it was the first of his friends he had ever assisted in descending from the scaffold. He died in banishment at Blois, in 1660.

Elizabeth, daughter of Henri IV., born in 1602, married to Philip IV. of Spain, and died in 1644.

Christina, second daughter of Henri IV., wife to Victor-Amadæus, Duke of Savoy. Her life was passed unhappily in her court and in her family. They disputed with her the guardianship of her son, opposed her power, and attacked her reputation. She died in 1663.

Henrietta Maria, wife to Charles I., King of England. She died in 1669.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier, styled La Grande Mademoiselle, daughter of Gaston and of Maria de Bourbon Montpensier. She died in the year 1693.

Margaretta Louisa, wife to Cosmo de' Medici. She quitted her husband and retired to France.

Frances-Magdalen, wife of Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy.

Philip, Monsieur, only brother of Louis XIV. He married Henrietta, daughter of Charles I.

King of England, and grand-daughter to Henri IV.—a princess dear to France by her wit and accomplishments. She died in the flower of her age in 1670. Monsieur lived till the year 1701. He married, secondly, the daughter of the Elector Palatine.

Philip of Orleans, Regent of France, famous for his courage, his wit, and his pleasures. He died 1723.

THE HOUSE OF CONDÉ.

Henri, Prince of Condé, the second of the name, first prince of the blood. He was held in much esteem during the regency, and had a character of remarkable probity in those turbulent times. His income was computed at about two millions of livres a year, (about two hundred thousand pounds English,) and, in the economical management of his house, he gave an example which the cardinal should have followed. His great glory was to have been father of the Grand Condé. He died in 1646.

The Great Condé, Louis II. of that name, Duc d'Enghien, was the son of the former, and of Charlotta Margaretta of Montmorency, and nephew to the illustrious and unfortunate Duke of Montmorency, beheaded at Toulouse. He

reunited in his person every quality that had characterised, during so many ages, both these houses of heroes. He was born September 8th, 1621, and died December 11, 1686. He had issue by Clemence de Maillé de Brezé, niece to Cardinal Richelieu,

Henri-Julius, commonly styled Monsieur le Prince, who died in 1709. He married Anne of Bavaria, Palatine of the Rhine, and had issue,

Louis de Bourbon, styled Monsieur le Duc, father of him who was prime minister under Louis XV. He died in 1710.

THE BRANCH OF CONTI.

The first Prince of Conti, *Armand*, was brother to the Grand Condé. He took an active part in the *Fronde*, and died in 1666. He married Anne Martinozzi, niece to Cardinal Mazarin, and left issue,

Louis, who married Mary-Anne, daughter of Louis XIV., by La Duchesse la Valière, and died without issue in 1685.

Francis-Louis, Prince of Roche-sur-Yon, afterwards Conti, who was elected King of Poland in 1697, a prince whose memory was long held in esteem in France, resembling the

Grand Condé in his wit and courage, and always animated with a desire of pleasing, a quality which was but too often deficient in the Grand Condé. He died in 1709. He had issue by Adelaide de Bourbon, his cousin,

Louis-Armand, born in 1695, who survived Louis XIV.

THE BRANCH OF BOURBON-SOISSONS.

There was of this branch only Louis, Comte de Soissons, killed at the battle of La Marfée, in 1641. All the other branches were extinct.

The Courtenays were not acknowledged as princes of the blood, but by the courtesy of the public, and they held not the rank. They were descended from Louis le Gros; but when their ancestors assumed the arms of the heiress of Courtenay, they had not taken the precaution to attach themselves to the royal family, at the time when the great landholders acknowledged no prerogative except what was annexed to the great feudal tenures or the peerage. This branch had given emperors to Constantinople, but could not furnish an acknowledged prince of the blood. Cardinal Mazarin, in order to mortify the house of Condé, endeavoured to confer on them the rank and honours which

they had so long been aiming at; but he found that they had not sufficient ambition and capacity to second his intentions.

MINISTERS OF STATE.

Julius Mazarin, cardinal, first minister, of an ancient family in Sicily, transplanted to Rome, son of Peter Mazarin and of Hortensia Bufalini; born in 1602; employed at first by Cardinal Sacchetti. He put a stop to the motions of the two armies, French and Spanish, just ready to engage near Cazal, concluded the peace of Guerasque in 1631; and was vice-legate at Avignon, and nuncio extraordinary in France in 1634. He appeased the troubles in Savoy in 1640, in quality of ambassador extraordinary from the king; and was made cardinal in 1641 at the recommendation of Louis XIII. He was entirely attached to France from that time. Admitted to the supreme council, December 5, 1642, under the distinction of *special counsellor*, which gave him precedence before the chancellor; he was also declared sole counsellor for ecclesiastical affairs to the Queen Regent, by the will and testament of Louis XIII.; and was godfather to Louis XIV. with the Princess of Condé Montmorenci. He

at first refrained from challenging precedence of the princes of the blood, which Cardinal Richelieu had before usurped; but he preceded the houses of Vendôme and Longueville. But after the treaty of the Pyrenees, he assumed the place in the third step above the Prince of Condé. He never had any letters patent for the post of prime minister, though he executed all its functions. He died in 1661.

CHANCELLORS.

Charles d'Aubepine, Marquis de Châteauneuf, was keeper of the seals. Sent to prison, in 1633, to the castle of Angoulême, he was there confined for ten years. He was keeper of the seals again in 1650; resigned them again in 1651, and spent the rest of his life amidst the dissensions of the court. He died in 1653.

Peter Seguier, chancellor, Duc de Villemur, peer of France. He appeased the troubles of Normandy; hazarded his life at the battle of the Barricades, and was always loyal in those times, even when it was thought a merit to be otherwise. He contested not the precedence with the father of the Great Condé in the ceremonies in which he assisted with them in Parliament. He was a man of probity, of

learning, and a patron of men of letters. He died at 84 years of age, in 1672.

Matthew Mole, first president of the parliament of Paris in 1641, was keeper of the seals in 1651. He died in 1656.

Michael le Tellier, chancellor in 1674, was father of the illustrious Marquis Louvois. His memory was honoured with a funeral oration by the great Bossuet. He died in 1687.

Louis Boucherat, chancellor in 1685. His device was a cock beneath the sun, in allusion to the device of Louis XIV., (the sun, with the words, *Nec pluribus impar.*) The motto of Boucherat was, *Sol reperit vigilem.* He died in 1699.

SUPERINTENDENTS OF THE FINANCES.

Nicholas Fouquet, Marquis of Belleisle, was superintendent in 1653, though he was attorney-general in the parliament of Paris. He expended in building his palace at Vaux, now called Villars, eighteen millions of francs, the currency of that time, (about thirty-six of the present.) Cardinal Mazarin, after his return in 1653, obliged him to pay him three million francs a year for secret service. He purchased for a small value the old cried-down bills, and paid

himself in the full sums. This ruined Fouquet. Never was a squanderer of the royal finance more princely generous than this superintendent; and never had a man in office more personal friends, or a person under persecution been so faithfully served in his misfortunes. He was, however, sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. While his sentence was doubtful, the king said to the queen—"Mother, I have one request to make. Should Fouquet be condemned to die, do not ask for his pardon." He was succeeded by Colbert, a man of strict honour and integrity, as minister of finance.

SECRETARIES OF STATE AND COMPTROLLERS-GENERAL OF THE FINANCES.

John Baptist Colbert advanced himself solely by his merit. He rose to be intendant to Cardinal Mazarin. Being perfectly instructed in all the parts of government, and particularly so in the science of finance, he became a very necessary assistant in the ruinous state to which Cardinal Mazarin, the superintendent Fouquet, and, still more, the unhappiness of the times, had reduced the public revenues. Louis XIV. consulted familiarly with him in order to instruct himself. In concert with the

Chancellor Le Tellier, he ruined Fouquet; but such an animosity might well be pardoned him on account of the order and economy he introduced into the finances, and of his other services, which are not easily forgotten. He died in 1683.

HISTORY

OF

MADEMOISELLE

DE MONTPENSIER.

CHAPTER I.

DISGRACE OF THE QUEEN, MARY DE MEDICIS—GASTON, DUKE OF ORLEANS—CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU—MADEMOISELLE BECOMES THE CONFIDANTE OF A ROYAL PERSONAGE.

I WAS formerly at a loss to conceive how the mind of a person accustomed to the court, and holding there the rank which my birth confers on me, could employ itself, when that person was obliged to live in the country; for it had always seemed to me that, in a state of forced separation, nothing was capable of amusing; and that to be away from the court was the same thing for the great as to be in absolute solitude, notwithstanding the number of their attendants and the company of those

who visited them. Since I have been living in retirement, I have learned, however, to my comfort, that the recollection of all that has happened to me in life furnishes so pleasing an occupation as to make me reckon the time passed in solitude not the least agreeable that I spend. Not only is it a state peculiarly favourable for recalling to mind occurrences in their proper order, but it affords the leisure necessary for committing them to writing, so that the facility which I find in remembering all that I have seen, and even more, what has happened to me, induces me now, at the request of several persons whom I love, to undertake a task to which I should have thought that I never could submit. Here, then, I shall relate whatever I have had occasion to remark from my childhood to the present hour, without observing, however, any other order than that of time as strictly as possible. With the excellent memory which God has given me, I hope that none of the circumstances with which I have been acquainted will escape me; and my natural curiosity has enabled me to discover some so extraordinary that I can assure the reader they will not be found tedious in the perusal.

The misfortunes of my house commenced

soon after my birth, for it was followed by the death of my mother,* which proved a serious drawback to the good fortune which my rank gave me a right to expect. The vast possessions left by my mother, and to which I was sole heiress, might well, in the opinion of the greater part of the world, have consoled me for her death. But I, who am now sensible of what advantage her guidance would have been in my education, and her influence, combined with her affection, in my establishment, never can sufficiently lament her loss.

Soon after her decease a household was formed for me; a far greater establishment was assigned to me than any *fille de France* had ever had, not even any of my aunts, the Queens of Spain and of England, and the Duchess of Savoy, before they married. The queen, my grandmother, (Mary de Medicis,) gave me as governess, Madame la Marquise de Saint Georges, (daughter of the Marquise de Montglas,) who had been governess to the late king, to Monsieur,† to the late Duke of

* Mademoiselle de Montpensier, heiress of the House of Guise.

† Gaston, Duke of Orleans, second son of Henry IV., and father of Mademoiselle. He is spoken of as "Monsieur" throughout this work.

Orleans, my uncle, and to my aunts: she was a person of great virtue, good sense, and merit, and thoroughly acquainted with the court. She had also been lady of honour to the Queen of England and the Duchess of Savoy, and had won their affection to such a degree, that consideration for her was their greatest grief, when the affairs of the former country occasioned the sending away of such French as had accompanied the queen thither.

My mother was confined at the Louvre: I was lodged in the Tuileries, which is connected with it by the great gallery. This was the usual passage by which I was carried to their majesties,* and by which they often took the trouble of coming to see me.

The queen, my grandmother, loved me extremely, and showed, as I have heard, more affection for me than she ever had done for her own children, and as Monsieur had always been her favourite, this consideration, joined to the esteem and attachment which she had felt for my mother, renders it not at all surprising that she should have been fond of me. Yet was I unhappily deprived of this advantage

* Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria.

by the ill fortune which obliged her to leave France; for I was then so young that I do not even recollect having seen her. It was a loss not less important to me than that which I suffered at my birth; for, to all appearances, I should have found in this great Queen almost all that I was deprived of by the death of my mother. Not that my governess was deficient in any of the requisites necessary to her charge; but it is difficult for any one to gain an influence with persons of my rank, unless supported by a superior authority.

I may therefore say, that any good qualities I may possess are natural to me; for, though my education was good, I never was in fear of the least correction. And besides this, as is usually the case with children who hear of nothing but their birth, and of the wealth awaiting them, I set a false value upon these advantages. I heard of little else indeed, and lived in a state of tormenting vanity, until reason gradually led me to discover that it was far beneath the dignity of a high-born princess to lend herself to flatterers. The sincerity I mean to adopt in relating what is past, leads me to remark a trait of my childhood: when I heard Madame de Guise, my other grandmother spoken of, I said,

"*Elle est ma grande maman de loin, elle n'est pas reine.*"

The disgrace of the queen (Mary de Medicis*) occasioned much disquietude at court. Monsieur was one of the discontented. He quarrelled with the King, and immediately left France. His removal troubled me more than the queen's; and I conducted myself under it in a manner unusual at my age. I allowed nothing to divert me. I would go to none of the assemblies at the Louvre. When I heard that he had joined the army, knowing his personal peril, my grief increased.

The position in which Monsieur was with the court, did not interfere with the consideration shown me. The King and Queen treated me with more than ordinary kindness. When they came to Paris they commanded that I should be brought to see them; and this never occurred but I spoke to the King of Monsieur. His absence rendered it necessary to appoint commissioners for the management of my property. Gentlemen of merit and probity were chosen, who took care that I should have everything I required; and so trustworthy were they that they gave Mon-

* She had been arrested, and was afterwards compelled to fly the kingdom, by Cardinal Richelieu.

sieur, on his return from Flanders, a considerable sum which they had saved during their administration.

Many things happened at this time, which, being but a child, I neither took part in nor remarked. One thing I remember is, having witnessed the ceremony of making Knights of the Order, at Fontainebleau; on which occasion, the Duke d'Elbœuf and the Marquis de la Vieuville were degraded. I saw the paintings of their arms, which were in a row with the others, taken down and broken in pieces.

I asked the reason. I was told that this disgrace was inflicted on them because they had accompanied Monsieur. I burst into tears, and felt so affected by this treatment, that I insisted on retiring, saying, that I could not witness this act with composure. Yet my displeasure did not give me a distaste to the court. I was delighted when it was held at Fontainebleau, and their majesties sent for me thither. I was there for three or four weeks, in the height of my joy from the variety of court spectacles, which pleased me extremely. Owing to the kindness shown me by the king, the uneasiness I felt at his dislike to Monsieur was somewhat allayed. Here the feelings of the queen did not accord with

his, and I think that the kindness which she showed me was but the effect of that which she entertained for Monsieur. If the histories of that period make mention of this, those of the present will be able to say the contrary. I was so much accustomed to their caresses, that I called the king my *petit papa*, and the queen my *petite maman:* I thought that she was so really, for I had never seen my mother.

When I was at Paris, all the young ladies of rank came to amuse me: and the most frequently with me were Mesdames de Longueville, d'Epernon, de Brissac, and several others; but these were my most particular friends. I was not, however, so occupied with my play, but that when a reconciliation with Monsieur was talked of, I was all attention. Cardinal de Richelieu, the first minister, and, indeed, the master of affairs, wished to be absolute in his authority, and brought forward propositions the most derogatory for Monsieur. I could not even hear them without being extremely vexed. To bring about a reconciliation between him and the king, it was required that he should annul his marriage with the Princess Marguerite de Lorraine, and espouse Mademoiselle de Comballet, the niece of the cardinal. I could not restrain my tears when

I was told of these things; and, in my anger, I sang all the songs I knew against the cardinal and his niece. Indeed, the friendship I felt for the Princess Marguerite increased, and I could talk of nobody else. Monsieur, however, managed to adjust matters, and to return to France without accepting this ridiculous condition. I cannot relate the manner in which this was brought about, being unacquainted with the particulars.

As soon as I heard of his return, I went as far as Limours to meet him: I was only four or five years old when he left: he wished to ascertain whether, after so long an absence, I should recognise him; and that he might not be distinguished from the rest of the company, he took off his blue ribbon. Some one there said to me, "See which of all these gentlemen is Monsieur." Upon which my natural affection instructed me so well, that, without hesitating a moment, I ran and threw myself on his neck, which seemed to rejoice him exceedingly.

Whilst I was with my father, he devoted himself to please me; and finding that I was extremely desirous to dance a ballet, he provided for me this amusement. I was too young to be at that which had lately been given by the

king and queen. Indeed, the one he arranged was called the "dance of dwarfs;" being formed of a troop of little girls, princesses and others of rank, and of all the young seigneurs who were of the same height as ourselves. The magnificent dresses and decorations of the dancers made the ballet very charming; and we were not very particular either as to the steps or the *entrées*. In one of these dances, birds were brought in cages, and let fly about the room, an appropriate device for such a ballet. One of these birds became entangled in the folds of the ruff of Mademoiselle de Brezé, who was in our set, and she began to cry and scream with such vehemence, that it much added to the amusement occasioned by the accident.

The Cardinal de Richelieu, to show his complete reconciliation with Monsieur, had married his niece, Mademoiselle de Pontchâteau, to M. de Puilaurent, a favourite of Monsieur, and created a duke in consequence. He was allowed to appear at this diversion, merely to disguise the cardinal's intention of arresting him, which was effected soon afterwards; for, on a repetition of the ballet at the Louvre, he was seized and conveyed to the Bois de Vincennes, where he very shortly after

died suddenly, a prisoner. His death was attributed—and on apparently good grounds—to the malice and treachery of the cardinal. The circumstance gave me all the uneasiness which I was then capable of feeling; and the event has since proved that I had reason for it. He was the only favourite of Monsieur whose worth I had occasion to know. He often came to see me; and though, perhaps, he gained my goodwill more by his sweetmeats than by his attentions and complaisance, he had nevertheless as much consideration for me as if I had been of an age to be capable of appreciating the latter. I must leave it to those better versed in affairs than myself to speak of what passed at court, and what Monsieur did in consequence of the imprisonment of Puilaurent. I can only say, that he never visited Paris without coming often to see me, amusing himself with making me sing the songs of the day, and without showing the tedium he might have felt in conversing with so young a girl.*

* The arrest and imprisonment of Puilaurent are said to have been occasioned by his inability or unwillingness to prevail over the Duke of Orleans to break his marriage with Margaret of Lorraine. He had received the hand of the cardinal's niece, Madlle. de Pontchâteau, as a reward for inducing the duke to be reconciled with the Court.

Had not my mind been that of a child, I could scarcely have seen the assiduous attention paid me by the Count de Soissons without making some reflections. He was then in favour with Monsieur, and studiously paid court to him: not that I saw the purpose of all this till long after it had ceased, and a little before his death. His design was to marry me. Monsieur had promised his consent when they were together at Sedan; and this prospect made him take every opportunity he could to cause me to remember him. He commissioned a gentleman named Campion, who resided at Paris, to come often and see me, to convey to me compliments from himself; and, the better to succeed in his commission, he sometimes brought sweetmeats, which had been sent me by his master, from Sedan.

Monsieur, who, since the count had retired to Sedan, had resided at Blois, ordered me to come thither to him. Before I set out, I sent to ask permission of the king, who was at Chantilly. He consented; merely saying to those whom I had dispatched to him, that he desired I would come and take leave of him: which I should not have failed to do, even without this order; for I had always taken great care to repay with my respect the many

favours I had received from their majesties. The resolution to set out being taken, Madame de St. Georges, who knew the delight that I had in travelling, planned a circuitous tour to Chantilly. I had been invited by the Abbess of St. Pierre, at Rheims—the daughter of Madame de Guise, who was a nun at Jouarre, with her aunt—to be present at her profession, which was to take place just at that time. I directed my course thither on my way to see the king.

The first place where I rested after leaving Paris was a house which belonged to my treasurer. He was a man who kept good company, and danced a ballet the evening that I arrived. From that place I went to Montglas, where I found rejoicings going on not less interesting than a ballet to a young lady of ten years; this was the wedding of a gardener of the establishment, which seemed as if arranged for my amusement. Madame de Saint Georges, who had taken me thither because the place belonged to her, made me stay three days, during which time she took every possible care to contribute to my enjoyment. After this, I went to Jouarre, where I stayed the same time, to attend the ceremony of the profession of the Abbess of Rheims.

There were in this convent three daughters of Madame de Chevreuse, near about my own age, with whom I amused myself; and this was all I did worthy of remark. Proceeding from Jouarre to Chantilly, I slept at Villemareuil, which belonged to Monsieur's superintendent of the finances, who treated me with much hospitality. Whilst here I went to the mass of Saint Fiacre, which is considered a great act of devotion. Madame de Saint Georges, who was noted for her piety, took peculiar care that I should enter into the spirit of it,—a thing not so easily to be effected at ten years old.

At arriving at Chantilly, I put the whole court into great good humour. The King was then under some trouble, on account of suspicions which had been excited respecting the queen. It was not long after the discovery of that box which gave occasion to what occurred at the Val de Grace, about which we have heard but too much. I found her majesty ill, and confined to her bed; she might well perhaps have been so without the affront which she had received. The chancellor had questioned her the day before; and she was still suffering her first poignant grief; so that the presence of Madame de Saint

Georges was a great comfort to her. It was she who kept up the communication between her and Monsieur; so that she was glad to see a confidential person to whom she could open her heart. To prevent the possibility of any suspicion, they called me in as a third person, in the belief that nobody would suppose they would speak before a child about matters of such importance. Necessity obliged them to trust me; and if I had paid but as much attention to what they said, as I have since felt vexed at not having done so, I should here relate many extraordinary things, which, no doubt, are unknown to any one. They did everything they could to make me keep these conversations secret; and complimented me repeatedly on being admitted to their confidence. It seemed to me that the surest means to avoid betraying the trust was to forget what they said; which I managed to do so well that I never remembered anything of it.

The Queen wished that I should prolong my visit at Chantilly; but Madame de Saint Georges was against it, saying, that if the king should suspect anything he might deprive her of her office. So we left, as was first arranged, after having been uniformly well treated. Before my departure, I asked the queen to give

me one of her young attendants, named Saint Louis, who was related to my governess, and had spent much of her time with me. She granted me the favour, so I took her to Paris. There I remained but a short time, and, after some other visits, I reached Chambort, three leagues from Blois, whither came Monsieur to meet me.

This was a chateau, built by Francis the First, in a somewhat singular manner, being placed in the middle of a park, nine leagues round, and having no court-yard save in the centre of the building. The most remarkable thing in the house was that the staircase was so built that we might go up and down keeping each other all the while in view, and yet not meeting; which furnished Monsieur with much diversion at our first greeting. He was at the top of the staircase when I arrived, and came down as I ascended. He laughed heartily at the idea of my running to catch him, and I was delighted at the pleasure it afforded him; and more so when we really met.

We then went in a carriage to Blois, where the villagers came out to receive me, and to pay their compliments; which indeed they had done at every town through which I had passed.

It was now Monsieur's chief occupation to think of everything he could to amuse me. He came frequently to my room, although I was separated from him by the court, and he had a staircase to ascend before he could reach my apartment. I gave myself up to his wishes. I occupied my time with anything that would give me pleasure — battledore and shuttlecock—all the games that I loved best. It was his desire that I should win everything in these games; and he paid me with watches, and in jewellery of all such kinds as were to be found in the town.

During the stay I made with him, I received and paid many visits. He then went to Tours, and bade me follow; but I was seized with illness and prevented for some time from joining him. At Tours, I found him in a house near the town, called La Bourdaisiére, which was prepared for my reception. The ladies all came to pay their respects, and Monsieur took the trouble to present them himself. There was one called Louison, a brunette, well made, having a small figure, a pretty face, and with some wit for a girl of her station, who had never been to court. Monsieur was prodigal in his praises of her, and begged me to treat her well: saying that she

would often come and play with me, as, being about seventeen, she was just the age. My governess having heard of the inclination Monsieur had for her, asked if she was of good character; saying that, notwithstanding his favour, if it were otherwise she would not wish me to make her acquaintance. He assured her she was, or he should never have made the proposal. I had, even at that time, so much horror of vice, that I said to Madame de Saint Georges, "If Louison is not good, though my papa is fond of her, I will not see her, or, if he wishes me to see her, I will not receive her." She assured me that she was such as I could wish; so I was satisfied. She pleased me very much, and I saw her often: there was also Madame la Marquise de Fourilles, whose company delighted me much; for although I felt more satisfied with girls of my own age, yet, when I met sensible people to my taste, I quitted my play and my amusement to converse with them. Thus, at Blois, I passed my time much to my satisfaction. It was autumn, and I had often the pleasure of walking; the players were there, and we had a performance nearly every evening. I stayed with his Royal Highness until the winter ap-

proached; I shed many tears on taking leave, and we mutually felt the pain of parting.

I have forgotten to relate that, while at Tours, one of my femmes-de-chambre was seized with the small-pox, which obliged me to leave the Bourdaisière, and take up my residence at the archbishop's palace, with Monsieur. This threw us oftener together. He would come into my room at night, on his return from his visits, and awaken me, under the idea that it would give me more pleasure to see him, than to sleep; then, calling Mesdames de Saint Georges and Saint Louis, he would give us the history of some of his adventures, with the infinite grace of a man of the world, who had the power of making everything he said agreeable. I made him speak, as often as I could, of my mother; and he has confessed to me that, after her death, no proposal of marriage pleased him but that with the Princess Marguerite de Lorraine. She was then fourteen years old, and he was so much struck with her beauty, that he ultimately made proposals to her father, who gave his consent, but wished to keep it a secret from her brother. So they were privately married in the convent of Saint Benoit, at seven

o'clock at night, with few other witnesses than her father, her governess, and the Benedictine who married them.

Her brother, Monsieur de Lorraine, was deeply mortified at this, which may seem strange, considering the high rank of Monsieur; but I have since learned that he was then in love with the Queen, and in correspondence with her. Moreover, he had promised to hinder the marriage, as militating against the plans which she had formed. Under the idea of her having no children, and perceiving the health of his majesty to be gradually sinking, she believed she should soon be in a position to marry again; and the friendship that had existed between herself and Monsieur, led her to hope that he would espouse her.

I now return to the account of my travels, which I laid aside, thinking what I have said more amusing than a recital of the places I rested at between Orleans and Paris. On reaching the latter city, I immediately repaired to St. Germain, to pay my respects to their majesties: they overwhelmed me with caresses, and received with much pleasure the little enamelled watches from Blois, which I presented to them.

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH OF LOUIS XIV., AND OF THE DUC D'ANJOU—MADEMOISELLE REPRIMANDED BY CARDINAL RICHELIEU—MARRIAGE OF THE GREAT CONDÉ—DEATH OF THE CARDINAL, AND OF LOUIS XIII.

As usual, I spent the winter in Paris, going to the assemblies given by the Countess of Soissons twice a week. Theatricals were the general amusement; but I loved dancing so well, that they often danced for my sake. Mademoiselle de Longueville was my chosen companion. We had a trick of ridiculing everybody, which they might well have retaliated, inasmuch as we were not less ridiculous in our dress than the rest, and we amused ourselves by making all sorts

of grimace, for which we were reprimanded by our governesses.

Towards the end of the winter the queen became *enceinte*, and she wished me to come and stay at St. Germain. There seemed some mystery about the state of the Queen, and Cardinal de Richelieu, who had no affection for Monsieur, did not wish any person belonging to him to be near their Majesties. Although he had held me at the baptismal font with the Queen, and had told me that this spiritual engagement obliged him to take care of me, shewing me at the same time much friendship, still there was great difficulty in overcoming his mistrust. When he had consented, I hastened to St. Germain with the greatest joy: I was so entirely innocent, that I saw not how much the situation of the queen was to the prejudice of Monsieur, who had so cordial an esteem both for her Majesty and for the King, that he was never so happy as when displaying it.

The attention which I paid the Queen, elicited many marks of her favour. She often said to me, "*Vous serez ma belle fille*"—but I was too young to give this even any consideration. The court was very gay at this time. The King's *penchant* for Madame d'Hautefort, whom he sought

continually to amuse, much contributing towards it. The chase was one of his great pleasures, and we often partook of it with him. We were all dressed in the same colours—mounted on beautiful horses, richly caparisoned; and, to shade us from the sun, we wore hats ornamented with a quantity of feathers. It was always so arranged, that our course brought us to some noble mansion, where we had a grand collation; and on our return the King would place himself in the carriage, between me and Madame d'Hautefort. When he was in a good humour, he would allow us to talk with freedom against Cardinal de Richelieu, and, as a sign that the conversation did not displease him, he would often join in it himself.

As soon as I returned, I went to the queen, whom I was delighted to wait on at supper, her ladies carrying the dishes. We had concerts often during the week, given by the King: the airs were of his own composing, the words always in praise of Madame d'Hautefort, and written by himself. Indeed, his gallantry was such, that at our collations in the country he would not seat himself at table, but waited upon us; his civilities were directed but to one object, yet, so much did he fear the discovery of them, that, on

a chance of it, he would in a moment make these attentions general. If there happened a little quarrel between his Majesty and Madame d'Hautefort, all these amusements were immediately interrupted; and if the King, during the time, went to visit the Queen, he spoke to no one, and nobody dared speak to him; he seated himself in a corner, where he gaped or fell asleep. There was a melancholy that chilled every one; and whilst it lasted, he spent the greater part of the day in writing down what he had said to Madame d'Hautefort, and what she had replied to him; and such was his exactitude that, after his death, there was found on his casket a verbatim account of all the disagreements he had had with his mistresses; and to their praise, as well as his own, we may add, that he never loved any but those who were, at least, disposed to be virtuous.

The Queen was delivered of a son, and his birth afforded me new amusement; I went to see him every day, and called him my little husband. The King was delighted with everything I did. Cardinal de Richelieu, who did not desire me to be too intimate, gave orders for my return to Paris; and although the Queen and Madame d'Hautefort made interest for my stay, they could not obtain it. I wept when I took leave

of their majesties, who showed me every kindness, especially the Queen, who warmly testified her affection.

I was now to visit the cardinal, at Ruel. He scolded me for calling the Dauphin my little husband, saying, I was too old for such things, and that it was unbecoming in me so to speak. He said so much to me, indeed, that, without replying to him, I burst into tears. To appease me, he gave me a collation; but I scrupled not to show him that I was very angry at what he had said. I went little to the court on my return to Paris; and on going thither I dined with the Queen, and returned in the evening. Madame d'Hautefort, perceiving that it pleased their Majesties, often came to visit me. The cardinal, who saw there was something serious in the attachment of the King, mistrusted her. The queen had none of these jealousies; and Madame d'Hautefort had a contempt for his good graces, knowing him to be subject to starts of fancy, so unsuited to a person of his age that, she could not avoid making a jest of them; besides, it helped her to mystify him, and to maintain the good understanding between the Queen and Monsieur.

When the Queen heard what the Cardinal had

said to me, she replied—"It is true that my son is yet too young; you shall marry my brother." But I thought more of my winter fêtes than of marrying.

I must not forget to mention the birth of the Duc d'Anjou; for I had forgotten to speak of it, not having preserved any particulars relating to that period. I was at a distance from Paris, and learned the event by the noise of the cannon.

Mademoiselle de Brezé* was about this time affianced to the Duc d'Enghien; there was a ball on the occasion; being very little, she fell as she was dancing *à courante*, tripped up by the high heels which had been given her to increase her height. Every one laughed excepting the duke, who had only consented to the marriage to please his father. Soon after the marriage took place, he became so ill, it was thought he would have died; grief was the cause of this; she had brought him nothing but her beauty, and besides, she was a child, and still played with her doll. Finding herself despised and slighted by her husband's family, she came to me for comfort. I really pitied her, and so received her

* Clemence de Maillé de Brezé, niece to Cardinal de Richelieu.

visits, for I found in them little amusement. The year after her marriage, during the absence of her husband, who had followed the King to Roussillon,* they sent her to a convent to learn to read and write.

The King set out for Roussillon in the year 1642, leaving the Queen and his two children at St. Germain, after having taken every precaution for their safety; for which he was so solicitous, that he broke a piece of gold, leaving with her Majesty one half, and giving orders that the charge of the princes was not to be given up, or the care of them rendered into other hands than those he had appointed, even if the order were in his own handwriting, unless it was also accom-

* As early as eighteen years of age, the din of arms which resounded through Europe caused the duke anxiously to press his father, the Prince of Condé, to allow him to accompany him, and take part in the war between France and Spain; but he was thought too young. Long before this, he wrote to his father, 'I read with pleasure, in history, the heroic actions of our kings. I feel a holy ambition to imitate them, when my age and capacity shall have made me what you wish, and to follow in their track." The following year his wishes were fulfilled. On the fatal results of a battle (at Rocroi) being represented to him, he replied—"I shall not be alive to witness them: Paris will never see me again but as a

panied by the remaining portion of the piece of gold. During his absence, it was often threatened that the children should be taken from the Queen, and conveyed to the Bois de Vincennes. It was to prevent this that the king had taken such precautions, and wished her to go to Fontainebleau, to which she never would consent.

I was now in mourning for the Queen my grandmother, which obliged me to remain much at home. I observed all the forms with the utmost rigour, and denied myself to visitors. This year was remarkable for several events. The Cardinal was taken ill on his return from Roussillon, and died December the 4th, 1642, and, in

conqueror or as a corpse." On the eve of the battle, throwing himself before a fire which had been kindled in the open air, he drew his cloak round him, and in a few moments fell asleep. His slumbers were so sound, that when day began to break, it was necessary to awaken him. He then put on his body armour; but instead of a helmet, he wore a hat adorned with large white plumes; and, thus marked out, served as a rallying point during the action. The rallying word was "Enghien"—and the battle was won,—the battle of Rocroi, the glory of France! The young hero, when assured that the victory was complete, threw himself on his knees, at the head of his army, to return thanks to the God of battles.

accordance with his advice, affairs were put in the hands of Cardinal Mazarin.* We lost also the Queen's brother. When the news arrived, the King said to her, suddenly, "*Votre frère est mort.*" The announcement gave her great grief, for he was one whom everybody had esteemed, and now regretted. I was very sorry, for I liked the connexion, the beauty of his country, and its proximity to France. For himself, I must say that, though I esteemed him much, he came in for a small share in my disappointment.

This year, I also lost my governess, Madame de St. Georges. She had been ailing all the winter, and now, at length, had a seizure of the brain. When I heard of it, I wrote in haste, and went to testify by my attentions my gratitude for her constant and assiduous care of me. On recovering her senses for awhile, she called her children round her, to give them her benediction, and begged to give it me also, saying, that the honour of having been near me since my birth induced her to take the liberty. I felt an affection for her equal to that she had shown me; I threw

* The queen, Anne of Austria, absolute regent, resigned into the hands of Mazarin, as Louis XIII. had into those of Richelieu, the entire direction of affairs.

myself on my knees by her bedside; and, weeping bitterly, received her last adieu.

Monsieur came to see me in my affliction; and, saying that I should not remain in the house with the dead, especially where my loss occasioned me so much grief, he ordered me to sleep at the Hotel de Guise, giving up his apartments for my accommodation.

A new governess was now spoken of; and I went to the convent of the Carmelites of St. Denis, to wait until the matter was decided. I wrote to the Queen to beg that I might have Madame de Fiesque or Madame de Tilliére, both persons of merit and virtue. I liked the latter best, but mentioned the former as an alternative, knowing that she had been ill for six months, and expecting that the duty would be too much for her. The appointment was, nevertheless, a marvellous remedy for her ailings; for no sooner had Monsieur made known his wishes that she should undertake the charge, than her strength was restored as by a miracle. Monsieur sent to me at St. Denis, where I had remained for eight days, an intimation of the choice which he had made, and desired to know when it would please me to receive the lady. I fixed the next day, and afterwards found that she

was preferred on account of her being a widow. She had been Dame d'Atour to my mother, and this arrangement was made as a provision for her, or rather to get her out of the way. Monsieur knew that I liked her as little as he did. When she arrived at St. Denis, I received her very well, and even expressed much joy at being placed in her care, having, in a measure, brought it about. She answered that she knew it well, and that she was very much obliged to me. Thus the first day passed very peaceably; she was extremely agreeable, and amused me with histories of former times. She commenced her superintendence by requiring an inventory of my trinkets, that I might not part with any of them without her permission. She then took the key from my writing-desk, and this she kept, saying that it was proper she should see my correspondence. Such conduct as this displeased me extremely, and I found her control very annoying; nevertheless, and though we often quarrelled, I bore it without complaining. I had one day a severe cold, and my physician ordered me some medicine, which I cared not to take. Madame thought that, although I was now thirteen years old, she could treat me as a child, and shut me in my room, telling me,

through the door, that I was ill, and should see nobody. I found this manner of proceeding very irksome, and I might have been refractory, but I showed only the resentment of a child; I found means to escape from my room—went to her cabinet, where I knew she was, locked her in, and carried away the key. Here she remained for some hours, being unwilling to send for the locksmith. From this time she grew less *exigeante*, and allowed me to see the world, though it only gave occasion for constant bickerings between us.

To strengthen her authority, she had recourse to Monsieur, and drew up a memorandum of the line of conduct which she wished me to observe. One of the first stipulations was, that I was to make the sign of the Cross on awaking in the morning; but that which annoyed me the most was, a rule she imposed entirely for her own convenience. Neither her age nor inclination permitted her to pay visits in the evening. She could not prevent my going to court, and those occasions when I did so were the only ones on which I retired late; but she forbade my going thither without first asking permission of Monsieur; so that, from the distance of the Tuileries from his residence, the Hotel de Guise, the opportunity of

my request finding him at home was often lost, or his reply came too late for me to take advantage of it.

Soon after I had received Madame Fiesque as governess, the King fell ill of the same malady he had suffered from before his journey to Perpignan. This obliged me to go often to St. Germains, for the King took great pleasure in my visits, and always appeared happy at seeing me. The commencement of this illness was in April, and it continued till the 14th of May, upon which day his Majesty expired. If the pitiable state to which sickness had reduced him gave rise to compassion, no less so did his pious and generous sentiments conduce to edification. He spoke of his death with Christian resignation, and was so well prepared for the event, that, on seeing St. Denis from the window of his room in the chateau-neuf at St. Germains, to which he had been removed for better air, he pointed out the line by which the funeral cortège would pass, remarking a part where the road was bad, and recommending that it should be avoided, lest the carriage should sink in the mud. I have even heard that, during his illness, he had composed the music of *De Profundis*, which was sung in the room immediately after his death, as is the custom on the

death of Kings. He gave calm and distinct instructions respecting the administration after his death. I say nothing of his last wishes respecting the Queen and the Princess: it is not a subject that should form a part of my memoirs.

CHAPTER III.

CHANGE IN FAVOUR OF THE QUEEN — THE PRETENDED LETTERS OF MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE TO COLIGNI— VICTORIES OF CONDÉ.

THE Queen was now declared regent, and fixed her residence in Paris. I went every day, and sometimes twice a day to the Louvre, where my usual occupation was, to play with the king, or with the Duc d'Anjou, who was one of the prettiest children in the world, and for whom I have always had a great friendship. Regret for the late king was soon overcome in the joy of the regency. The ill-favour in which the queen had lived during the time of her husband, now touched the hearts of every one, and gained her their affection. During the first year of her widowhood, she carefully visited every church in Paris; and such were my attachment and my duty to her, that I gave up many pleasures to

allow of my accompanying her on these occasions.

About this time a circumstance occurred which caused a great sensation at court. Madame de Montbazon found, one evening, at her residence, two *billets*, evidently from a lady to a gentleman. She immediately declared that they were from Madame de Longueville; and that Coligni (her admirer), who had been to the house that evening, had let them fall from his pocket. It must be observed, whilst repeating this account, that the scandal of the court went so far as to say, that Monsieur de Longueville had loved Madame de Montbazon for some time, and not without return; and that the princess had forbidden him to see her since his marriage. I will here insert a copy of one of these notes, which I have received from a source on which I can rely.

COPY OF ONE OF THE PRETENDED LETTERS SAID TO HAVE BEEN FOUND AT MADAME DE MONTBAZON'S.

"I should feel much more regret in the alteration of your conduct, did I consider myself less deserving of the continuance of your affection. I confess, so strongly did I believe this affection to be ardent and sincere, that, in return, I have given you all the encouragement you could possibly desire. In future, you will expect nothing

from me but the esteem I owe to your discretion. I have too much pride to share with any one the passion you have so often sworn to me; and I allot you no other punishment for your negligence in not coming to see me, than that of taking from you this privilege altogether. Since, then, I have lost the power to command, I entreat you will come to my house no more."

The other letter was much to the same effect.

Madame de Montbazon repeated the circumstance of the finding of these two letters to so many persons, and made such a jest of them, that the affair soon became known. On its coming to the hearing of the princess, her proud spirit vented itself with great wrath upon Madame de Montbazon; and the calumny she had spread was generally attributed to her hatred and jealousy of Madame de Longueville. The friends of Madame were ready in offering their services. The court divided on the occasion, the whole of *Les Importans** declaring for Madame de Montbazon, whilst the queen

* "Les Importans" were a party consisting mostly of young men, such as the Duc de Beaufort, and a host of noble striplings. They aspired to the direction of affairs, and the name of "Importans" was conferred on them in irony. Their number, however, comprised such names as those of the Cardinal de Retz and the Duc de la Rochefoucault.

did not fail to espouse the cause of the princess. That which added to the strength of the one party was, that Monsieur le Duc d'Enghien (brother to the princess,) now Monsieur le Prince, having just rendered the state so considerable a service as the gaining of the victory of Rocroi, it seemed impossible to do enough for the victor. The glory of this prince, the reputation with which he had returned from the campaign, increased the usual pride of his mother; and when an accommodation began to be spoken of, she insisted that Madame de Montbazon should make reparation. The affair was a long while under negotiation, for the latter would not submit. The Queen now interposed her authority, and the matter was decided.

On the day fixed for this humiliation, the princess assembled around her, at the Hotel de Condé, the whole of her friends, so that Madame de Montbazon, on her arrival, found a great crowd of people. Monsieur was among them. Neither could I excuse myself from going, although I had little regard for the princess, or, indeed, for any of her family; nevertheless, connected as we were, I could not, in courtesy, on such an occasion, act otherwise; such is the duty that relations owe to each other. Madame de Montbazon entered the apartments

of Madame la Princesse in full dress, and with great *fierté;* and, on approaching her, read from a paper tied to her fan, the excuses she had been compelled to offer, and which were as follow:—

"Madame, I come here to assure you that I am quite innocent of the wickedness of which I am accused: no person of honourable feeling would give utterance to a similar calumny. Had I committed such a fault, willingly would I endure every punishment which the Queen might impose. I would never more show myself in the world, and would humbly beg your pardon. I entreat you to believe that I can never fail in the respect which I owe you, or in the opinion which I hold of the virtue and merit of Madame de Longueville."

The reply of the Princess was in these words:—

"Madame, I willingly believe the assurances which you give me, that you took no part in the calumny which has been published. I owe this deference to the commands of the Queen."

When such ceremonies as these are to be performed, it is neither usual nor easy to go through them with a good grace; and the manner of the self-accused showed plainly, that the heart repented in no way of the fault she had committed. Neither was the speech she made any better

received by the princess, who returned even a shorter answer, with a spirit little appeased, and without relinquishing that majesty of mien which accompanied her every action. It was only the semblance of making up a quarrel: the reconciliation lasted for a very little while.*

During the illness of the late king, Monsieur had received permission to appear at court, and, being reconciled, obtained his majesty's consent to his marriage, which had not yet been considered valid; with the condition, however, that

* "A letter full of expressions of tenderness, and in the handwriting of a woman, was found one night at a party at the Duchess de Montbazon's. Madame de Montbazon, who was older and less esteemed, though nearly as handsome, as Madame de Longueville, hated her cordially. She forthwith decided that the letter had been written by her rival, and that it had fallen from the pocket of Coligni, whose attentions she was supposed to receive. This was a calumny, as every one acknowledged, when the real correspondents were discovered; but, at the time, the raillery of Madame de Montbazon was so public and severe, that this frivolous adventure became an affair of State. The whole court was divided between the rival beauties. Madame de Montbazon was supported by the Duke de Guise, and by the Duke de Beaufort, head of the party called "Les Importans." On the other side were the queen and the house of Condé. A public duel between Coligni and the Duke de Guise took place, in

Madame was to come to Paris, and there to be re-married. She was at Cambray when the proposal was made to her, and offered some opposition ere she complied with it. I went to meet her at Gonesse, and we arrived late at Meudon, where Monsieur was waiting to receive us. The meeting of Monsieur and Madame took place in the court, before all those who had accompanied him; they were astonished at the coldness of his salutation, seeing that the persecution he had suffered from the king and the cardinal

which the former was mortally wounded. It was said that the Duchess de Longueville, hidden behind a window, was a spectatress of the conflict. She then repaired with her mother to the Queen, and throwing herself, bathed in tears, at her feet, demanded justice and reparation for Madame de Montbazon's outrageous conduct. The Queen, sharing her resentment, and touched by her distress, took up the quarrel, and decided that Madame de Montbazon should give her public satisfaction. Cardinal de Mazarin undertook to arrange the form which should be employed on the occasion. . . . There was a parley of an hour over every word—the cardinal going first to one party, and then to the other, to endeavour to accommodate the difference, as though the welfare of France, and his own in particular, depended on it. The negotiation completed, the ceremony took place at the house of Condé, in the presence of the whole court. The two ladies had fastened to their fans the words dictated by the cardinal."—*Memoirs of Madame de Caylas.*

on account of this marriage, had not lessened his constancy; nor could they understand that the terms the king had insisted on could have lessened his joy on the occasion.

From the court of the Chateau, Madame went to her room, from whence Monsieur conducted her to the chapel, where was the Archbishop of Paris in his robes, the mitre on his head, the cross in his hand, and surrounded by all the ceremony requisite to the receiving the declaration of their Royal Highnesses. Monsieur declared to the Bishop, that he was still assured there was no informality in his marriage; but that to satisfy the king, and in compliance with the orders he had received, he came there with Madame, to make the declaration which his majesty required, as a still greater security. She added, with tears in her eyes, that nothing was less necessary than such a step, but that the king wished it to be so. Each then bowed and retired. Madame retained no longer that exceeding beauty which had formerly so charmed Monsieur; and the manner in which she was dressed did not tend to conceal the alteration which the grief of years had produced. She knew no one at court, and was ignorant of its forms and of its manners, so that I had the opportunity of making myself useful. I did all

in my power to preserve her good graces, in which I should never have failed, had she given me no reason to relax in my attentions.

In the spring, Monsieur set out to take command of the army in Flanders; their majesties going to Ruel, to which place I followed them, returning every week to Paris to see Madame, who, on account of indisposition, did not accompany the court.

There were many seditions about this time, which disturbed our serenity, and occupied the attention of the court, whilst Monsieur was gaining laurels by the most glorious victories. The news of these gave me great joy; for I had always a tender love for him, even under every adverse circumstance. We were present at Nôtre Dame when the *Te Deum* was sung, at the public thanksgiving for these victories. Fireworks were afterwards displayed, and Madame gave a grand entertainment at the palace: transparent lamps, bearing the arms of their royal highnesses, were hung in every window, and there were, finally, a ball and supper. Two days afterwards, I gave a similar entertainment, when we ordered the violins to the residence of the queen, who took great pleasure in seeing us dance for some time on the terrace of the Palais-Royal.

Soon after this, Monsieur returned. In accordance with his wish, their majesties did not go to meet him. Cardinal Mazarin went alone. His return, however, was celebrated with great rejoicings. The Duc d'Enghien (Condé), who was in Germany, was also doing marvellous things; but the dislike I had to him, caused me to take little pleasure in his successes; so I shall say nothing with a view to diminish his glory. Indeed, historians have related enough to render him immortal. At the time the army was in Holland he also showed great bravery, and on one occasion ran great risk of being killed by a grenade, which exploded so near him, whilst standing in the trenches, that his face was burned by it. I heard the account of this with great delight; and so much did I hate him, that I even wished he had been disfigured by the missile. There was, however, when I saw him, no mark of his mishap.

CHAPTER IV.

FLIGHT OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA FROM ENGLAND—ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES (AFTERWARDS CHARLES II.)—HIS COURTSHIP OF MADEMOISELLE, WHO RESOLVES TO BECOME A NUN.

THE troubles in England, which had begun under Cardinal de Richelieu, had attained this year to such a height, that the queen was obliged to seek refuge in France. She landed at Brest; and, being in ill health, was ordered by her physicians to take the waters at Bourbon. She accordingly proceeded thither, previously to her coming to the court. After this, I was sent by their majesties to meet her in one of the king's coaches, in accordance with custom; but Monsieur had reached her before me.

As we drew near to Paris, we met their majesties, when, after mutual compliments and salutations, her majesty was received into their

own coach. She was still so very ill as to be quite an object of compassion. Her apartments were at the Louvre, where, the next day, she received all the honours due to a Queen, born FILLE DE FRANCE. She appeared for some months with the establishment of a crowned head, having with her many ladies of rank, maids of honour, carriages, guards, and running footmen. These diminished, however, little by little, and in a short time all this pomp disappeared entirely. I made a point of going to see her frequently; when, unhappy as she was, she seemed to take pleasure in enlarging on her past prosperity—the happiness of the life she had led in England—the beauty of the country—the amusements she had partaken; and, above all, on the good qualities of the Prince of Wales, her son. She often expressed a wish that I could see him, and in a moment I divined her intentions; the result showing that my judgment was correct. It was at this time that the Queen received the news of the death of her sister the Empress. The Abbé de la Rivière declared that I must now marry the Emperor; then, correcting himself, he added, that he had gone too far, for it should rather be the Arch-Duke Leopold, his brother. I replied that I liked the Emperor of Germany better.

The unhappy state of affairs in England con-

tinuing, the king despatched the Prince of Wales, his son, to France for safety. The court was at Fontainebleau when he arrived, and their majesties went to meet him to the end of the forest, where they alighted from their carriages, when the Queen of England presented her son to the king, and then to the queen, who kissed him. He afterwards saluted the princess and myself. He was then about seventeen years old, and tall for his age—a beautiful head, black hair, a brown complexion, and of a tolerable figure. The worst was, that he neither spoke, nor in any manner understood the French language. Yet we did not let him want for good company; and, during the three days he remained at Fontainebleau, the amusement of hunting was afforded him, with every other of which the time would allow; and he paid visits to all the princesses. I saw in a moment that the Queen of England much wished me to believe that he was in love with me: he was almost the only subject of her conversation; and she remarked how he wished to come into my room at all times; that he found me much to his taste; and that he was in despair at the death of the Empress, from the fear that I should be compelled to marry the Emperor. I heard what she had to say as I ought; but I replied to nothing as she might have wished me. I think that, had he

pleaded his own cause, he would have been equally unsuccessful. I know that I did not much value what they told me on the part of a man who could say nothing whatever for himself.

The court only waited the conclusion of the campaign, to return to Paris. The news of the taking of Dunkirk immediately succeeded its arrival there. My dislike to the Duke d'Enghien prevented my participating in the general joy; and I was very glad that illness prevented my being present at the *Te Deum* which was sung on the occasion. The prince came to spend the winter in Paris. He was quite cured of the wound he had received, a little redness only remaining. This gave him no disquietude, for he had never been flattered for his beauty; though, to make up for that, he had a fine figure, and quite the air of a noble prince and a great captain.

The Prince of Wales was still in Paris. We saw him often at the Palais Royal; for it was the season for theatrical entertainments, and he seldom failed to be present, or to place himself near me. When I visited the Queen of England, he led me to my carriage, never putting on his hat until he had taken leave of me. His civilities to me appeared in everything. One day, when I was going to an assembly at Madame de Choisy's, the Queen of England, who wished to dress my hair

and to adorn me herself, repaired in the evening to my residence, and took every care to see that I was well attired, the Prince of Wales holding the flambeau near me, to give light. He wore on this occasion a little flesh-coloured white and red *oye*, because the ribbons which tied my tiara of jewels were of those colours. I wore, also, a plume of the same, the whole being as the Queen of England had arranged it.

The Queen, (Anne of Austria,) knowing by whose hand I was adorned, bade me come to see her before I went to the ball, which she rarely failed to do on such occasions, being desirous of knowing that I was dressed to her liking. The Prince of Wales arrived at Madame de Choisy's before me, and gave me his hand as I descended from my coach. Before entering the ball-room, I stayed for some short time in a side apartment to re-adjust my dress; and the Prince was there also to hold the flambeau. Everywhere he followed my steps; and, what is strange, and hard to believe, is, he told Prince Robert, his cousin, who served as an interpreter, that he understood everything I said, although he knew nothing of French.

On returning home that evening, I was quite surprised to find that he had followed me to the door, where he stayed until I had entered, and

then pursued his way. His gallantry thus openly shown, occasioned much talk in the world that winter. It was particularly observable at a fête given at the Palais Royal with great magnificence, and for which I was decorated by the hands of the queen, my aunt. They were three whole days in arranging my finery. My dress was studded with diamonds, and variously-coloured tufts. I wore all the crown jewels, and also those of the Queen of England, who, at that time, had some still remaining. Nothing more magnificent could be seen than my dress on this occasion; yet did I find many gentlemen who told me that my beautiful figure, my good looks, the fairness of my complexion, and the brightness of my light hair, were more dazzling than all the riches that shone upon my person.

Everything this day helped to bring me into notice. A large stage, lighted up with flambeaux, was prepared for the dancers; and in the middle of this, raised about three feet, was a throne, covered with a canopy. Seats for the ladies were ranged around the platform, the gentlemen standing at their feet—the rest of the room, *en amphithéatre*, was left for the dancing. Neither the king nor the Prince of Wales chose to seat themselves on the throne. I remained there alone; so that I saw at my feet two princes,

and the princesses of the court. I did not feel the least embarrassment at being so distinguished; and those who had flattered me at the ball, took occasion to repeat their flatteries to me on this subject the next morning. None of those present, indeed, omitted to tell me, that I had never appeared less constrained than when upon the throne; and that, as I was of a race to occupy it, I should fill it with an equal grace when in possession of it for a longer time than at the ball. Whilst thus enthroned, and the Prince of Wales at my feet, my heart viewed him *de haut en bas*, as well as my eyes. It was my wish to marry the Emperor, and, apparently, I had the consent of the court; indeed, it had been said by some of the ministers, that the Queen had the means of affording consolation to her widowed brother. Whilst dressing me that evening, she had talked of nothing but this marriage; saying that she wished it exceedingly, and that, for the happiness of her house, she should do all she could to bring it about. Thus, the idea of an empire so much occupied my mind, that I only looked on the Prince of Wales as an object of pity. The Queen of England soon discerned this, and taxed me with it—attributing it to my views in regard of the Emperor; and, although I

denied this, my face was an index of my mind sufficiently faithful to confirm her in her suspicions.

Monsieur one day observed to me, "It seems that the proposal of marrying you to the Emperor gives you pleasure: if so, I will further it all I can; but the Emperor is older than I am, and therefore it will not suit you; and, if affairs in England are settled, you will be happier there, or in Savoy." I replied, that I wished to have the Emperor—that he was really my choice; and I trusted I should have Monsieur's consent: that the Emperor was a man neither young nor "galant," and, therefore, he might see the truth, that I thought more of the establishment than the person. Nevertheless, my wishes had no influence over those who had the management of the affair. It was talked of, and that was all.

Soon after this, the court removed to Amiens. The desire of being Empress followed me everywhere; and the accomplishment of it appearing to be so near, I thought it desirable that I should, even now, begin to adapt myself to the habits of the Emperor. I had heard that he was very devout; and, after this pattern, I became so serious that, having feigned the appearance some time, I, for eight days, entertained the idea of becoming a nun of the order of Carmelites, though I said

nothing to any one of my intentions. I was so possessed with this notion, that I could neither eat nor sleep; and, acting on a naturally unquiet mind, it induced such a state of restlessness, that it was feared a severe attack of illness would result. When the Queen came to the convent, which she often did, I remained in the church alone; and, occupied with the thoughts of those who loved me, and would doubtless regret my retreat, shed many tears. All this, which looked like the effect of self-abstraction, was really a passing impulse, but it was caused by the tenderness I felt for others; for I may say that, during these eight days, the Empire was never in my thoughts. Still, the vanity of hearing it said that it must certainly be the result of my intimate acquaintance with the world which induced me to abandon it, when fortune promised me everything I could desire, was not without its effect; but no one could justly accuse me of having taken such a resolution from motives of disgust. Confirmed in the idea that I was right, I spoke on the subject to Monsieur, begging him to give me his attention, and to consent to my desire should I continue in the same opinion. He answered, that this came of their not having followed out my wishes with regard to the Emperor. I assured him that it was not so; for

that I cared little about it, and had rather devote myself to the service of God, than possess all the crowns in the world. Hereupon he became angry, said that some zealots had put the notion into my head, and that he would beg of the Queen to permit me no longer to accompany her to the convents. When I saw that he took my declaration in this manner, fearing he would show his displeasure still more strongly, I begged him to forget it—assuring him that I would do nothing save as he desired, and that I was never more disposed to obey him than at that moment.

Three days afterwards, I thought no more of what I had said to his Royal Highness. There was much merriment at court when my intention of quitting the world became known; and in this I also joined, saying that it had been merely the idea of the moment.

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CHAPTER V.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN DESPAIR—MADEMOISELLE DOES NOT MARRY THE EMPEROR—A PALACE PLOT, AND AN EXPLOSION.

In the autumn, the court went to Fontainebleau, where I again began to take pleasure in its amusements, and frequented the promenade and the theatre: but though this moderated the extreme austerity to which I had brought myself, the feelings of devotion I had cherished ever rested in my heart. Among the divertisements of the court, was a ball given to the Prince of Wales, who came for a short time to Fontainebleau. It was said that he was a despairing lover; but even this failed to influence my sentiments with regard to him.

The court had had no other intention than to amuse me with the project of marrying the Emperor; and now, that he was about to conclude

another marriage—the affair being about to be made public—they were obliged to acquaint me with it, to acquit themselves of the promise which had been given me. To show as little of their duplicity as possible, the Abbé de la Rivière, who had played a principal part, was selected as the first who should give me intimation of the facts. He told me that the accounts from Germany were bad, and that they talked of marrying the Emperor to one of the Archduchesses of the Tyrol. The vexation this occasioned me induced me to inquire with some curiosity into the matter, when I discovered that Cardinal Mazarin and the Abbé de la Rivière had been deceiving me from the first—merely dazzling me with the idea of a splendid alliance, to amuse me with a vain hope, for the furtherance of which they had never taken any measures.

Some time after this, a person of the name of Saujon brought me into some trouble by paying me too much attention. In affecting to attach himself to my interests, it seems he sought only to secure his own. Saujon had two sisters; for the elder of whom I obtained the post of maid of honour to Madame. She was a very pretty girl, and pleased her much; and, whilst thus established, I showed her many marks of my consideration and affection. I pass over much which I believe there is little need of mentioning, inclu-

sive of the particulars of a scheme which Saujon idly took into his head, but which, at the time, became the talk of the court, and of every one.

Vilermont, a gentleman of worth, and a captain in the guards, was taken prisoner during the campaign in which Armentières was besieged by the Duke d'Amalfi Picolomini, who permitted him to return on parole. Before he set out, the duke invited him to a dinner; and, as it is usual to converse with foreigners courteously of their country, the duke, one of the finest and most gallant men of the age, talked of the court of France, and spoke highly in praise of me, withal wishing to know if, in France, I was held in similar estimation; and finishing his *éloge* by saying, "we should be but too happy to have such a princess as this in our country."

Vilermont, meeting his friend Saujon, told him of the conversation which had passed at the duke's table; upon which, Saujon immediately built his scheme of profit to himself, writing to me by Vilermont, whom I merely knew by sight, stating that he wished to pay me his respects, that he was a man of worth, who had signalized himself in the army, and that if I would grant him an audience, he would impart to me something I should be glad to know. I, therefore, received him well; and he spoke to me on the subject of the Duke d'Amalfi, as also of the wishes

he expressed; adding, that the duke had asked him if I were going to marry the Prince of Wales? to which he had returned for answer, "No." There was not much, after all, in this; but the mysterious tone of Saujon's letter led me to expect that in the end there might be more. Not receiving any answer, and wishing to ascertain the manner in which I had taken his communication, he contrived to obtain from the general some commission respecting the army, and came himself to Paris.

Thus decoyed with the idea of a suitable establishment, I betrayed, in one of the conversations that ensued between us, my disgust at the conduct of the court; Saujon then spoke of the hopes he had of seeing me married to the Archduke; who, there was no doubt, would eventually become king of Spain; whilst, to render the event more certain, he asked permission to resign his commission in the guards, so as to allow of his being more at liberty to render his services available to me.

I confess I looked upon the affair as almost entirely the *chimère* of his own imagination; but, as I had a fancy for fools, whether gay or melancholy, and saw nothing serious in it, I listened to what he had to say. I was, therefore, much surprised to learn from Vilermont that

Saujon was arrested. I could see nothing criminal in anything he had done. I asked the reason; and was told that I knew it well; which made me suspect that he had done more than I was aware of, and I resolved to have nothing more to do with imprudent and visionary people; for my own disposition led me to think every one as honest in intention as myself; and thus it will appear in the sequel, that I have often been involved in difficulties by imprudent and designing persons. In the present instance, my innocence supported me; yet I counted more than I found myself justified in doing, on the kindness of the Queen and of Monsieur. On receiving the news respecting Saujon, I went to the Palais-Royal, as I was daily in the habit of doing, but the Queen did not address to me a word. I then conversed with Mdlle. de Beaumont, to whom I had permitted the liberty of speaking to me without reserve. She told me it was said that Saujon had been about to carry me off, and to marry me to the Archduke. I began to laugh, and we treated the affair with the ridicule it merited; and this openly, in the chamber of the queen. From the palace I went to the Luxembourg, with the intention of speaking to the Abbé de la Rivière and to Monsieur: the latter I found as silent as her Majesty. The next

day the sister of Saujon came, in a terrible fright, and with cries and lamentations, to tell me that her brother had been interrogated by the cardinal; and that, as nothing could be drawn from him, the Queen and Monsieur were about to try what they could discover from myself; I then went again to the Palais-Royal, being extremely anxious to have the matter cleared up; and found them still in council. I saw the abbé, who was the first to leave this council; and he said, "It is of no use to disguise from you that the Queen and Monsieur are very angry with you, for they will show it presently; and you are not ignorant of the reason." I replied, that I was not aware of having done anything to displease them; but that if my conduct merited treatment such as that he threatened, I preferred that my interview with the Queen and Monsieur should be in private, for that I was not of an age to be reprimanded publicly.

At that moment, I was called by Monsieur, and entered the Queen's Gallery; when he slammed the door so furiously that I should have been greatly frightened, had not my conscience acquitted me of blame; my composure, therefore, was not in the least disturbed, for I knew the falseness of the accusation against me. I approached the Queen, who received me with an angry look;

saying to Cardinal Mazarin, that they would wait till my father returned. I placed myself in a window higher than the rest of the gallery, listening to them with all the "fierté" of one who had right on her side—a sense of which gives great advantage over those who possess so many other prerogatives above us. The Queen began by saying in an angry voice, "Your father and myself are aware of the plot you have carried on with Saujon, and of the extent of his designs." I replied, that I had no knowledge of either; that I had much curiosity on the subject, and that her Majesty would do me infinite honour by explaining what she alluded to. The Queen answered, that I knew it all very well: that Saujon was in prison for my sake, and that I had been the cause of it. She then added, "We know that Saujon wished to marry you to the Archduke; that he has told you he was about to become King, with other idle tales, of the truth of which you are but too ready to persuade yourself; but the Archduke is the last man, and the worst match, that could be found for you."

I was silent, and the Queen desired me to reply. I obeyed her, saying that she paid Saujon a high compliment in putting him into prison as if he were a reasonable man; for that if the fact was established, that he had taken upon himself what

could only appertain to her brother the Archduke, Les Petits Maisons* was a place much more suited to him, for that he must be mad so to do; and I myself not less so, to deliver over to him the care of my establishment. Her Majesty was astonished at the manner in which I spoke; and she observed to Monsieur, and to Cardinal Mazarin, "See, with what assurance she maintains that she knows nothing of this affair." I answered, "that one required some assurance to maintain the truth when once spoken." To which she reproachfully rejoined, "Yes; it is well to recompense a person attached to your service, by causing him to lose his head upon the scaffold."

Now, as I had heard that not a few in the service of her Majesty and Monsieur had perished in this manner, it came into my mind at the moment, and I replied, "At least, it would be the first who had so perished on *my* account."

Thus, in reproaches, questionings, and recriminations, it went on for some time, for repetitions that are not agreeable always appear long, and at length I was tired; and perceiving that unless I left there would, on this occasion, be no end of them, I said to the Queen, "I believe your Majesty has nothing more to say?" She replied in

* The Bedlam of Paris.

the negative; so I made my courtesey, and came off from the combat, victorious enough, but exceedingly angry. A fever, indeed, which confined me to my bed, was the result; and, fearing that many would come to console me, or from curiosity, I gave orders that I was ill, and could see no one. The grief which such an affair must have occasioned to a person of my disposition may well be imagined; the idea of the misconstruction put upon it by foreigners, and the displeasure of the Queen and Monsieur, overcame me with grief and sadness. I found, too, that the orders I had given were followed by others from Monsieur to Madame de Fiesque, to the effect that I was not to leave my apartments. I cared little for this, since I had already voluntarily secluded myself.

Whether the Abbé de la Rivière repented of the part that he had played or not, I cannot say; but he came to tell me that Monsieur wished me to see company as soon as my health permitted; and I availed myself of it by admitting the whole court, who blamed the Queen and Monsieur, and took my part in everything.

After some days, my health having improved, the Abbé desired to know when I intended to see the Queen and Monsieur? I made answer, that when it was their pleasure, I should receive the honour with delight. They sent for me the next

morning, and, on my arrival, caused me to descend rather mysteriously by a staircase that led to Monsieur's cabinet. He changed countenance, looked very forbidding as I entered, and began to speak in a scolding voice, but he was soon obliged to make excuses for me, for I cried bitterly: I do not know whether it was from embarrassment or tenderness—it is better, perhaps, to attribute it to the latter feeling.

From thence I went to the Queen, at the Palais-Royal. I entered with *fierté*. She rose from her bed; but, although I had the *entrée* at all hours, instead of approaching her, as was usual, I waited at the door. The Duc d'Anjou came and kissed me, saying, "Ma cousine, j'ai toujours été pour vous, et j'ai pris votre parti contre tout le monde." The Queen merely said, "You had better sit down, your illness must have weakened you." I assured her that it had not; and that I had quite sufficient strength to support myself. I do not know whether she believed me when I spoke of my strength, or whether she thought I said it in a spirit of displeasure, for she blushed deeply. When she was dressed and ready to go to mass, I presented her gloves; she took me aside, and said a few words. I have since thought that they were not of the most courteous, but I cannot now recollect them.

From this time, I went less often to her Majesty, for I could not think she would be desirous of seeing one whom she had treated so ill. I retired to my house in the country; and whilst there received the news of the battle of Lens; which the prince had gained. The aversion I had for him being known, no one dared tell me of it, so they placed on my table the account of the victory, which had come from Paris. On rising one morning I perceived it, and read it with astonishment and vexation. Though I could not mingle my dislike with my joy at so great an advantage to the state, I scarcely knew how to separate the one from the other; for, in making the attempt, I found myself less patriotic than I ought; but I escaped the difficulty by accounting for my tears in the regret I felt for the officers of my acquaintance who had fallen in the combat; and, as good feeling is commendable, especially in the great, who are accused of possessing none, and more especially the great of the House of Bourbon, I received praise, instead of the blame I merited. I cannot think how I could be so sensitive on the subject of the prince's victories, for he gained victories so often, that I ought to have become accustomed to them. But we never can become indifferent to that which invariably displeases us.

CHAPTER VI.

WAR OF THE FRONDE IN PARIS—SPIRITED CONDUCT OF MADEMOISELLE—DESTITUTE CONDITION OF ROYALTY AT ST. GERMAIN—MIDNIGHT INTRUDERS—COURT RETURNS TO PARIS.

MONSIEUR now ordered me to return to Paris, to be near the Queen, an order in no way agreeable—and I did as he desired me. I informed her Majesty that I had returned on account of the good news, and that she would do me the honour to believe that I felt as I ought in regard to it. This was not saying much; and, in fact, I was but very little concerned about it. The next day, remarkable in history, I accompanied her to Notre Dame; and, placing myself next to Cardinal Mazarin, who was in a good humour, I spoke to him of the liberation of Saujon; he promised me to interest himself about it with the

Queen, whom I left at the Palais Royal, returning to my own residence to dinner.

On my arrival, I received the news that the citizens were in arms, and forming barricades; that they had arrested the president, De Blancmenil, and Monsieur de Broussel. In going to the Luxembourg, to visit Madame, I passed the quay, where I saw some companies of the Swiss guards under arms; while across the Pont-neuf, chains were already stretched. The people of Paris had always loved me much, for I had been born and brought up among them; this had given them a respect for me, and a liking stronger than is usually felt for persons of my rank: no sooner, therefore, did they see my *valets de pied*, than they let down the chains.

After paying my visit to Madame, I proceeded to the Palais Royal, where I found every one in commotion; at a moment which, if not apparently of consequence in itself, yet rendered sufficiently ominous in comparison with similar events in history. I was not, however, of an age to make reflections of this kind; the novelty of the thing afforded me no little pleasure; and, as I had no great reason, at the time, for being pleased either with the Queen or with Monsieur, I felt little regret at their embarrassment. The affair, of whatever importance it might be, served very

much to amuse me: I ceased not to think of it, and diverted myself with observing the awkwardness with which swords were carried by those who were not in the habit of wearing them. Thus did I occupy myself, though I had so large an interest at stake, and while all France trembled. At dawn the next morning, I was awakened by beat of drum, and, throwing myself out of bed, I ran to the window. A company of soldiers were returning to their post, after a skirmish with the populace. Among them were some who had been wounded, and I was filled with compassion at sight of these unfortunates. In the turbulent times that followed, I became accustomed to such scenes, without, however, losing the impression which this one made upon me, or becoming insensible to pity and commiseration.

As a description of what followed is given in every history of the times, I shall merely render some account of that in which I was more immediately concerned.*

* The civil wars of the Fronde commenced in Paris, as in other places, about a trifle. The parliament of Paris, possessing the right of assenting or dissenting upon all edicts of taxes, strongly opposed new impositions, to regain the confidence of the people by thwarting and distressing the minister. Both magistrates and officers of

Under the pretext of the Palais-Royal requiring to be cleaned, their majesties left Paris, and went to Ruel: the chateau at St. Germains being occupied by the queen of England. Neither Monsieur nor myself left Paris. I merely went twice a week to pay my court, choosing the days of council, in order to allow of my speaking to the Cardinal concerning the liberation of Saujon; not so much on his account as on my own; being

the State, however, proceeded with deliberation, commencing with and preserving decorum as far as the spirit of party would permit. With Mazarin they opposed inflexibility to subtlety. He sought to conciliate them by suppressing a fine paid to the Crown by the officers of judicature or the exchequer, to ensure the succession of their places to their descendants. But the parliament scorned the proffer, nay, even laughed at him, in its arret of union with the other courts of justice, because, in his broken French, he declared this decree of *Ognon* to be outrageous. Whilst these troubles were in agitation, Condé gained the famous victory of Lens, which consummated his glory. The King, who was then about ten years of age, exclaimed upon the occasion, "The parliament will be sorry at this news," which tells little for its loyalty, and shows that this parliament of Paris was considered at the court but as a conspiracy of rebels. The steps taken by the cardinal and the Queen, in having some of these factious magistrates arrested, are too well known to need recapitulation here. But instead of carrying them off privately, the cardinal thought to awe the people by seizing them in open day, even whilst the *Te Deum* was being chanted at

aware that, while he was detained, I should be considered as standing ill with the court, or accused of abandoning those devoted to my service.

The court returned to Paris: but it was the advice of the Cardinal that it should again retire from it, whilst affairs continued in their present uncertain state; and it was secretly arranged that it should again take its departure. I had supped with Madame, and spent the evening in

Notre Dame for the victory of Lens. This was what caused the subversion of the kingdom. Two hundred barricades were instantly formed by the citizens, and extended to within a hundred paces of the Palais Royal; whilst the parliament, in a body, marched on foot to the Queen, (the barricades being opened to them,) and demanded the discharge of the imprisoned members. The Queen consented, and by that very step encouraged the faction. Cardinal de Retz boasted that he alone had armed all Paris on that day. Two forces established to preserve peace in the nation, a parliament of Paris and an archbishop, (De Retz,) having begun the commotion, the people naturally concluded their own insurrection to be authorized. The Queen could not appear in public without being insulted; she was called "*Dame Anne*," and even by less respectful appellations; charged with sacrificing the nation to her love for Mazarin, and heard sung in the streets songs and ballads teeming with malicious wit. Madame de Motteville writes, with her usual *naïveté*, "These insolences gave the Queen concern, and raised her compassion for the deceived citizens." It was then the Queen fled from Paris with her children, her ministers, the Duke of

the apartment of Monsieur, who was suffering from gout; many there told me, as a great secret, that we were all to leave next day, a thing which I could scarcely credit, considering the state of Monsieur.

Between three and four in the morning, I heard a violent knocking at my bedroom door; I awoke my women, and ordered them to open it. Monsieur de Comminges entered, and I asked

Orleans, and the great Condé, to St. Germains, where, as Mademoiselle relates, the whole court had nothing but straw to lie upon. The King often wanted common necessaries; many of the Queen's household were discharged because she had not the power to maintain them; whilst the people of Paris, infatuated with their frenzy, paid not the least attention to the distresses of these royal personages. Henrietta, the exiled queen of our Charles the First, was at St. Germains at the time, and earnestly cautioned the Queen to beware of a faction that might bring her to the same extremity as she herself had suffered. With tears in her eyes, the Queen entreated the Prince of Condé to take upon himself the charge of the King. The conqueror of Rocroi and of Lens was flattered with the honour of defending a court; so the parliament had the great Condé to contend with, and yet were determined to hazard hostilities. But for such names as the King of France and the great Condé, this war of the Fronde might have appeared absolutely ridiculous. They could not tell why they had taken up arms. The Prince of Condé besieged five hundred thousand citizens with only eight thousand men. The

him if the court were leaving. He replied, that their Majesties and Monsieur were waiting for me; and then gave me a letter from the latter, which I took and put under my pillow, saying, that the commands of the King and Queen were sufficient, and required nothing to enforce them. M. de Comminges desired me to read the letter: it was merely to urge me to obey with diligence;

Parisians took the field adorned with feathers and ribbons, and everything was turned into ridicule. The regiment of Corinth having been beaten by a handful of men, the defeat was called "the first Epistle to the Corinthians:" and Cardinal de Retz having taken his seat in Parliament with a dagger in his pocket, they cried out, on perceiving it, "Behold our good archbishop's breviary!"

The Prince of Condé might have governed the State, could he have condescended to make himself agreeable to the people; but he could not do so; and those who had erected their barricades against Mazarin, now lighted bonfires when the defender and hero of France was carried off to the castle of Vincennes.

A year after, these same Frondeurs who had given over the great Condé and the other princes to the timid revenge of the cardinal, forced the queen to open their prison, and banish her minister out of the kingdom. Mazarin went to Havre, where they were confined, and set them at liberty, meeting from them all the contempt he merited. After this, he retired to Liège, and Condé returned to Paris, amidst the acclamations of the very people who had before hated him so much. His presence renewed the cabals, the dissensions, and the

so I arose and went in the coach with De Comminges, for neither my own nor Madame de Fiesque's was ready. It was quite dark when we left; and I begged to have my *équipage* sent after me as soon as possible. When I got into the Queen's coach, her Majesty desired to know if I were not surprised? I replied that I was not, for that Monsieur had given me notice of the intended

murders. The nation remained in this state of confusion for some years longer, the government employing no measures but such as were feeble and irresolute, the want of union among the revolters themselves being the only thing that saved the court. At length, the Prince resolved upon a war. He left Paris, and went to stir up Guienne, Poitou, Anjou, and to solicit against France the aid of Spain, a power to which he had been so lately a most formidable enemy. Nothing can more strongly mark the madness of the times, and the fortuitousness by which events were governed, than that the Queen sent an express after the Prince from Paris, with such proposals as would have induced him to return and lay down his arms. The courier made a mistake, and instead of going to Angerville, where the Prince was, he went to Augerville, so that the letter came too late. Condé, on receiving it, said, that had it arrived sooner, he would have accepted the proposition of peace; but having by that time got such a distance from Paris, it was not worth returning. Thus was the Fronde forgotten in the difficulties of a civil war, occasioned by the caprice of the Prince, and the blunder of a courier.

outbreak; however, he had not done so. She seemed astounded at this untruth; for she immediately asked how it happened, then, that I had been found in bed? I replied, that I had been desirous to take a little repose, under the uncertainty of future opportunities for doing so.

On reaching St. Germains, we alighted at the chapel, to hear mass: the remainder of the day was passed in questioning all who arrived as to what was going on at Paris. I was under much uneasiness respecting my *équipage;* for I knew the timidity of Madame de Fiesque's nature, and that she would neither leave Paris herself nor send my attire as I had requested. She, however, sent my coach, a mattress, and a little linen; but finding myself, even then, but badly off, I applied for assistance at the place where Madame and Monsieur lodged. Here I procured two femmes-de-chambre; and we were all much amused on comparing each other's destitute condition. I lay in a very beautiful room, at the top of the house; large, painted, and gilt, but with little fire, and no glass in the windows, which was not very pleasant in the month of January. My mattress was placed on the ground, and, having no bed of her own, my little sister slept with me. I was forced to sing her to sleep, but her repose did not last long; she troubled my rest;

and in this manner the night passed. This was anything but agreeable to me, who had slept but little the night preceding, and had been troubled all the winter with a cold and sore throat; which however were cured apparently by this fatigue.

Happily for me, beds for Monsieur and Madame now arrived; and they had the goodness to give me their room, and to sleep themselves in one the Prince had lent them. No one knew of my being in Monsieur's apartment; I was awakened by a great noise, and, on opening my curtain, was much surprised to find my room filled with men in great buff collars. They were astonished at seeing me, and knew me as little as I knew them. I had not here even a change of linen; my night-dress was washed during the day, and my day *chemise* during the night. I had no women to dress my hair or to assist in attiring me, which was very inconvenient. I remained thus for six days, at the end of which time my *équipage* arrived."

Not so with the rest of the court at St. Germain; those who had beds had no hangings for them, and those who had hangings were perhaps without dresses for themselves. It was feared at Paris that the Cardinal's effects would be removed, under the pretext that they belonged to the King and Queen; and nothing, therefore,

was allowed to pass. Their Majesties were in want of everything, whilst all that I required was sent to me. Nothing could equal the civilities I now received. The Queen asked of me to send a chariot to bring her some attire; which I was happy to do; and not only for the sake of serving her, but to show her that I was of some consequence.

When a pacification was spoken of, I took but little interest in the discussion, for I thought, at that time, of nothing but my amusement. I had been happy enough at St. Germain, and I fancied I could willingly pass my life there. I knew little then either of the public good, or of that of the State; although my position might have been thought likely to inspire me with some regard for them; but, when young and heedless, pleasure seems to be one's chief desire. Yet, when peace was made, I was the first to go to Paris; asking permission of the Queen and Monsieur, under the plea of condoling with the Queen of England upon the death of the King her husband, who had, two months previously, been beheaded by the Parliament. The court did not go into a general mourning on this occasion, for want of means; and I had forgotten to state that we at St. Germain were in the position in which it was sought to place the people of Paris; the in-

tention was to starve them; nevertheless they were well off, and we were often wanting even provisions, the troops in the environs taking everything intended for us.

I have said that I was the first to return to Paris, and to visit the Queen of England at the Louvre. She did not appear so sorrow-stricken as she might have been, considering the general kindness and good conduct of the late King, her husband; the death he had suffered too, it appeared to me, must have added greatly to her affliction. Great strength of mind alone could enable her to support it as she did. The Almighty bestows, in extraordinary instances of suffering, extraordinary power to bear; so that we submit with resignation to his will.

I found the second son of Her Majesty, the Duke of York, with her; he had just returned from Holland, from the court of his sister, the Princess of Orange, with whom he had been staying since his escape from an English prison. He was then about thirteen or fourteen years old, very pretty, with a good face and fine figure, and of fair complexion; he spoke French well, which gave him a manner very preferable to that of his brother. Nothing, to my taste, so much disparages a person, as the being unable to converse. The Duke spoke much to the purpose,

and I left him well pleased with our conversation. When I returned to my home, everybody came to see me, great and small; and for the three days I was in Paris, my house was never empty.

CHAPTER VII.

CHARLES II. (KING OF ENGLAND) ASKS PERMISSION TO VISIT FRANCE—ASSISTANCE PROMISED TO HIM—INTERVIEWS WITH MADEMOISELLE—LOVE PASSAGES BETWEEN THEM — SINGULAR CONDUCT AND RESULTS — ARREST OF CONDÉ AND HIS BROTHERS.

SOME time after these events, the Abbé de la Rivière came to tell me that the Queen of England was doing all she could to induce Monsieur to consent to my union with her son, that my Lord Germain had arrived in reference to the affair, and that therefore it behoved me to determine, ere I should be spoken to by Monsieur on the subject. For himself, he neither persuaded nor dissuaded me openly, but he laid down the reasons for and against the alliance; and the latter certainly predominated. When Monsieur spoke to me, I said that he knew what was best, and that I should obey him in all things.

Some days after this, the King of England sent my lord Perron to pay his respects to their Majesties, and to ask their permission for his coming to France. Both my lords Perron and Germain showed me great attention, and paid great court to me; and both the Queen and the Cardinal earnestly desired this marriage. Her Majesty promised me that the King of England should have the powerful assistance of France; adding, that the Queen of England esteemed me as her child; that her son was passionately in love with me, and wished for nothing so much as to espouse me. I replied, that he did me much honour, and that, although the king required more assistance than I could render to obtain the crown which was his birthright, yet, nevertheless, I would do as her Majesty and Monsieur commanded. The Queen laughed at me, before my Lord Germain; and I blushed as they rallied me on the subject.

I had another visit from the Abbé de la Rivière, who came to tell me that Lord Germain was about to escort the King of England from Holland, and that his Majesty desired a decided answer, for that his affairs required him to proceed immediately to Ireland. If I consented to his proposal, he would come and remain two days at court, that then the ceremony should take place, and that afterwards we could proceed to St.

Germain, from whence he would set out for Ireland; and that I could remain, during his absence, at Paris, as I had been in the habit of doing. I observed, that this latter arrangement was impossible; that I would accompany the king to Ireland, if he wished it; and that if he did not, I would remain with the Queen, his mother, or at one of my own residences; for that it would ill become me to mix with the world, or join in the amusements of the court, during the absence of his Majesty with the army. Neither could I incur the expenses essential, under such circumstances, to people of my rank, while aware that his Majesty would require all the assistance I could possibly render to him, and which it would be my duty to afford; that, in short, if I married him, I must adopt resolutions, difficult in the long-run to act up to, such as risking my entire possessions for the chance of his re-conquering his kingdom; and, finally, I confessed that these reflections disturbed me a little; for that, having been brought up in opulence and ease, the prospect of reverses was sufficient to alarm me. The Abbé said that I was right; but that, at the same time, I must reflect that there was no other alliance for me in Europe; that the Emperor and the King of Spain were married; the King of Hungary, under engagement to the Infanta of Spain; the Arch-

duke likely never to become King of the Low Countries; that I would think neither of the sovereigns of Germany nor of Italy; and that in France, the King, and Monsieur his brother, were too young to marry. I began to laugh, and replied: "The Empress is enceinte, and it is apprehended she may die in her confinement." "But," I added, "if Monsieur wishes me to marry the King of England, and if I am convinced that so it must be, I prefer marrying that prince, even though he be unfortunate, for he may then have some regard for me; and, when he shall have regained his rightful heritage, he will consider me as mainly instrumental in its restoration, from the aid afforded to him by my house, and through consideration for me."

I went next day to Amiens, to speak to Madame of the affair, knowing that she did not wish for its accomplishment, and that she might influence Monsieur, so as to prevent it. My Lord Germain came to see me while at Amiens; he pressed me much to make known to him my sentiments, and made me many fine protestations on the part of the King. I learnt from him that the Queen and Monsieur, who did not wish to quarrel with the Queen of England, had said of me, "She is a person who must be gained over; she will only do as she likes, and we have no power over her." It is true that, on the subject of

marriage, they were right in forming this idea; for I had determined from a very early age, that on this most important event of life, it was better to think of our own interest than of that of our kinsfolk. Perceiving that Germain was merely a go-between in the affair, I spoke of the King of England's religion as an obstacle not to be surmounted; and added, that if the king had any friendship for me, he was bound to remove that difficulty. My Lord Germain replied, that, situated as the King of England was, he had not power to change his religion; alleging, among many other reasons, that such an act would exclude him for ever from his kingdom.

The discussion of this point continued for some time; when my lord took leave, giving me to understand that some of the difficulties I had started would be quickly obviated. On the arrival of the King of England, a courier was despatched to their Majesties to inform them of the circumstance. The Queen said to me, "Your lover has arrived;" the Abbé de la Rivière, at the same time, making a similar remark. I replied, "I long mightily to hear him say some pretty things, being as yet entirely a stranger to anything of the kind; no one has ever ventured to breathe a word of them to me; not on account of my rank certainly, for many have been offered

to Queens of my acquaintance; it must be, therefore, from my manner, which is far from that of a coquette. Nevertheless, I may venture to listen to a King with whom they desire me to ally myself, and I heartily wish that he had the power of saying them."

On the day of the King's arrival we rose early, and set forward betimes to meet him. I had my hair curled, which was not usual with me; and, as I entered the carriage of the Queen, she exclaimed: "We can easily see who are expecting their lovers; how she is decked out!" I was ready to reply, "Those who have had lovers know best how to adorn themselves, and the care it requires on occasions like the present;" and even here I might have added, that, being about, as was supposed, to marry mine, I had a right to set myself off to the best advantage; nevertheless, I dared not give utterance to these remarks. We proceeded for the distance of about a league, and, on meeting the King's cortège, descended from the carriage. His Majesty saluted first the Queen, and the young King her son, and afterwards myself. I found him looking very well, and much improved since he had left France: could I have believed his mind to have been more suited to my own, it is possible he might have pleased me better.

When he was seated in the coach, the King spoke to him of the dogs and horses of the Prince of Orange, and of the chase in the country he had just quitted. He replied in French. The Queen asked him some particulars respecting his affairs; but he answered not a word; and on her proceeding to question him on many serious points, which concerned him much, he excused himself by saying that he was very little acquainted with our language. I confess that, from this moment, I resolved on declining his proposals; for I formed a bad opinion of him as King, from his having, at the age which he had reached, so little knowledge of his own affairs. In him I recognised the blood of the Bourbons, a race, myself perhaps included in it, too much engrossed in the pursuit of bagatelles.

On our return, dinner was served. The King ate no ortolans, but threw himself upon a piece of beef and a shoulder of mutton, as though there had been nothing else—his taste appearing to me to be as good in these as in some other particulars. After dinner, the Queen amused herself apart, and left me with him: he remained for a quarter of an hour without uttering a word. I was willing to believe that his silence resulted rather from his respect than from his want of passion; and, I confess, I

wished that, on this occasion, he had dispensed with a little of it. At length, feeling wearied, I called Madame de Comminges towards us, in the hope that this would make him speak; and, happily, it succeeded.

Monsieur de la Rivière observed of the King—"He stared at you all the time of dinner; and cannot even now keep his eyes from you." I replied: "So long as he says nothing, there is no use in his staring; he must try to please me."

"You make a jest of the soft things he says," answered he.

"Pardon me!" I replied; "come near when he is by, and you will perceive how he sets about it."

The Queen arose; I approached the King of England, and, to induce him to speak, I asked concerning some gentlemen of his suite whom I had known. To this he replied, but without adding a single syllable on any more interesting subject.

The time for his departure arrived, and we got into the coach to conduct him to the middle of the forest, where we again descended, as we had done on his arrival. He took leave of the King, and then, with my Lord Germain, came towards me, and said, "I hope that my Lord Germain, who is a much better speaker than myself, has sufficiently explained to you my sentiments and my intentions: I am your very obedient servant."

To which I replied, "I am *your* very obedient servant." Germain then paid me many compliments for him; after which, the King saluted me, and took his departure.

Some time after this, the Empress died; and, as I had predicted. On the news of this event, the Queen said to me, "We will now do everything you could wish upon such an occasion. With this I was very well content, and offered my thanks to her Majesty.

The King of England, who was to have been only thirteen days in France, remained there three months; but, as the court was in Paris, and he with the Queen his mother at St. Germain, we saw little of him. When I heard that he was about to take his departure, I went to pay my respects to the Queen, his mother, and to take leave of him. She said: "We must congratulate you on the death of the Empress; for, if the affair went off on a former occasion, it will not do so again. I replied, "That I did not give it a thought." She continued, observing, "Not far off, is a man who is persuaded that a king of eighteen is worth more than an emperor of fifty, with four children." She ran on for some time in this provoking manner, and concluded by remarking, "My son is too poor, and too unfortunate for you." Assuming a milder tone, she then

pointed out to me an English lady, of whom her son was enamoured; saying, "He is very apprehensive lest you should discover it: see, how ashamed he looks at her while you are present; he fears that I shall tell you of it." The King then went away, and the Queen took me to her cabinet; and having shut the door, observed, "The King, my son, has begged of me to ask your pardon, if the proposal he has made is displeasing to you. Such is the idea that possesses him; he cannot get rid of it—he is quite in despair about it. I should not have charged myself with this commission, but he proposed it so earnestly I could not decline. I agree with you in thinking that you would not have been happy with him, and I love you too well to desire this, although it would be for his advantage that you should share his bad fortune. All that I can desire is, that his voyage may be prosperous, and that afterwards you will keep him in remembrance." I returned her my most respectful compliments, expressed my gratitude for the kindness with which she had spoken to me, and took leave of her, to go to Poissy, about two leagues from Paris.

The Duke of York said he would go with me, and that I could leave him, on my return, at St. Germain. The King of England also expressed a wish to accompany me, but I would not allow of

it, remarking that the Duke of York was merely a boy, and that therefore there was no harm in my taking him. The King then requested the Queen his mother to accompany him, to which she consented; so I took them both in my coach. The queen spoke of nothing all the way, but the friendship in which her son would live with his wife, and of his attaching himself to none but her. This, the King confirmed; adding, that he could not understand how a man having a sensible wife, could love any other woman—that, for himself, any such sentiment he might previously have entertained, should cease on the day he married. I willingly believed it; but it was sufficiently evident that the conversation was not unpremeditated.

I left the Queen at Poissy. The King handed me to my carriage, and made me some forced compliments, but still without a word of tenderness. It mattered not, for I was again thinking of the empire, and could think of nothing else.

Some time after this I had an illness, which, though it kept me entirely from the world, occasioned much more anxiety to others than to myself: it was the small-pox. Although I was not handsome, yet the results of this malady are often so grievous, that I might well have had some anxiety; I entertained, however, none. I

had little fever, and felt that I was in a sufficiently happy state of mind not to fear death. Yet would I willingly have sacrificed the little beauty I possessed, if that would have prolonged my days. But the malady treated me well, not even leaving a redness. I had previously been subject to an eruption, but my illness freed me from it; and there are few people but would have endured so severe a remedy to have gained so good a complexion. The whole court, or, rather, *tout le monde*, excepting the Prince, sent daily to inquire after me. This redoubled the dislike that I already had for this hero. The first time I appeared at court, he approached me, and said, in a jeering manner, that I had merely pretended to be ill, and had had, in reality, nothing the matter with me. His raillery I found anything but pleasant, and I cared not for his perceiving it, though he was then the most powerful person at court. Indeed, his great influence was so offensive to the Queen and the Cardinal, that they formed the resolution of arresting him, together with his brothers,—the Prince de Conti, and Monsieur de Longueville; but, as they were not always together, the project was somewhat difficult of execution. The Queen, however, sent for them all three, under the plea that affairs obliged her to hold a council extra-

ordinary; but the Prince was warned in time. He showed the letter to the Cardinal, who assured him that his apprehensions were wholly unfounded. He went, therefore, in the evening to the Queen, who was in bed, and threw himself on his knees before her. She told him that he might rely on her; and he kissed her hand, and returned enchanted with his interview. The three resolved, however, that they would not visit the Palais Royal together, persuaded that in that alone their safety rested. At length, however, Monsieur de Longueville was induced to proceed thither, having to accompany a friend, the Marquis de Beuvron, who wished to thank the King for an appointment which had been bestowed upon his son, and they were well received by the Queen.

On my visiting the Palais Royal, that day, I found the people of the Prince de Conti waiting on the stairs, and in great uneasiness. I asked what was going on above? but they could tell me nothing. I found the guard-room closed, and the doors of all the ante-rooms the same, which was not usual. At the door of the Queen's apartment, guards armed with carbines were posted. I had never known it to be so previously, and suspected, therefore, what had happened. Everyone in the ante-chamber of the queen was

very anxious to know what was passing at the council, which had sat longer than usual, and from which no one had come out. At length, it broke up, and the Queen was informed that I was at the palace. She sent to summon me, and said, "You are not sorry?" I replied, and truly, in the negative. She then added, "Let us say no more about it." A little while after, she drew me apart, and we conversed together, as persons delighted to find themselves avenged on those by whom they are not liked. There could be nothing more groundless than my dislike for the Prince; and my sentiments regarding him have greatly altered since that time.

I had the curiosity to ask the Queen whether Monsieur de la Rivière knew of the affair? She answered, "You are very curious! but I believe he knew nothing of it till this morning. I had desired of Monsieur not to mention it to him, and it happened very comically, that while they were assembling in the gallery to proceed to council, the Cardinal said to him, 'Come to my room, I wish to say a word.' Finding the passage filled with guards, he turned pale, thinking they were about to arrest him, and asked, 'Is all this for me, Monsieur?' The Cardinal could with difficulty refrain from laughing; and during this time it was that Guitaut arrested the Prince,

M. de Comminges, the Prince de Conti, and the Duc de Longueville. They have now been taken, by the back staircase, to the garden, where one of my coaches is in waiting, with the gendarmes and the light horse of the king."

Whilst the Queen was giving me this account, Miossans, who commanded the gendarmes, entered, and related how the Prince had turned about, and would have attempted to escape, exclaiming, "Ah, Miossans! you might render me the greatest service if you would!" and that he had answered—he was in despair that his duty would not permit it. Orders were issued for the Princess to leave Paris, and for Madame de Longueville to come to the Palais Royal; the latter however, did not obey, but saved herself by escaping into Normandy, where she considered herself secure, from the fact of the province being under the government of her husband: it was proposed to send Monsieur thither to bring it under the King's subjection. The plan was, however, changed—the King and Queen going instead; and miserable I was to set off on the first day of February—a season at which it is much less proper *à faire voyage* than to dance.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GOVERNMENT OF DOMBES—INTERVIEW WITH CARDINAL MAZARIN—MADEMOISELLE'S EMBASSY TO VIENNA—THE CARDINAL'S SIEGE OF BOURDEAUX—MONSIEUR'S TREATY OF PEACE DISAPPROVED BY THE QUEEN AND THE CARDINAL.

We remained fifteen days in Normandy, which proved extremely irksome, and I was delighted to find myself again at Paris for the carnival. On my return, I gave Saujon (who was, at length, liberated) the government of my sovereignty of Dombes, with a salary of two thousand crowns.

On the evening of Shrove Tuesday, the Queen told me, on leaving the ball, that she should set out on the following Saturday for Dijon. I was already so tired of Normandy, that I resolved not to accompany her, but to excuse myself by feigning illness.

It was impossible, however, to give up going to the ball at the Luxembourg, where Monsieur gave a supper to the Duc d'Anjou; but I began, when there, to complain of a sore throat—a malady to which I was very subject. On Ash Wednesday, I desired Saujon to go to the Cardinal, and say, supposing he spoke of me, that I should be very glad to be excused from going to Burgundy, and I retired home to bed, in order to give confirmation to the illness I had complained of on the previous night. I was glad to hear, on Saujon's return, that the Cardinal made no objection. Monsieur came to see me, and I told him I could not go into Burgundy, for I was ill. Instead of sympathizing with, he scolded me; nevertheless, I persisted in my resolution. When I related to Saujon what Monsieur had said, he advised me to obey him, and to follow the court. Madame de Choisy coming to see me, I told her that I should not leave Paris. "I am delighted," she replied; "you do perfectly right." Saujon heard this, and observed, that it was not speaking as a friend to advise me to disobey Monsieur; upon which I took him to task so sharply, that Madame de Choisy expressed her surprise that, after such treatment, he had not made his bow and left the room. He came the next day to tell me to expect a visit from the Cardinal, who wished

me to take this journey. I returned to bed, therefore, as quickly as possible, and awaited calmly the coming of Monsieur le Cardinal. He came, and urged me to follow the Queen, saying that she had a great friendship for me, was anxious to see me well settled; and that she, as well as himself, wished that Mondevergue* might bring back good news. He ended with lavishing on me innumerable protestations of service.

On the arrival of Mondevergue from Germany, the Cardinal again assured me that he would do everything in his power to further the affair; and it was proposed by Mondevergue, that I should send Saujon into Germany, which I was foolish enough to agree to, after first obtaining the consent of Monsieur to the proceeding. So he set out with the most ample instructions, which I perfectly approved; and, making sure that with these, and his own undoubted ability, everything would succeed to my wishes, his departure gave me the greatest possible joy.

On the return of Monsieur de Comminges, captain of the Queen's guard, having great esteem

* Dispatched by the court on a mission of condolence to the Emperor on the death of his consort. The Cardinal held out the deceitful hope of "an establishment"—an imperial one—always so alluring to a proud mind like our heroine's.

for, and confidence in him, I spoke of Saujon's journey, told him how it had been arranged, and that, in fact, he was already at Vienna. He replied, "If your Royal Highness will permit me to express my opinion on the subject, I must say, that I think it was most injudicious to send Saujon at all; and I cannot think how he could be so silly as to undertake the journey." He then added: "You are the greatest Princess in the world, and the most considerable match at this time in France or in all Europe. Nevertheless, it is so managed as to make it appear a great affair to marry you to the Emperor, who is an old man, with children, and who, under any circumstances, ought to consider himself too happy to be allowed to ask your hand upon his knees. Nay, it has been allowed to become known that you have taken a part in the affair, and *that* through the means of a person devoted to your service. I must confess to you, that it will be considered as a stain on your reputation; and I would have given anything to have been at Paris in time to have prevented it." I felt that he was right, and was very sorry that it was too late to remedy the evil.

The news now arrived of the *accouchement* of Madame, of a son. I was delighted with it, and the whole court testified their joy. I immediately

ordered bonfires to be lighted, and omitted nothing that could express the real pleasure which I felt. I wrote to their royal highnesses in my transports, words that might have melted rocks; and they were fully persuaded of my sincerity. The court was at Libourne; the heat of the weather distressing; and, in order to feel it as little as possible the Queen remained in bed during the day, appearing dressed only in the evening; so that she saw no one. I was continually in her chamber, my greatest amusement being to write to Paris, for I then cared less for reading than I now do.

From Libourne the court went to Bourg, on the river Dordogne; and here, also, I had the mortification of being confined to the room; and, while thus imprisoned, employed myself at tapestry-work.

The Cardinal had gone to the siege of Bourdeaux—a mere make-believe; the taking of a faubourg, with little resistance, giving rise to as much noise as though it were a great event. His eminence witnessed all that passed from the top of a belfry.

Monsieur, who was at Paris, and who saw, on all sides, the ill aspect which the King's affairs were assuming, from these ridiculous enterprises of the Cardinal, took measures for concluding

a peace. It was important, indeed, at a moment when the frontiers were without troops. Yet the Queen and the Cardinal were very sorry when they heard of it, and attributed the proposition to the Coadjutor and Monsieur de Beaufort—the Queen adding, that she was dying of fear lest they should set the Prince at liberty. I had the same dread, and ardently desired that they would keep him in prison for life. On the arrival of a courier with the news that Monsieur Turenne was marching rapidly through France, and had arrived within only eight leagues of Paris,* the prisoners were removed from the Bois de Vincennes, to an old castle belonging to Monsieur d'Entragues. I told the Queen of all this; but she treated it with ridicule. Three days afterwards, (for they dared not tell her at first,) she was assured of it by the Cardinal himself; she would otherwise not have believed it even then.

It was also understood that the Archduke had written to Monsieur, with full powers to treat for peace; and that he had replied, that he desired it extremely. The Queen would give no

* Turenne, won over by his brother, the Duc de Bouillon, was now marching the army of the Rhine, which he commanded, to the relief of the Prince of Condé—the hero to whom he had so often been opposed—and of his party.

credit to this, any more than to the rest. She wrote to me on the subject, and, as I was ill, came to see me in the evening; when she again assured me that she could only believe that they were mocking her, in saying that the Spaniards wished for peace. For myself, I desired it, and therefore gave credence readily to the report. The Cardinal returned, however, and despatched to Monsieur the most ample powers (it was said) that were ever entrusted to a man of his condition. Shortly after this, I was one day engaged in my room in writing letters, when I received a message to the effect that the Princess was arrived. It surprised me so much that I went immediately to the Queen, who exclaimed, as I entered, "*Eh bien*, Niece! are you not astonished to find Madame so near?" The Cardinal then came in, and said, "Monsieur is not here; but we will do nothing without the concurrence of Mademoiselle; so that he shall not have to complain of our acting entirely without his sanction. We must determine whether to receive the Princess in public or in private. Mademoiselle will give us her opinion?" I answered, that, "if my opinion had been asked on more important affairs, I would willingly have given it upon trifles; but that, as I had not been consulted on the one, I should decline having

anything to do with the other." It was, finally, resolved to receive her in private.

The Queen went into the chamber of audience with the King, Monsieur the King's brother, the Cardinal, the Maréschal de Villeroy, and myself. I took the Cardinal apart, and cautioned him, that if he acted without the consent of Monsieur, he would bring upon himself his heavy displeasure. While we were speaking, the Princess entered. She had been bled on the previous evening, which obliged her to wear a scarf; and this, with the rest of her dress, was arranged so ridiculously, that both the Queen and myself had great difficulty to refrain from laughing. The young son of the Princess, the Duc d'Enghien, the prettiest creature in the world, was with her, and, also, the Ducs de Bouillon and De la Rochefoucault. After having saluted the Queen, she spoke of her illness, and of her son; they then threw themselves on their knees before their Majesties, to crave the liberty of the Prince; but this was done in a most awkward manner. The Queen raised the Princess from the ground, and replied coolly enough; so that her visit was but short. I went to her to pay my compliments; and then wrote a long account to Monsieur of all that had passed, persuaded that the Cardinal would be in

no hurry to inform him of it. I continued writing until four o'clock in the morning; so that the next day, when the Princess came to see me, she would have surprised me still asleep, if my women had not been nimble enough to awake me. I found her such as she had ever appeared. The course of affairs had occasioned little alteration in her; and this convinced me that she had had little part in many things for which credit had been given her. She talked of nothing but trifles; and made scarcely any reply when I paid some compliments to her husband.

After dinner, the Cardinal, who was counted the most persuasive of men, entertained me during four hours with a recital of the zeal he had shown in the service of Monsieur; the friendship that Monsieur had for him; the regard he had for myself, and his desire that the affair of my marriage with the emperor should succeed—an affair of which I now thought so little, that I hardly took the trouble to read the letters I received from Saujon on the subject. He also spoke of the pains he had taken, and the wish he had entertained that I should marry the King of Spain.

Soon after this, we set out for Bourdeaux. It was a most agreeable journey; the weather was fine, and the approaches to Bourdeaux delightful.

On the quay were crowds of people, who testified their great joy at seeing the King, but had not a word to say to the Cardinal. After having accompanied their Majesties to the Archbishop's palace, I went to the house of the President, where I was to lodge. The city of Bourdeaux is most beautifully situated: nothing can be finer than the Garonne, and the port; the streets are good, and the houses well built. During the ten days the court remained there, no one visited the Queen, and when she appeared in the streets little attention was excited. I know not whether she was pleased at hearing that my own court was well attended. I longed, nevertheless, to get back to Paris, and was delighted to find myself upon the road. In the course of the journey, the Cardinal told me of some news he had received, in no way agreeable. It was to the effect that the friends of the Prince had not abandoned Monsieur, but were making great progress with him; and that Madame de Chevreuse, the Coadjutor, and all the cabal of the Fronde, and their dependents, were in the interest of the Prince (Condé.)

CHAPTER IX.

MAZARIN. HANGED IN EFFIGY — THE DUKE OF ORLEANS DESERTS THE COURT AND JOINS THE FRONDE— FLIGHT OF MAZARIN — CONDÉ LIBERATED — PROSPECT OF MADEMOISELLE BECOMING THE WIFE OF THE GREAT CONDÉ.

THE Court did not find Monsieur at Orleans, as it had been hoped; but learned that the Cardinal had been hanged in effigy at all the cross streets in Paris—a circumstance which could not be very agreeable to him. We were also told by Monsieur Le Tellier, that it was doubtful whether the sentiments of Monsieur were now favourable to the court, and uncertain whether his Royal Highness would come to Fontainebleau; and we staid there four or five days without seeing him. At length, upon his arrival, he at once displayed the resentment and displeasure which he felt at their having removed the Prince from the Bois

de Vincennes. It appeared that the near approach of the enemy had been the pretext for so doing, and that the prisoners had been removed to Marcoussi, without the knowledge of Monsieur, and contrary to the promise which the Queen had given him; her Majesty having told Monsieur de Bar (who had the charge of them), in the presence of Monsieur, that he was neither to set them at liberty, nor to remove them by order of one or the other separately; but only under the signatures of herself and of Monsieur jointly. It was next proposed to remove the Prince to Havre, a place where the authority of the Cardinal was absolute. At this, Monsieur became extremely angry, and declared that, use what means they might to procure his consent to the change, he would never give it; that it was the way to increase the disaffection already abroad, and to render the Parliament more *Fronde* than ever; and that he was resolved to concern himself no further with affairs.

He was only prevailed upon with difficulty to see the Queen; and they parted in anger. The Cardinal sent to awaken me at the break of day, to beg that I would go to Monsieur, and endeavour to persuade him to remain with us. But his resolution was taken, and nothing could induce him to change it. The Queen hereupon dispatched the Count d'Harcourt to convey the

Princes from Marcoussi to Havre, where they would be completely in the power of the Cardinal, giving Monsieur to understand that, as he would not consent to the removal when required by the posture of the King's affairs, it was time to act without him. He replied: "The king is the master; but it is not in accordance with my judgment." He set off to Paris in very ill humour; and, the next day, the Count followed. Annoyed at all that had passed, he now allied himself closely with the friends of the Prince, acting in concert with the Parliament. The particulars of this proceeding are unknown to me; for, not thinking I should ever have occasion to record them, I informed myself but little on the subject.

The mother of the Prince expired about this time, at Châtillon, after a long illness, in sentiments the most truly Christian. She had passed the latter years of her life in great devotion; appearing even to give up all concern in the interests of her son, either through resignation, or from some other cause, of which I shall refrain from judging.

The *Frondeurs* of all conditions were now in such numbers at the Luxembourg, that they advised Monsieur to send me to remain with the Queen. On my arrival, she exclaimed: "*Eh bien!* are you not astonished to find your father

persecuting me, and doing what he can to drive away the Cardinal, who is yet ardently attached to him?" I replied: "Monsieur does not dislike the Cardinal, but he loves the King and the State as he ought; and, persuaded of the bad condition of affairs, he is aware that he can serve neither while the Cardinal remains." After repeated remonstrances against the presence of the latter in France, it was at length resolved on that he should depart, and he escaped from Paris with considerable difficulty, in disguise.*

Returning one night to the Luxembourg, a sentinel stopped me. I asked him who he was; and he replied: "One of the light horse of Monsieur le Prince; and I have orders to let no one pass." "What!" said I, "do you not know me?" "Yes," he answered; adding that he knew me well, and that I should not be displeased at his obeying strictly the commands that had been given him. He then allowed me to pass.

The attendants of the King and Queen were

* Cardinal Mazarin was outlawed by the Parliament. The records were searched, in order to discover what price was set on the head of an enemy of the kingdom; and it being found, that in the reign of Charles IX., the sum of fifty thousand crowns had been voted by the Parliament to whomsoever should produce Admiral Coligni, alive or dead, it was thought proper, by way of acting in accordance with precedent, to proffer the same recompence.

afraid to leave the palace; so that we had every day a hundred accounts of the means their Majesties would adopt to save themselves, and of the disguises they intended to assume. Nothing could be more diverting. Monsieur sent M. Desbuches every evening to wish the Queen good night, and with instructions to see the King also, in order to undeceive those who talked of their leaving. It may be imagined how agreeable this complimentary attention must have been to the Queen!—Desbuches being brought into the King's chamber, so that he might see him in bed, —sometimes he would return twice, and even withdraw the curtain and awaken him. The Queen always retained a vivid recollection of these circumstances; and, in truth, they were not very easily to be forgotten.

The day after the Cardinal's departure, I observed Monsieur's coach in the court; and was much surprised at being told that it was to convey him to the Palais Royal. There were many who persuaded him to pay this visit; but I was not of their opinion, and entreated that he would not go. My advice accorded with his own way of thinking, and he confessed that he was as apprehensive of evil as myself; neither could he be blamed, when it is remembered how dear a thing is liberty to all.

The news of the liberation of the Prince,* and of his having left Havre, gave cause for general rejoicing, and to none more so than myself; for, in addition to my joy at his release, I had the additional happiness of contemplating the power I possessed over my own inclinations; having been able, at the moment I thought proper, to subdue my detestation of him, and convert it into friendship. The circumstances attending this affair gave sufficient cause for speculation; even Monsieur betrayed some symptoms of uneasiness. He did not fail, however, now, to present himself at the Palais Royal. He found the Queen on her bed, seated himself, and spoke of affairs; I think he even paid her Majesty some compliments on entering. I arrived at the palace soon after Monsieur. Our visit was but short; for we are always embarrassed in the presence of those whose feelings we have deeply wounded; and, after the manner in which the Queen had spoken to me of the Cardinal, when she feared that Monsieur would succeed in causing his retreat, I could be under no uncertainty as to what would be her feelings at the moment when this event had just taken place.

* Cardinal Mazarin, after his flight from Paris, had proceeded to Havre, and set the Prince and his fellow-prisoners at liberty.

The Prince arrived the next day, Monsieur and the court going as far as St. Denis to meet him; no one remaining at the Palais Royal but women and *Mazarins*, as they now began to call the friends of the Cardinal. The road between Paris and St. Denis was lined with coaches, and never was greater joy shown than the people testified towards the Prince. I was all the afternoon with the Queen; she was provoked at sight of the crowd assembled in her chamber to witness his arrival, and she continually complained of the heat, though the true cause of her uneasiness was much more trying to support. She affected to appear gay, but no one believed in her gaiety, neither was any one deceived by appearances when the Princes arrived. The Prince made his compliments very concisely; the Prince de Conti and Monsieur de Longueville (his brothers) the same: and then they began to jest with her majesty and those present, as if the Prince were still at Havre and the Cardinal at court. The laughers were more on our side than on that of the poor Queen, who showed great strength of mind in supporting the affliction of thus seeing the greatest enemies of the Cardinal triumphing in his fall.

After this, the Princes went to the Luxembourg, to sup with Monsieur. They came into Madame's room, and, after saluting her, paid me

many compliments; the Prince seeming much pleased to find that I had evidently overcome my dislike to him. These compliments finished, we candidly admitted the singular aversion we had entertained for each other. The Prince confessed that he was delighted when I had the small-pox, earnestly hoping that it would leave me marked, or with some deformity, though nothing could have added to his hatred of me; whilst I, in return, confessed that no joy could have been equal to mine when I heard of his imprisonment, and that I had often desired it, for that I never thought of him but to wish him harm. The company were much amused by these éclaircissements; and they were concluded by repeated assurances of friendship between us. The Prince then gave us an account of the Cardinal's arrival at Havre; Mazarin had nearly gone on his knees, he said, when he saluted him, at the same time declaring that he had had no part in causing his imprisonment, and laying the blame of it on Monsieur and the Frondeurs. They afterwards dined together; and the Cardinal seemed less disposed to be merry than the Prince and his companions, appearing, indeed, to be very much embarrassed. After dinner, they separated; liberty having more charms for the Prince than even the Cardinal's company. He owned to

having felt excessive joy at finding himself out of Havre, with his sword by his side. Well might he rejoice to carry it, for he makes pretty good use of it. On leaving, he had turned round, and said, "Adieu, Monsieur le Cardinal;" and the Cardinal stooped, and kissed his boot.

Saujon returned from Germany, but I said not a word to him of his journey; for I much repented having consented to it, and I thought no more of the affair upon which he had been dispatched. The thing had completely failed—the Emperor was engaged to the Princess of Mantua; and I never reflected on the matter but to regret that I had taken any interest in it. As I have said, it was the most unworthy action of my life; and I may add, without vanity, that just Heaven would not bestow such a woman as myself upon a man who was unworthy of her.

Monsieur and the Prince continued upon very good terms with each other, and, to all appearance, with the Queen also. There was now a rumour of the intended marriage of the Prince de Conti with Mademoiselle de Chevreuse; it made a great noise at the time, couriers having been dispatched to Rome to procure a dispensation from the Pope. The Princess returned from Mouron; I went to see her, and she seemed more clever than usual; but, to say the truth, she was

so overjoyed at seeing so many people at her house, that I remained there but a very short time.

An affair of some consequence was now taking place at court: the seals were taken from Monsieur de Châteauneuf, and given to Monsieur de Molé, president of the Parliament of Paris. Many other changes and intrigues were in progress, of which I shall say nothing, being unwilling to impute blame to those whom I esteem. Monsieur was the dupe throughout the whole of these proceedings.

The disgrace of Monsieur de Châteauneuf, who was a great friend of Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, would, it was feared, cause the affair of her marriage to be broken off, and so it happened; yet the Prince de Conti contrived to keep up his spirits notwithstanding. The Princess of Condé was at this time grievously afflicted with erysipelas, which gave occasion to a general rumour that, if she died, I should marry the Prince. It came to my ears. I dwelt upon it; and in the evening, walking up and down my chamber with Préfontaine, I conversed with him upon the subject; for, owing to the good understanding between Monsieur and the Prince, I considered the thing very feasible, to say nothing of the Queen's aversion for the former, which rendered the mar-

riage of the King (with Mademoiselle or her sister) impossible. Thus I became convinced that the great qualities of the Prince, and the renown he had gained by his glorious deeds, made up for that in which he might otherwise have been wanting; and as to birth, we were nearly of equal rank. I reflected, at the same time, that the court would not consent to the union of our two houses (or rather the two branches, for we were both of the same name), because Monsieur, besides the position he held in the State, supported and led on by the Prince, might then have become too formidable.

During the three days that the Princess continued in danger, all this was the subject of my conversation with Préfontaine, for I did not speak of it to others. We discussed it in all its bearings; and, what added to its interest, in addition to the reports that reached me, was, that the Prince came to see me every day. The recovery of the Princess put an end to the matter; and from that time I thought no more of it.

I went for two days to Nemours with Monsieur; taking as my companions the most agreeable and beautiful women I could find, such as Madame de Frontenac, and Mesdemoiselles de la Loupe—all three handsome and witty. We did nothing but dance, walk, and ride on horseback. I went also very often this year to Bois-le-Vicomte; Reme-

court, maid of honour to Madame, accompanied me. She was a *drôle*, and her wit turned everything into a jest. She loved the world well; yet, soon afterwards, she entered the great convent of the Carmelites at Paris.

The Parliament having assembled, passed a decree against Bartet, Brachet, and the Abbé Fouquet, the ambassadors in ordinary of Cardinal Mazarin to the Queen. A valet-de-chambre of the Cardinal's was arrested near Chantilly by the Prince, charged with a quantity of letters for the court. These were laid before the Parliament, and the bearer sent to prison; but, from respect to the persons to whom they were addressed, they were not read; and, for the same reason, the affair was carried no further, and the bearer of the letters was soon set at liberty by the Queen.

Nevertheless, all was suspicion and intrigue; and the Prince was advised to go to St. Maur (three leagues from Paris), to avoid another arrest. This much surprised the court; but he sent a letter to the Parliament, saying, he did not consider himself safe while the creatures of Mazarin were allowed to remain. The Parliament, thereupon, sent deputies to the King to beg him to recal the Prince, and to remove the hindrances to his return. The Queen was a long

while in resolving; she was obstinate at first, but yielded after awhile, and the Prince returned to Paris, but without visiting the King or Queen, much to the astonishment of everybody. One day, the Prince met the King returning from the baths, and the Queen was greatly annoyed that he should appear in a place where the King was, without having been to see him. Monsieur, therefore, prevailed on him at length to pay a visit at the palace.

The Princess Palatine, for some idle reason, gave up the cause of the Prince, and attached herself to the Queen and Mazarin. Madame de Choisy was very intimate with me, having been lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Poland; and the Princess often went to see her. Madame de Choisy came to me, one day, and said that she had something remarkable to tell me. I took her into my cabinet, and she began, "I am come to make your fortune." I replied, "Is it not a little strange to address such a speech to a person like myself? but, perhaps, not when it comes from Madame de Choisy:" and I laughed a little at so serious a beginning. She continued, "Bartet, who respects me on account of my Queen of Poland, and who, for love of her, often comes to see me, said, yesterday, 'What does your Mademoiselle intend to do?—what is her cha-

racter?' I replied, that you were a very virtuous person, and more clever than people thought. He exclaimed, 'I wish to make her Queen of France.' 'If you do,' I said, 'I will promise you the Bois-le-Vicomte,' (an estate.) I listened to him with astonishment, and took care not to interrupt him, for you know gentlemen of this sort are the arbiters of the court, who can do anything with the Cardinal, whilst he is master of the Queen's humour; I have therefore a good opinion of the matter." Five or six days after this, she came again; and said, "The Princess Palatine, who is incomparably more clever and powerful than Bartet, wishes to concern herself with our affair; she is poor—you must, therefore, promise her three hundred thousand crowns, if she causes it to succeed." I said, "Yes," to everything she proposed. "My husband can be your chancellor, and how happy we shall be! The Princess will be your sur-intendante, with a salary of twenty thousand crowns. She will sell all the places of your household; thus, from the interest she will have, the thing is certain. We shall have to play our parts at the Louvre, and she will manage the King." It may be supposed that I was delighted to enter upon such an arrangement. "The King," she said, "will be of age in fifteen days; eight days after which, you will be married." Although

I am not too hard of belief, I could scarcely credit this: and she added, "the Princess is about to propose the affair to Monsieur, and, at the same time, the return of the Cardinal; for the pleasure he will have in the one proposition will induce him to agree to the other." I replied, that I very much doubted it; for I knew the engagement of Monsieur to the contrary, and the little consideration or friendship he had shown for me with regard to my establishment. She replied, "It would be very silly not to agree to the return of the Cardinal on these conditions." Bartet proposed to Madame de Choisy to come to me some evening privately; observing that he often saw the Queen in this manner. But I at once refused, absolutely, to allow of it.

The Prince withdrew to Chantilly, and declined being present at the ceremony of the king's coming of age. I witnessed the procession from the Hotel de Schomberg, and afterwards from the *lanterne* at the palace, taking the Queen of England with me. The Princess Palatine was there also, and spoke to me of the affair with Madame de Choisy, as though it were to be accomplished in a day or two. During the King's minority, I had often joined the promenade, riding on horseback with his Majesty, Madame de Frontenac following me. He appeared to take great pleasure

in being with us; which caused the Queen to think that he was in love with Madame de Frontenac, and she immediately put an end to the riding-parties—a circumstance which annoyed the King extremely. As she did not tell him the reason, he offered to give the Queen a hundred pistoles for the poor, every time he should take these airings, imagining that this incitement to charity would overcome her objections, and she would then fall in with his wishes; but, on finding that she refused his offer, he exclaimed, "When I am my own master, I will go where I please: and this I shall be soon." He then left the room in tears; and the Queen also wept; but the quarrel was very soon accommodated. The Queen, however, forbade him to speak to Madame de Frontenac; saying, she was a relation of Monsieur de Chavigny, who was a friend of the Prince's. But I believe the true reason of this prohibition was, the fear that the King would become too much accustomed to my society, and that in time, either from what Madame de Frontenac might say to him, or from habit, he might come to have a regard for me; and that should he do so, he would discover that, excepting the Infanta of Spain, I was the best match of any that had been proposed for him.

Madame de Choisy made me acquainted with

all that had passed between the King and Queen; and she heard it from Bartet; so I spoke no more of the promenade, for fear of displeasing her Majesty; for, though we were once more on horseback with the King, he came near neither Madame de Frontenac nor myself, but held down his head whenever he had occasion to pass us. I confess I was very sorry, for I relied more on the manner of the King towards me, and the pleasure he took in my company, than upon the negotiations of Madame de Choisy; and this method of becoming Queen was much more agreeable to me than the other.

CHAPTER X.

ARRIVAL OF CHARLES II. IN FRANCE, AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER—HIS APPEARANCE—HIS ATTENTIONS TO MADEMOISELLE RENEWED, AND HIS SUIT SUPPORTED BY THE COURT, AND BACKED BY THE URGENCY OF HIS MOTHER, QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA—MADEMOISELLE PREFERS THE PROSPECT OF BECOMING WIFE TO LOUIS XIV. AND QUEEN OF FRANCE.

THE aspect of affairs with the Parliament was not improving; but I was delighted to find Monsieur more than usually at variance with the court, in the hope that it would render him more powerful. This ecstasy soon abated. I had been accustomed to accompany the Queen in her journeys; but, owing to Monsieur's position, I received no commands to that effect. The Queen expressed her sorrow that affairs would not now allow of my going with her, and I felt regret at the moment, from the habit which I had formed of

doing so; but I was giddy and thoughtless, and, in a quarter of an hour, I had ceased to think of the matter.

I had forgotten hitherto to say, that the King of England passed through France on his way to Scotland, and that the Queen his mother went to see him at Beauvais. On her return, she said to me, "The King, my son, is incorrigible! He loves you more than ever: I have scolded him well for it." He had raised a considerable army in England, one twice as powerful as that of the enemy; and yet, by I know not what ill fortune, which has followed him in everything up to this hour, he was defeated, totally routed, and obliged to fly. The news of this disaster reached the Queen, his mother, at Paris: every one went to console her, but it only augmented her grief; for she knew not if her son were a prisoner or dead. This anxiety did not last long; she learned that he was at Rouen, and would soon be in Paris; upon which she went to meet him. I had not gone out for some time, having a swelled face; but I thought that, on this occasion, it was indispensable to do so, and paid a visit accordingly the next day to the Queen, en deshabille. She said to me, "You will find my son looking very ridiculous, for, to save himself, he was compelled to cut off his hair, and to assume a disguise of

a very extraordinary kind." At that moment, he entered; and I really thought he had a very fine figure, and was looking much better than before his departure, although he had little hair, and a great deal of beard, which affect the appearance of most people. I found that he now spoke French very well; and he related how, after having lost the battle, he had passed with a party of forty or fifty horsemen through the enemy's army, and through the city near which the conflict had taken place. He had then dismissed the cavaliers, remaining with only a single lord: they had been for a long time, he said, in a tree; and afterwards in the house of a peasant, where, in order to prevent his being known, he had cut off his hair; that a gentleman whom he had recognised upon the road had taken him to his house, where he remained for some time; that the brother of this gentleman had carried him on horseback, riding behind him *en croupe*, to London, where he had remained for a night, sleeping during ten hours, with the greatest tranquillity. He had then taken boat from London to the port from whence he had embarked; and thus, although recognised by the captain of the vessel, he had arrived at Dieppe.

He conducted me home by the gallery which I mentioned at the commencement of these Me-

moirs, which led from the Louvre to the Tuileries. On the way, he spoke of nothing but the miserable life he had led in Scotland, where there was not a woman to be seen; and the barbarism of the men such, that they thought it a sin to play upon the violin: hence, he added, he was so dispirited and *ennuyé*, that he had felt the loss of the battle less severely, from the hope he had of returning to France, where he found so many charms in persons for whom he had the greatest friendship. He then asked me if we had begun our dances? Still, he appeared to me, from all that he said, rather a bashful and timid lover, who dared not tell me all that he felt, and who preferred that I should think him insensible to his miseries, rather than weary me with the recital of them. To others, he said not a word of the joy he felt at being in France, nor of the delight he took in dancing. He did not displease me, as may be inferred from the favourable interpretation I have given of what he said to me in not the very best French.

On paying me a second visit, he asked me the favour to let him hear my band of violins, which was very good: I sent for the musicians, and we danced; and as the swelling of the face of which I have spoken obliged me to keep within doors all the winter, he came every day to see me, and

we danced together. All the young and well-looking people of Paris came also; they had no court to pay to any one but me; for the Queen was not at Paris, and Madame had such uncertain health that it prevented her from seeing the world, and from taking any pleasure. Our assemblies were of sufficient consequence to be designated a court; they commenced at five or six o'clock, and finished at nine. The Queen of England attended them very often. One night she took me by surprise, and came to supper, bringing the King of England and the Duke of York with her. Although my usual way of living was as good as her own, the royal households being in this respect all on the same footing, I was sorry at not having provided better cheer for her. After supper, we played at some little games, which induced us to resolve upon continuing these evening recreations. The King of England put on all the airs and graces which lovers are said to assume. He showed great deference to my opinion, stared at me without ceasing, and, according to the report of those who heard our conversation, endeavoured to entertain me with a great many very sweet things, expressing himself so well, that all the world agreed that love was more French, and had more French subjects, than any other nation. When the King

spoke my language, he forgot his own; but this was only while he addressed himself to me; others did not understand him so well.

The Princess Palatine being about to depart for Poitiers, wished to see me before she left. I was a long time thinking how to manage it, for there was nothing but fêtes, till Sunday again came round. I met her at length, as though by accident, in the gardens of the Tuileries, and on my way to mass, when she made me great promises, bringing forward every argument to persuade me of their truth, but to which, I confess, I gave little credit. She then said a great deal concerning the King of England, to whom her husband was cousin-german, and who would have had much to repeat to him, had he been aware of the proposals that had been made to the disadvantage of his royal cousin. Madame de Choisy even suggested that my seeing him so often had a bad appearance at court. But the Princess Palatine said this was ridiculous, and that I did right to receive him in the usual manner. Before she left Paris, Madame de Choisy came to me to say that, being out of money, La Palatine would be glad of two hundred thousand crowns. I answered, that I would order my people to give it her; but she replied, that the Princess did not wish it to be known. I would do nothing in it; seeing

clearly that she wished to make me her dupe: so she left Paris without it.

While all these things were passing, the Queen of England spoke again to me one day of the marriage of her son; saying that, "the terms upon which we had so long been, did not justify them in speaking of it to Monsieur, without knowing from me whether it was agreeable: that, under more favourable circumstances, the King would have made his proposals to Monsieur, without having asked me; feeling persuaded that there was nothing in his person which displeased me; but that, under the adverse state of his affairs, if I would have him, he would rather leave it to my generosity than to the interference of Monsieur." I replied, "that I was so happy in my present position, that I never thought of marrying: that I was content with the rank and wealth I possessed; that I had everything I wished; that it would occasion me much anxiety, and that therefore, although I received this proposal with all the respect I ought, I must nevertheless ask a little time ere I determined. The Queen replied, that she would give me eight days; and she begged me to consider that, although married, I should still be mistress of my wealth; that her son, with his retinue, would live on two hundred thousand crowns a-year, which would be made up

from England, and of what the King [of France] would give him; that I should be Queen, and the happiest person in the world, from the tenderness the King her son would have for me; that there were several German princes who had promised to assist him; that he had a strong party in England; and that, on the powerful alliance he had formed and the successes he expected being made known, he would be quickly re-established in his government. Here our conversation ended.

The King of England also said to me several times, "The Queen is very anxious to see you;" and I did not scruple to reply, "Indeed, I know not what to say to her." She came to me one day, and observed, "My niece, I hear that there is some hope of your marrying the King, and that a negotiation to that effect is in progress. I assure you, that my son and myself will not seek to thwart it, but would rather assist you, being persuaded that it is more advantageous for you to become Queen of France than Queen of England: for this reason, we will not press the matter; promise us only that, should not the design succeed, you will then think of our affair." I replied, "that I had never heard a word on the subject to which she alluded; and that, to convince her of the truth, I consented to her

speaking to Monsieur. I had no idea of committing myself, for I knew that Monsieur did not desire this marriage; although, whether his dislike of the project arose from the state of the King of England's affairs, or the aversion he had always shown to see me settled, I could not determine. His reply was, that I did not belong to him, but to the King and to the State; and that they must gain the consent of his Majesty. He then returned his best thanks for the honour that had been done me by the King and Queen of England.

I was very happy under an answer such as this, which amounted to nothing; for, considering the state of affairs in England, I never could have been happy as its Queen.

As I was about to return to my residence, the King of England came to me; and, thinking the affair concluded, not anticipating any obstacle from the court, he testified his joy at the favourable reply which Monsieur had given to the Queen his mother, and ventured to speak of his intentions, which, up to this time, he had been content to allow his mother the Queen to explain for him. He gave me to understand, that he had now a greater desire than ever to re-enter his dominions, since his good fortune would be shared with myself, and thus rendered infinitely more agreeable; and

I answered, that if he did not go in person to England, it would be difficult to bring about this recovery of his kingdom. "What!" he exclaimed; "as soon as I have married you, do you desire that I should leave you?" "Yes," I replied, "if so it is to be; I should then be still more under the necessity of looking to your interests, and should be very sorry to see you here, dancing *le triolet*, and amusing yourself, while you ought to be in a place where you would either have your head broken, or a Crown placed upon it." I added, that he was not worthy to wear a Crown, if unwilling to seek it at the point of his sword, and at peril of his life.

Although I was in no way anxious to hurry this affair, yet I continued my fêtes as usual. Madame de Fiesque felt a great friendship for the King of England; said that he ought to be a Catholic, and pressed me continually to speak to him on the subject. Once, I attempted it. He replied, that he would do everything for me but sacrifice his conscience and salvation. She then entreated me to promise I would marry him if he became a Catholic; adding, that I should be responsible to God for the salvation of his soul. My lord Montague came to see Madame de Fiesque, to discover from her how the matter stood, and to commit me, so that I could not ex-

tricate myself, in the affair; from which I perceived that the court wished it to be concluded, hoping to ruin Monsieur on every side by giving him an alliance which could in no way help him at the present juncture. I spoke to Goulas, at the Luxembourg, upon the subject, and he requested a private audience, in order that we might converse upon it at our ease. This afterwards caused me some little amusement, for the King of England came the same day, and, finding I could not receive him, he complained of it. I did not suffer myself to be concerned at this; and he remained without visiting me for some time. During this period, Lord St. Germain demanded an audience of me; and arriving while Goulas chanced to be in my cabinet, he also had to wait. Goulas represented to me the miserable state in which I should find myself if I married the King of England; for that, although I had great wealth, I had not sufficient to sustain a war to the extent that would be required; and that when all my estates were sold, and the kingdom still unrecovered, I should be left to die of hunger: or, that the King might die; and should that happen, I should be the most miserable Queen in the world, and become a burden to Monsieur instead of retaining the power to serve him. He added, that I must needs see the feel-

ing they had for me at court, by their supporting this proposal. That the frequent visits of the King of England, the respect and deference he paid me, were no more than princely gallantries, whilst the open declaration he made might some day prove a disadvantage to me, by hindering other princes from thinking of me; and, therefore, the sooner the affair was broken off the better.

As soon as Goulas left me, Lord St. Germain entered, and said, "I can but believe that our affairs are in a prosperous state. Monsieur Goulas is an excellent advocate!" I replied, that the King of England did me much honour, but that the matter was still far from a conclusion; that I must request even that he would not come to see me so often, for every one made their remarks upon it, and that this might do me harm. He was surprised at what I said, and did all that was possible to induce me to come to a more favourable conclusion; but it remained as I had put it. The King of England was three weeks without seeing me, which I believe must have vexed and caused him much *ennui*, for he was entirely without amusements, whilst it was evident that mine did not depend on the honour of receiving him. My assemblies continued as frequent, and were even gayer than when he was present;

for at such times many people who had not the honour of being known to him, did not dare to appear. Nevertheless, it was whispered that I was passionately fond of him, and that I should marry him for love; which displeased me in the extreme. I even heard that my Lord Germain said the same thing wherever he went; and added, "We shall diminish her establishment, and sell her estates." The sort of empire which it was endeavoured to obtain over me by this means, pleased me no more than the love that had been proffered. I now, therefore, took my resolution. It was a little *brusque*, I admit; but such is my humour.

CHAPTER XI.

A MATCH PROPOSED FOR THE DUKE OF YORK, (AFTERWARDS JAMES II.,) AND SET ASIDE BY MADEMOISELLE—MADEMOISELLE SETS OUT TO TAKE THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY, AND TO SUCCOUR THE CITY OF ORLEANS—SHE HOLDS A COUNCIL OF WAR, AND, (BEING REFUSED ADMITTANCE,) SHE ATTACKS ORLEANS, AND TAKES IT BY ASSAULT.

THEY now talked of marrying Mademoiselle de Longueville to the Duke of York; he went often to see her, and the affair was nearly concluded, when I endeavoured to prove to the King and Queen of England that I did not consider it to their advantage; that fifty thousand crowns a year was not enough to support the Duke, with a wife, and, possibly, a family. They thought I had an objection to the match, and I know not whether it was this, or a view to their own

interest, that broke off the affair. The first time that I saw the Queen of England, after my conversation with Lord Germain, she was loud in her reproaches. On the entrance of the King her son, who had previously been in the habit of placing himself on a seat before me, they brought him a large chair, wherein he seated himself. I fancy he thought he was causing me considerable annoyance; when, in fact, I did not regard it in the least.

The great event of Cardinal Mazarin's return to France took place about this time. The moment Monsieur heard of it, he recalled his troops, which were serving with the King's army; and, among them, the regiment of Languedoc, of which place he was the Governor. These were posted near the passage of the rivers, to oppose the progress of the Cardinal. Nevertheless, after some fighting he crossed the river Loire at Gien, without any resistance, the inhabitants having refused to allow the troops of his Royal Highness to enter, or they would have thrown themselves upon him. He, therefore, passed on without any difficulty, and, by good luck, arrived at court, where he was received with every possible show of joy and satisfaction.

Monsieur had now openly declared himself against the Cardinal. Madame de Choisy com-

ing one morning to see me, I desired her to write to La Palatine, and say that I thanked her for her offer of serving me, but that if she considered herself under any engagement with me, I begged her to understand that I wished it to be considered at an end; and that the two hundred thousand crowns which Madame de Choisy had asked for her, must now be employed for the service of Monsieur; in carrying on the war against the Cardinal; for that by these means I should much sooner become Queen of France.

Madame de Choisy, who whirled about with every wind that blew, approved much of my decision, and replied, "I came to propose to you exactly what you say." I begged she would never speak of the affair; for that if it were known, it might be said that I had been duped, and I should, in self-defence, be obliged to explain that, not having given my money to those who wished to ensnare me, I could not be considered to have been so. She promised me that not a word should be said in reference to the affair.

Angers taken, the court returned towards Paris, resting some time at Blois, from whence they sent to Orleans to know whether it would receive the King with the Cardinal Mazarin, which was accorded, not without some difficulty. The army commanded by M. d'Hocquincourt

had devastated the country round, and Orleans feared the same treatment, and had reason to dread being pillaged; the corn of the whole province, and much of the property of the noblesse and others, having been sent into the city for safety. Upon the first letter of the King, the inhabitants sent to Monsieur to know what they should do; when he immediately sent the Count de Fiesque and Monsieur de Granmont to allay their fears. Not liking the manner of the governor, however, Monsieur de Fiesque returned in haste to request his Royal Highness to set out immediately for the city, his presence being necessary for its preservation. He therefore resolved to set forward on the Saturday before Palm Sunday. He had told me some days previously, that the citizens of Orleans had sent to him to beg that, if he could not come in person, he would send me instead. I replied, that he knew I was ready to obey him in everything. Although it was told me, on the Sunday, that Monsieur had resolved to depart for Orleans on the following day, and had requested of the Dukes de Beaufort and de Nemours to prepare him an escort, I remarked to Prefontaine that I would wager *I* should go to Orleans. He replied that he could not conceive on what I founded the idea. Upon which I explained, that Monsieur had engaged to undertake

this journey contrary to the opinion of Cardinal de Retz; that he could not remain in Paris without sending me to Orleans in his place, and that I was not at all sorry it should be so, as it would agree with the views of the Prince; and it was only right, when we engaged ourselves to befriend people, to render them all the service in our power.

I had resolved to sleep that night at the Carmelites of St. Denis, to spend there the Holy Week as I did nearly all the great festivals; but I put off my journey until the next day, hearing that Monsieur de Beaufort had come to prevail on Monsieur to proceed to Orleans. He paid me a visit, and said, "If Monsieur will not undertake this journey, you must go instead." I, therefore, went to the church of the Capuchins of St. Honoré, where father Georges, a noted frondeur, was preaching; and where I met Monsieur, and told him that, from what I had heard, I had deferred my journey. I went afterwards to the Luxembourg, where I found him in a state of great uneasiness; he complained to me of the persecution of the friends of the Prince, to induce him to go to Orleans, but declared that if he left Paris all would be lost, and that therefore he should not go. As was usual with him, when not satisfied with those with whom he had to act,

the conversation ended by his expressing his desire to be in peace at Blois, and his envy of the happiness of those who meddled with nothing.

To tell the truth, this did not please me at all; for I judged from it that, in the end, the affair would come to nothing, and that we should see ourselves reduced to an insignificance little becoming to persons of our quality, and which would tend still less to the advancement of my own fortunes; so that these conversations always made me shed tears, and caused me a great deal of uneasiness. I stayed late with Monsieur, every one telling me I should assuredly go to Orleans. Monsieur de Chavigny, a man of rare ability, who had been trained to affairs by Cardinal de Richelieu, and who was a great friend of our party, said to me, "Here is the finest thing in the world for you to do, and one which will oblige the Prince considerably." Monsieur came in at the moment; I wished him good night, and then returned to my residence.

Whilst at supper, the Count de Tavanne, Lieutenant-General of the army of the Prince, came, and said to me softly, "We are all quite delighted; it is you who are to go to Orleans. Say not a word. M. de Rohan will come to you on the part of Monsieur." He arrived, and brought me the order, which I received with the

same joy I had always shown in obeying the commands of Monsieur. Indeed, I now felt more delighted than ever, at having to play so extraordinary a part. Monsieur de Rohan told me that he was to go with me; and I begged the Count and Countess de Fiesque, and Madame de Frontenac, also to accompany me, which they were happy to do. Then, having given orders concerning my equipage and all that was necessary, at two o'clock in the morning I retired to rest.

The next day (la Notre Dame de Mars) I rose at seven in the morning, and went to pay my devotions; ere I begun my journey I considered it right thus to prepare myself, so that I might hope God would give me the blessing I desired. I dined at the Luxembourg, where Monsieur told me that he had sent the Marquis de Flamarin to Orleans, to apprise the citizens of my coming; and that he had written to beg that they would attend to my commands as to his own. After having spent some hours at the Luxembourg thus engaged, I ascertained, by conversing with every one, the different views they entertained respecting my journey. The friends of Cardinal de Retz turned it into ridicule; those of the Prince, however, were delighted.

After having made my adieux, I took leave of

Monsieur, who said to me at parting, "The Bishop of Orleans will inform you as to the state of the City; take counsel, also, of the Counts de Fiesque and de Grammont. They have been there long enough to know what to do. Above all, and at whatever risk, prevent the army from passing the Loire. This is the only order I give you."

I set out in a coach with Madame de Frontenac, the Comtesse de Fiesque, and her daughter. His Royal Highness remained at the window until he saw me depart, and a number of people who were in the court-yard gave me their benedictions as we passed. His Royal Highness provided me an escort, consisting of a lieutenant of his guards, named Pradine, two exempts, (life guards free from ordinary duty,) six guards, and six Swiss. Monsieur de Rohan proposed my having fifty additional guards, but it was settled that there was no necessity for them. I quitted Paris at so late an hour, as to be compelled to sleep at Châtres, leaving it early the next morning.

As I was leaving Châtres, Monsieur de Beaufort arrived; and he accompanied me throughout the journey on horseback, riding at the door of my coach. We dined at Etamps—Monsieur de Beaufort and myself dining together. At two leagues from that place, I found an escort of five

hundred horse, commanded by Monsieur de Valon; the escort was composed of gendarmes and light-horse, and some irregulars. These were drawn up in order of battle, and, after saluting me, the light-horse went before my coach, the gendarmes were placed behind, whilst the guards and the rest surrounded us in small squadrons. On arriving at the plains of Beausse, I mounted on horseback, for it was beautiful weather, and my coach was out of repair. The whole escort appeared extremely gratified to see me thus prepared to give my orders. I caused two or three couriers to be stopped. One was from Orleans, and was on his way to his Royal Highness to tell him that the King had given directions for halting that night at Clery, and that he would thence continue his route, without going to Orleans. I took this courier with me as far as Toury, in order to despatch him thence to Monsieur.

On arriving at Toury, I found there Messieurs de Nemours, Clinchamp, and several other officers, who expressed the greatest pleasure on seeing me—more, I believe, than they would have done had it been Monsieur. They gave me notice of their intention to hold a council of war in my presence. This was so novel an affair to me that I began to laugh, when Monsieur de

Nemours observed, that I should do well to accustom myself to the discussion of matters relating to war, and that they should do nothing without my orders. So we began to consult forthwith upon what was best to be done. Monsieur de Rohan took me aside, and said, "You are well aware that it is the intention of Monsieur that the army shall not cross the river; should you not, therefore, make it known to these gentlemen?" He then added, how earnestly he desired that my journey might succeed according to the wishes of Monsieur, for that he would then be under an obligation to attend closely to my interests in essential matters; and that, as he was better imformed than myself of the intentions of Monsieur, he could assure me that on the result of this depended all future proceedings, and that he would therefore state to me on each occasion what was best to be done. I was not at all pleased with this conversation; it led me to infer that M. de Rohan doubted my ability, and piqued himself upon his own. I did not betray this to him, but left him and returned to the company.

I observed to M. de Nemours, and to the officers present, that I was convinced they would in everything act in concert with me, and that I did not suppose they would wish

to pass the Loire to succour Mouron, and leave Monsieur in Paris without troops; that the friends of Cardinal de Retz, and the Cardinal himself, only wished to sow dissension between Monsieur and the Prince, which was what I dreaded the most; that, therefore, I begged of them, in order to be beforehand with the ill-intentioned, to give me their word that they would not pass the river without the order of Monsieur. They gave it me immediately, and would have done so in writing; but this, I told them, was in no way necessary; and I wrote on the instant, in their presence, to Monsieur, an account of what had taken place. They then engaged that for the future they would undertake nothing without my orders—believing that, in so doing, they should be conforming to the wishes of the Prince. It was hereupon resolved that the army should march to Gergeau, and take up its quarters in the Faubourg de St. Denis, and the military operations in connexion with this movement were determined on.

Monsieur de Nemours then declared that he would march the next morning at day-break, but that in the evening he would be at Orleans to give me an account of the aspect of affairs, and to receive my commands before further proceedings were taken. I requested M. de Beaufort

to do the same. He replied, "I have the orders of Monsieur in my pocket, therefore I know what to do." M. de Nemours pressed him to produce them, observing that he was of opinion they ought to be communicated to me. This proceeding of M. de Beaufort made me angry. I declared I could not believe Monsieur had changed his intentions within four hours of my departure, which was the time that intervened between it and his own; nor did I think his Royal Highness had sent me with any intention of giving orders with which I was not acquainted; and, therefore, he might throw them in the fire as useless. He spoke no more of them, and said he should obey me. I then gave orders to him and to M. de Nemours to prepare for the march of the army at the dawn of day, and occupied myself during the evening in inspecting the letters of the courier from Orleans to Paris, in order to inform myself of what was passing in the former city before I arrived.

The next morning I set out betimes, but it was of little use, for M. de Beaufort had forgotten, the evening before, to give the order for the escort—he never thought of it till late in the morning, so that I had to proceed three or four leagues very slowly to allow of its coming up with me. On reaching Artenay, the Marquis

de Flamarin presented himself before me, and observed, that he had a great many affairs to communicate, which required immediate consideration as to what was best to be done. I alighted at an inn, to despatch the business; and he went on to say that the citizens of Orleans would not receive me, having declared to him, that to have the King on the one side and myself on the other, rendered it very embarrassing to determine to whom they should open their gates; and that, to free them from this perplexity, they had judged it best to supplicate me to proceed to some house in the vicinity, and then to feign illness; undertaking, at the same time, not to allow the King to enter; and that, as soon as he had passed, I should be perfectly welcome: at the same time, they entreated me not to bring Monsieur de Rohan with me, for they were in great anxiety as to what the councillors of the parliament were coming to do among them.

I at once observed to Monsieur de Rohan, "As for you, Monsieur, you are a person of too great consequence to allow of my taking you in spite of them; now, Messieurs de Bermont and de Croissy will not be known, and in the coaches of my equerries, they will merely be taken for some of my people. As regards myself, there is nothing to deliberate upon; I shall go direct to

Orleans. If they refuse to admit me at once, I shall not be discouraged: perseverance will, perhaps, carry the day. If I succeed in getting into the city, my presence will sustain the courage of those who are well disposed towards Monsieur, while it will bring over those who are not so; for when people of my rank are seen to expose themselves to danger, it greatly animates the people; nay, it is almost impossible that they should not submit themselves, either with or against their inclination, to those who show a little determination. If the party of Mazarin is the strongest, I will hold out as long as I am able. If, in the end, they compel me to withdraw, I shall set out for the army, since there will be no security for me elsewhere. Let the worst come, I shall fall into the hands of people who speak the same language as myself—who know me, and who in my captivity will render me all the respect due to my birth, and, I may even add, to the undertaking in which I am embarked. Assuredly, it will not be deemed cause of reproach to have thus incurred peril in the service of Monsieur."

They were all astonished at my resolution, without showing the least desire to emulate it; indeed, they feared everything that could happen, and dwelt upon it, in order to deter me; but, without listening to them, I got into my coach,

leaving even my escort, that I might get on more quickly, and taking with me only the companies of Monsieur and of my brother, as these few troops could easily keep up with me.

I fell in with several gentlemen of the court, who were proceeding to Orleans, with passports from Monsieur, otherwise I should have stopped them. They assured me that to make this haste was useless, for that the king was already in Orleans, (which was false,) and that I should not meet with the success which I expected. I did not suffer this to alarm me, for I was naturally resolute, as may sufficiently appear in the course of these Memoirs, from my conduct in the most important actions of my life. I fell in, also, with Pradine, whom I had sent to Orleans to inform the inhabitants of the hour I should arrive. He brought me a letter submissive enough; but, after having written it, the citizens had changed their minds, and had requested it again of Pradine, who would not, however, return it. The contents were to the effect, that I was entreated not to come to Orleans, as they would be compelled, although with grief, to refuse me admittance.

I arrived, about eleven in the morning, at the Porte Banniére, which was closed and barricaded, and still remained so after it had been made known that it was I who wished to enter. I was there for three hours; and, being tired of waiting

all this time in my coach, I ascended to a room in the hôtellerie near the gate, which they called *Le Port de Salut;* and Safety was I, indeed, to this poor city; without me it would have been lost.

As it was very fine weather, after having diverted myself by opening the letters of the courier from Bourdeaux, which, however, contained nothing important, I took a walk. The governor of the city sent me some sweetmeats; and, what appeared still more amusing, gave me to understand that he possessed no authority; and, therefore, that in sending them he sent me nothing. The Marquis d'Halluis was at the window of the guard-house, looking at me as I walked on the *fossé.* This promenade was against the advice of all those who were with me, and whom I called my Ministers: though they were of opinion that the joy that would be evinced by the lower orders, on seeing me, would greatly astonish *les gros Bourgeois;* which induced me to disregard all counsel but my own, and to continue my walk. The ramparts were lined with people, who cried, incessantly, "*Vive le Roi, les Princes, et point Mazarin!*" I could not, on this, restrain myself from crying out, "Go to the Hôtel de Ville, and cause the gate to be opened!" at which my Ministers, greatly surprised, observed, that it would not serve my purpose.

After marching for some time, I found myself near another entrance. The Guard were immediately put under arms, and formed in line on the rampart. Imagine, what an honour! I called to the captain to open the gate: he made signs that he had not the keys. I then told him that he must break it open, and that he owed more obedience to me than to Messieurs of the city, for that I was the daughter of their master. I grew so provoked, that I even threatened him; but he merely replied to my menaces by several profound bows. All those who were with me, said, "You only deceive yourself by threatening people whom it is your object to gain over." I replied, "No, Sirs! it is right to ascertain whether more cannot be done by menaces, than by gentle treatment."

On the day I had left Paris, the Marquis de Vilene, a man of ability and knowledge, and who passed for one of the profoundest astrologers of the time,* drew me apart in Madame's ca-

* People still consulted and believed in them. All the memoirs of the time are filled with predictions. The grave and severe Duc de Sully seriously records those which were delivered concerning Henri IV. This credulity was then so much the order of the day, that they took care to secrete an astrologer near Queen Anne of Austria's chamber, at the birth of Louis XIV. Many of the Princes

binet, and said, "All that you undertake on Wednesday the 27th of March, from twelve o'clock to the next day, will succeed; and in that little time you will accomplish extraordinary things." I had noted this prediction in my tablets, to enable me to observe if it should be fulfilled, although I had very little faith in it. I recollected it at this moment, and turned towards Mesdames de Fiesque and de Frontenac to tell them of it: saying, "Something extraordinary will happen to me to-day; I have the prediction in my pocket; I shall break open the gates, or storm the city." They made a jest of the matter, as indeed I did also, for truly, at the time, there was no appearance of any such occurrences.

We walked on, and I found myself on the banks of the river, where all the boatmen (of whom there is a great number at Orleans) offered me their services, which I accepted willingly, talking to them in such a way as to induce them to do anything I might require. When I saw them well

also imagined that nature had so far distinguished them as to write their destiny in the stars. The Duke of Savoy, Victor Amadeus, father to the Duchess of Burgundy, kept an astrologer in his train, even after his abdication. Molière was bold enough to attack this delusion in his comedy of "Les Amans Magnifiques."

disposed, I asked them if they could convey me in a boat to the Porte de la Faux, which opened to the water? They answered, it was much more easy to break open a gate on the quay, nearer to the place where I then was; and that, if I wished, they would go and begin the work. I desired them to make all haste, and I would reward them. In order to observe their proceedings, I climbed a high mound which overlooked this gate, caring little for the smooth road leading to the summit, but climbing like a cat, catching at the brambles and thorns, and leaping the hedges, without the least hurt or inconvenience. When I had gained the height, all those who accompanied me, fearing I was exposing myself too much, did everything they could to induce me to return; but their entreaties annoyed me, so I begged they would be silent. One of my women, who was the most cowardly creature in the world, began to scold me and those who followed; nay, in her transport I believe she began to swear, which diverted me extremely. I would not at first allow any of my people to accompany the boatmen, so that they might deny its having been attempted by my orders, supposing the enterprise should not succeed.

I had left the troops which had escorted me, at about a quarter of a league from the town,

from apprehension of creating alarm by their appearance; and they were in waiting to follow me to Gergeau, supposing I should fail to gain an entrance. The boatmen sent to tell me that the work proceeded; so I despatched two of my equerries to assist; and descended from the mount to observe better how they were getting on. There being at this place a small creek of the river, which it was necessary that I should cross, and the quay here being covered, two boats were placed to serve me as a bridge, and in them was placed a ladder, by which I ascended. It was very high, and I remember that one of the steps was broken, which occasioned me some trouble in climbing. Nothing, however, deterred me from an undertaking I considered advantageous to my party, and which I thought would be equally so to myself.

When I had reached the top, leaving my guards in the boats, I ordered them to return to the place where my coaches were in waiting, that I might show the people of Orleans that I had entered their city with all possible confidence, not having even my guards with me; for although few in number, I thought it would have a better effect to be entirely without them. My presence animated the boatmen, and they worked with such vigour as quickly to open the

gate; the populace assisting from within, their movements being directed by Grammont, whilst the Guard rested on their arms, looking on at the proceedings, but without attempting to hinder them.

The Hotel de Ville was in session, and the officers of our troops who were already in Orleans, were engaged in stirring up the people, and would, no doubt, have caused them to resolve on admitting me by the Porte Banniére, had I not made good my entrance by the Porte Brûlée: for so was designated the famed gate through which I passed, and which, doubtless, has acquired thereby a new renown. When I perceived that it was broken, and that two of the middle planks had been removed, (for a passage could not otherwise have been opened, there being laid across it inside, two bars of iron of an immense thickness,) Grammont made me a sign to advance; and, as there was a great deal of dirt, a valet caught me up in his brawny arms, and thrust me through the hole.

No sooner had my head passed, than the drums began to beat: I gave my hand to the Captain of the Guard, and said, "You will be happy to be able to boast of having allowed me to enter." The cries of "*Vive le Roi, les Princes, et point de Mazarin,*" redoubled. Two men took

me, and placed me in a wooden chair; though I scarcely knew whether I was sitting in it or on their arms, for such was my joy that I was quite beside myself. Everybody came to kiss my hands, and I was dying of laughter at finding myself in so droll a situation.

After having been carried in triumph through several streets, I told them that I had learnt how to walk, and begged they would put me on the ground, which they did; and I waited for the ladies, who arrived a moment afterwards, bespattered with mud, and as happy as myself. A company marched before me with drums beating, and half way on my road I met Monsieur the Governor, who, as well as the citizens, his companions, was very much embarrassed in saluting me. I was the first to speak; and observed, that I ventured to say they were extremely surprised to see me enter in such a manner, but that my disposition was very impatient, and that, weary of waiting at the Porte Banniére, I had found the Porte Brûlée open, and had entered; a circumstance of which they ought to be very glad, for that they were thus exonerated from what the Court, which was at Clery, might otherwise have taken ill; that they need be under no apprehensions for the future, as I should take everything on myself; and that they must needs be

well aware that, on their arrival in a place, persons of my rank became, and very properly, the rulers; "and," I added, "especially ought I to be so in this, since it belongs to Monsieur."

They then made me their compliments, not over gracefully—their alarm causing them to appear ill at ease. I made answer that, from what they said, I was persuaded they would have opened the gate, and that the delay was occasioned merely by my not having been expected. I conversed with them as we went along, just as if nothing had happened, and expressed a wish to proceed to the Hotel de Ville, to assist at the deliberation regarding the admission of the Council into the city. They had told me in the letter sent me by Pradine, that they would wait on me respecting this: they now acquainted me that the resolution was taken, and that they had refused. I expressed to them my satisfaction; as this was just what I desired. I then sent one of my escort to forward my equipage, and from that moment I held command in the city, as though it had been conferred upon me by the authorities themselves. On arriving at my habitation, I received the addresses of the different bodies, and the honours that were my due, as upon any other occasion.

The gentlemen who had remained at the

hôtellerie now arrived, expressing the greatest joy at what I had done; yet, in the midst of it, they betrayed the regret they felt in not having accompanied me on the occasion. I was not a little fatigued with my exertions. I had eaten nothing all the day, although I had risen at five o'clock in the morning; and, instead of reposing after all this fatigue, I had to dispatch a courier to his Royal Highness, and one to the Army, so that I was occupied three hours more in writing; but my joy was such as to prevent my feeling weary; and even after I had sent off my despatches, I amused myself by laughing with the Countesses and Préfontaine, over the adventures of the day. The Governor of the city provided me a supper, for my people had arrived too late to prepare one; and to prevent my having the trouble of going to his residence, he sent it to mine.

CHAPTER XII.

MADEMOISELLE TAKES UPON HERSELF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY AND TERRITORY OF ORLEANS—HER ADDRESS TO THE GOVERNOR AND COUNCIL—SHE SETS FIFTY PRISONERS AT LIBERTY—REPRIMANDS HER GENERAL (THE DUC DE BEAUFORT) FOR ATTACKING A PLACE WITHOUT HER SANCTION—ORDERS THE ARMY TO MARCH—PROPOSES TO TAKE COMMAND OF A TROOP, AND CAPTURE THE ROYAL ARTILLERY, AND GAINS THE APPROBATION OF THE GREAT CONDÉ FOR HER MILITARY OPERATIONS.

THE day after my arrival, which was Maunday Thursday, they awoke me at seven o'clock in the morning, that I might appear in the streets, and by my presence discourage the Keeper of the Seals from making the attempt to enter with the Council. I, therefore, dressed in haste, and sent for the Mayor and the Governor to accompany me.

As the chains were stretched across the streets, and I did not wish them to be lowered, I went on foot to attend mass at St. Catherine's—a church

near the bridge, where I mounted a turret, and saw Monsieur de Champlatreux walking before the Augustines, with a great many gentlemen of the Court. As I had several officers of our troops with me, I was delighted to let them be seen; and caused them to display their blue scarfs,* to let the courtiers know that I was mistress of Orleans. All the people on the bridge cried, "*Vive le Roi, les Princes, et point de Mazarin!*" and others took up the word, so that the cries never ceased; and I believe that they might have been heard by the Keëper of the Seals, who was more than a quarter of a league off. The guard, which I had ordered to be augmented, thinking it too weak, now fired a volley, after which the cries redoubled, so that the *Mazarins* knew that they had nothing to hope.

The King this day took his departure from Clery, intending to sleep at Sully. I dined with the Bishop, a man of much merit, and with whom I had great reason to be pleased. Whilst at the Bishop's residence, the Lieutenant-general, who was a great *Mazarin*, brought me a letter he had received from the Keeper of the Seals; I immediately burned it, and forbade him to return an answer.

* Each party was distinguished by its scarf. The King's was white—the Prince's, Isabelle—(a sort of light bay)—the Cardinal's, green.

Acting with unlimited authority, I next sent to stop a number of horses which had been purchased by a *commissionaire* for the service of the enemy, and then went to the Hotel de Ville, where I had ordered the members to assemble. When seated in a great chair, amid the profound silence which was here observed, I confess that I was under the greatest embarrassment. I had never spoken in public, and I knew but little; but the urgency of the case, and the orders of Monsieur, gave me boldness and the means of expressing myself with facility. I proceeded to address the assembly as follows:—

"His Royal Highness, not being able to absent himself from Paris, on account of the great and important affairs there demanding his attention, has concluded that he could not send hither a person more dear to him than myself, nor one in whom he could place greater confidence, to protect you against the evil designs of Cardinal Mazarin, or to perish with you if unable to counteract them. His Royal Highness is convinced of the zeal you have for his service, and for the preservation of the country; and he has commanded me to assure you, that in this conjuncture your interests will be as dear to him as his own, for that they are so bound up together as to be incapable of separation. He has heard, with much concern, of the disorders which have

been occasioned by the troops at Blois, and in its environs; and it is a source of great grief to him, that so many innocent persons should have become the victims of the Cardinal's hostility against himself. His Royal Highness is aware that if the Royal Army enter Orleans, the city will be treated with very great severity, from its being the capital of his own government, and the place to which he is indebted for the name he bears. Acutely sensible, therefore, to all that may concern your city, he has sent me hither to protect the honour, the possessions, and the lives of the inhabitants, and to risk my own in their defence so often as occasion may arrive. His Royal Highness has commanded me to express his satisfaction at the sentiments you entertain towards him, and which he trusts you will retain; and to assure you of his protection and goodwill, with his hope of receiving in return the benefit of yours. His Royal Highness has also commanded me to say that, fearing the too close proximity of his Army to that of the Prince, in concert with which it acts, might in some measure inconvenience the city, he has ordered me to remove it immediately to some distance; and, in order to accomplish this, I have sent to request the attendance of Messieurs the Dukes de Nemours and de Beaufort, to confer with me upon the subject. Now, the only method of preserving ourselves being, to

refuse admission to the common enemy, there may possibly be found among you some who may believe themselves to be wanting in their duty in refusing entrance to the King; but to do so is, in fact, to serve his Majesty—to preserve for him the most beautiful and the most important place in his dominions. Who is not aware that, at the age the King now is, no persons ought to possess a greater influence in his councils than his Royal Highness and the Prince, since none have a greater interest in the State, and in its preservation? Good sense, therefore, only, is required, to point out to every one that his party should be ours; and that ours, although the King may not be present to support it, is the King's. The source of all our present evils arises from his Majesty's being in the hands of a stranger, who looks only to his own interests, and cares neither for King nor kingdom.

"It is for this reason that orders issued by this man, and to which the name of the King has merely been abused, ought not to be obeyed. The only person capable of issuing commands to which obedience can be due, is his Royal Highness, to whose hands alone could the Person and Authority of the King legitimately be confided; while you of Orleans are more obliged than all the rest of France to render him obedience, by the honour which you boast of being under his authority."

Messieurs having expressed a desire for the departure of such of the officers as had been quartered in the city, I, in consequence, requested them to issue a proclamation for the departure of such officers within twenty-four hours, excepting only those who might be sick, or to whom I might accord permission to remain; being desirous of making known our willingness to remove immediately all that in any way occasioned them uneasiness. In conclusion, I entreated them to do nothing without my participation, and assured them that, on my side, I would show a similar consideration, and that I desired to establish the most perfect confidence on both sides.

They thanked me for what I had said, and I then took my departure. On going out, I saw the windows of the prison of the Hotel de Ville full of our soldiers, who entreated to be set at liberty. I asked the gentlemen who conducted me what they had done? and they replied, that there were several accusations against them. I offered to have them all hanged in the most public places of the city: this they declined, and gave them over to me, upon which I sent them, in the evening, to the army, when their arms and their horses were restored to them. They were forty or fifty in number.

On the way to my residence, I asked the gentlemen if they were satisfied with me? Before going to the Hotel de Ville, they had said they thought it better that we should settle what I intended to say. "I know of what I have to speak," I answered; "if I set about thinking of it beforehand, I shall say nothing worth hearing; I must say all that comes into my head; and, above all, place yourselves behind me; for if you look at me, I shall be completely disconcerted." They now told me that it was evident I had not seen them, for that I had spoken very much to the purpose.

I was now expecting to hear from Messieurs de Nemours and de Beaufort, and failed to do so, which gave me much uneasiness. Late in the evening, Monsieur de Beaufort sent me word that he had attacked Gergeau, which made me very angry, for he had decided upon this without even speaking of it to Monsieur de Nemours. This action was extremely imprudent, unsoldier-like, and ill-timed; many on our side were killed and wounded, and among them some whose loss we felt severely. The anger I felt towards the Duke expended itself on Brelle, who brought me the news; they told him to say nothing of this to his master, whom I therefore requested to attend me the next day, together with Monsieur de Nemours.

It was now deliberated whether I should propose to the city authorities to allow them to enter; but I decided that it would not be wise to do so, and might give reason to suspect that the entry of our generals, accompanied by all the officers, was also contemplated. I therefore set aside the difficulty, by resolving to go to the Faubourg to receive them. It was made a question whether I ought to leave the city, there being some fear that I should not be allowed to return; but I had no apprehension on the subject, feeling well assured that they would allow me to re-enter, and I therefore made no difficulty of going. I knew the little good intelligence there was among our generals; that they would form no resolution unless I were present, and that the march of the army was so necessary, that I must positively go and resolve upon it for them. So, to do away with all suspicions, I determined to alight on reaching the gate of the city, and there to leave my coach and guards, feeling satisfied that there was nothing to fear. I then sent for some of the Messieurs, to whom I said, "Having resolved to do nothing without your participation, I wish to inform you that I am going to the Faubourg St. Vincent, to meet the Ducs de Beaufort and de Nemours, to arrange for the departure of the army; and, although I felt assured

that you would have been happy to receive them, I did not propose it to you, under the apprehension that the number of officers who will accompany them might create some uneasiness among the people." They thanked me, and I acted upon the plan I had proposed, leaving the Counts de Fiesque and de Grammont under the gate, conversing with the mayor and sheriffs. I went into a miserable house, which was stripped of everything, where the gentlemen soon afterwards arrived. Monsieur de Beaufort saluted me coldly; Monsieur de Nemours made me many compliments upon the manner of my entering the city, as did the other officers. After having conversed of my conquest, I said, "We must now speak of the affair upon which we are met;" whereupon those gentlemen who did not assist at the Council left the room.

The grand question was, on which side it was advisable the Army should move? Some were for Montargis; Monsieur de Nemours was for its passing the river at Blois; and he evinced much anger against those who were of a different way of thinking. It ought to be done, he declared, at whatever cost, although he had before promised that it should not be attempted. On my reminding him of this, he threw himself into a violent passion. Monsieur de Beaufort and I

were seated on a wooden box, and M. Clinchamp, who could not stand for any time, on account of an old wound, on a bedstead. After everyone else had given his opinion, I requested their advice, which they at first declined giving, observing that it was not their business. To which I replied, "Neither is it mine." The general opinion was, that the army should proceed to Montargis, and, upon my confirming it, Monsieur de Nemours began to bluster, and protested that we were abandoning the Prince, and that he would do well to separate himself from Monsieur. I did all I could to bring him to reason; but he threatened to desert us; indeed, he was so exasperated that he did not know what he said, but continued to storm, and to swear that we had deceived the Prince, and that he knew well who had done it. Monsieur de Beaufort asked, "Is it I?" He replied, "It *is* you." Upon which they drew, and began to fight. As I had turned towards Clinchamp, with whom I was conversing, I did not observe who struck the first blow; but I was told that it was Monsieur de Beaufort who had been the aggressor. The combatants rushed upon each other, sword in hand, while those near threw themselves upon the two, to separate them. At the same moment, all those outside rushed in, causing a horrible noise and

confusion, whereat M. Clinchamp especially was exceedingly incensed.

Monsieur de Nemours could not be prevailed on to give up his sword to any one but me; I handed it to the lieutenant des gardes of Monsieur, who was with me, as well as that of Monsieur de Beaufort, whom I took into the garden, where he fell on his knees, and asked my pardon, with every demonstration of sorrow. Not so Monsieur de Nemours: for an hour he was in so great a passion that nothing could exceed it. I lectured him sufficiently, declaring that such conduct was most detrimental to our cause, and that the enemy would rejoice at it; and that the only reparation he could make, was to show the zeal he had for the party of the Prince, and learn to control his insufferable passion; but he would listen to nothing.

I was beginning to be uneasy on finding night approach, and having still to return to the city; nevertheless, I would not leave until the affair should be satisfactorily concluded, and, after some difficulty, Monsieur de Nemours was induced to make me his excuses. On his doing so, I begged him to embrace M. de Beaufort, which he promised; but in a very ungracious manner. I sent immediately for Monsieur de Beaufort, and dictated to each what I thought he ought to

say, for I knew that little was to be expected from Monsieur de Nemours. Monsieur de Beaufort showed the utmost desire to be reconciled, expressing his sincere grief at having so misconducted himself towards his brother-in-law. That brother answered not a word, and embraced him just as he might have embraced a valet. Poor Monsieur de Beaufort was subdued even to tears; and this caused all the company to laugh, myself, I am ashamed to say, among the number, but really the whole thing was so absurd I could not help it. The dispute a little moderated, I left; first ordering the officers to take care of their generals, and to render no obedience to them till they should be fully reconciled; and I enjoined them to unite in endeavouring to preserve a good understanding between them. On reaching the city I found numbers awaiting my arrival, and delighted at seeing me again. I explained to some of the principal of them the cause of my delay, in order to make them parties to the affair. I also despatched a courier to Monsieur, with an account of all that had passed; and the next day I sent orders for the Army to march, which it did early on the following morning. I then wrote to Messieurs de Beaufort and de Nemours, begging them to live in amity; and they sent a courier with the assurance that

my orders were obeyed, and I heard from M. de Clinchamp that they had dined together.

On the morning of the Saturday after Easter, I received intelligence that some cannon had come down the river, from Blois to St. Mesmin, and that means of transport and an escort only were required for their conveyance to the army. I caused some of the citizens to be summoned immediately, and addressed them: "Here is an opportunity, Messieurs," I began; "we must set out for St. Mesmin; I shall go on horseback, and the whole of my coach horses can assist in conveying the cannon hither. We need only set forward; there will be 100 good men, well mounted, and I will take 200 of the city musqueteers; the escort will thus be sufficiently strong, and we shall have their cannon." They all burst into laughter at my ardour to accomplish something extraordinary: for myself, I believed nothing to be impossible: they told me, however, that if I had troops the thing might be accomplished, but that, without them it would be difficult, which I was extremely vexed at hearing. On the same day, I received the reply of his Royal Highness to the letter which I had sent him. So much was I delighted with it, from the affection that seemed to have dictated every word, that I copy it here:

"My Daughter,—You may well conceive the pleasure I have felt at what you have done. You have saved Orleans for me, and secured Paris. It is a public triumph; and all agree that your conduct is worthy the Grand-daughter of Henry the Great! I never doubted your spirit; but in this action I discover that you have even more prudence than courage. I repeat that I am delighted with all you have done, as much from love towards you as for myself. For the future, let your secretary write for you on important matters; you are aware of the reason. "Gaston."

This reason was, I wrote so bad a hand, that he had the greatest difficulty to decipher my writing.

Soon afterwards I received tidings which gratified me extremely; no less than the arrival of the Prince and his army. So great was my anxiety, that I could hardly believe what I heard, and, fearing that it could not be true, I desired it might not be reported. The next morning, on awaking, I was assured of the fact by Guitaut, whom the Prince sent to me with a letter, expressive of every possible respect and with offers of service. I copy the letter:

"MADEMOISELLE,—Immediately on my arrival here, I considered it right to dispatch Guitaut to express to you the gratitude I feel for all the kindness you have shown me, and at the same time to rejoice with you at the happy event of your entrance into Orleans. It is an exploit, such as you only could have performed; and is of the greatest importance. Do me the favour of believing that I shall always be inseparably attached to the interests of Monsieur, and shall always evince towards yourself, that I am, with with every respect and devotion imaginable, Mademoiselle,

"Your very humble and

"Obedient servant,

"LOUIS BOURBON."

My joy on his arrival was very great, for I hoped that his usual good fortune would be of service to the party, and that, for the future, it would not abandon him as it had done on a late occasion. I made Guitaut relate to me all the adventures that had happened to the Prince upon his march. He had miraculously saved himself from the troops of the King; for Saint Maure had only missed him by a quarter of an hour. If he had been taken, no quarter would have been given. It would indeed have been a

sad misfortune for France to have lost a Prince who had done so much for her, and who left no means untried to drive Mazarin from the kingdom. Though these services are not to be compared with such as the battles of Rocroi, Fribourg, Norlingen, and Lens, and the number of places he had taken, yet the designs of great men, like the mysteries of faith, are not to be penetrated, requiring rather our reverence, and the belief that they are always for the good of their country. In this way should we judge those of the Prince, one of the most enlightened of men. He was much embarrassed with his disguise at one of the inns, where he played the part of a valet; for when they ordered him to bridle and saddle a horse, he did not know how to set about it.

CHAPTER XIII.

MADEMOISELLE IS CALLED ON BY HER GENERALS TO TAKE THE FIELD IN PERSON—CONDÉ CONFIRMS HER MILITARY DISPOSITIONS, AND GASTON HER COMMAND—SHE HARANGUES THE CITIZENS—CONDÉ'S DESPATCH TO HER, FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BLENEAU—SHE HOLDS A COUNCIL OF WAR, A GRAND LEVÉE OF HER OFFICERS, AND TAKES LEAVE OF THE ARMY.

BESIDES the advantages to be expected from the arrival of the Prince, it was indispensably necessary. The Ducs de Beaufort and de Nemours were only apparently reconciled. This gave rise to differences, which again caused divisions and cabals among the officers; insomuch that the foreign regiments, being full of suspicions, were almost all prepared to disband. To remedy this, Monsieur de Clinchamp, and other general officers, had intreated that I would repair to the army, in order that all things might seem

to be done with my participation; and as the only means of restoring confidence among the foreigners, who referred all disputes to me.. But it pleased Heaven to deliver them from their embarrassment, by sending them a commander of first-rate talent and great experience.

On his arrival, he was stopped by the guard; and, being annoyed that they would not let him pass, he refused to state who he was. A German colonel on duty, however, recognised the Prince,* fell at his feet, and in a moment it was known throughout the army, and the greatest joy was testified on all sides. He judged it necessary to hold a council, to deliberate what was best to be done, being aware that they could not remain long in the position they then occupied. Monsieur de Nemours, supposing that the Prince would alter all that had been resolved upon, and follow his advice, told him what had passed in the Faubourg of Orleans. The Prince declared, that resolutions taken at a council where I had been present, ought to have been followed, even supposing them objectionable; but that those taken were the best that could have been sug-

* The Prince of Condé marched from Bordeaux to Montauban, took the towns in his way, and everywhere increased his strength. The dissensions between Condé's two generals had well nigh proved fatal to the Prince's party.

gested; such as he should have adopted, were they not already sanctioned; so that Monsieur de Nemours was 'trapped,' and the Army was ordered at once to march direct for Montargis.

Upon the report of the arrival of the Army, a panic seized the town; and Mondreville, a gentleman of the place, who was for the Cardinal, took advantage of this alarm to oblige the *bourgeois* to shut their gates. The Prince sent word that they must open them; and, looking at his watch, declared that if they were not opened in an hour, he would pillage the city, and hang the inhabitants. They obeyed; and it was observed, that he had taken Montargis with his watch.

Monsieur wrote to me very regularly—sometimes himself, and sometimes by his secretaries, for he did not like writing. He also thought proper to send me full power to command throughout all his territories, and to direct that the officers of the army, as such, should obey me in everything. I returned word that this was not necessary, for that they obeyed me voluntarily; indeed, I had the vanity to consider it an affront to the authority entailed by my birth, to think that a morsel of parchment should have the power of exacting for me their obedience. Nevertheless, he sent this power, in a few days, to Préfontaine, who kept it in his desk without any one knowing anything about it.

In the evening, Messieurs of the city came to me to explain that they would not receive the Prince, without first sending to Monsieur. This vexed me, and I said there was no necessity for it, as his Royal Highness had written to me to say, that all I did he should approve, and should take it ill of those who did not do as I desired. I then gave way to a little passion, and scolded them well, telling them they would repent it—that I would send Préfontaine, in an hour, to say what I wished to have done. I then told the gentlemen who were with me, that we must follow up this affair; for that if the Prince, after expressing a desire to see me, did not come, because I had not power to ensure his entrée into Orleans, it would lessen my credit and compromise my authority, as well as that of Monsieur. I then told them of the power Préfontaine held in his desk; upon being shown which, they advised me to hold a general assembly, and there to explain what were my intentions; so I sent Préfontaine to announce that I wished the citizens to assemble, and that they would find me at the Hotel de Ville.

I also sent for Monsieur de Sourdis, to whom I showed my authority, asking him if there was anything to take offence at? He replied in the negative; and that he never found any difficulty in obeying me. I sent also for all the other

leading men who were to be at this assembly, to let them know severally my intentions: finding among them several *Mazarins*, I threatened, and talked to them in a manner becoming a person of my quality. There was one among them bold enough to tell me that the name of the Prince was hateful to the city, for that his grandfather had done them so much harm, that they never could pardon the name. I replied, that I bore the same name, and that it ill became the citizens of Orleans, as it did any one in France, to speak thus of princes of the blood, whom they ought to respect, as those empowered to rule over them.

The next day I went to the Hotel de Ville, where I explained that the obedience they had rendered me up to the present time, had prevented me showing them the plenal power sent me by Monsieur. Being persuaded that I owed more to my birth than to all patents, I had hitherto neglected it; but as there were those among them who had not shown submission, it was right that they should see it. Préfontaine then showed it to the Registrar of the city: after it had been read, I continued, "Now that you have seen the power Monsieur has given me, I think you will make no further difficulty in obeying my orders. I am here to tell you, that the Prince, having arrived with the army, desires to come

and see me; and I doubt not but you will pay him all the respect due to his birth; and the more so, considering the relations subsisting between him and Monsieur, and myself. He is a Prince to whom the whole of France is under considerable obligation; and there is not a town but ought to show him, on his own account, all the gratitude possible." I then enlarged more than I had yet done upon what they owed to the birth and the merits of the Prince, and the obedience due to myself; and all this with that commanding manner which they accuse me of displaying in all my actions.

At first, I must have spoken in too low a tone, for they did not appear to hear me. They said nothing; at which I was not a little surprised, expecting that they would promise to do everything; but I was not to be discouraged, so I began again, and said that I now saw that I had not spoken distinctly, since they had made me no reply. As I finished these words, they all cried out, "We will do everything that is most agreeable to Mademoiselle; it is incumbent on us—and we all agree that M. le Prince shall come." I left very well satisfied; and immediately despatched a courier to the Prince.

I now began to feel anxious for his arrival. I was rather surprised that he did not appear,

after my having despatched a special courier for him, little thinking that he was then engaged in the battle of Bleneau.* The news of this engagement was brought by a countryman, who made it known to the captain who guarded the gate. Information was immediately forwarded to me that he had gained a victory, at which I was much rejoiced. In the evening, however, having heard nothing from the Prince, and learning that Monsieur de Nemours was dangerously wounded, I knew not what to believe, and doubted the result. I remained all day upon the bridge, to watch the arrival of the boats from Gien. At three o'clock in the morning a courier came, bringing me the following letter from the Prince himself.

"MADEMOISELLE,—I receive so many new marks of your kindness, that I cannot find words

* The royal army was divided into two bodies. Condé engaged the corps that was posted at Bleneau, commanded by Maréchal d'Hocquincourt, and this corps was routed almost as soon as attacked. Turenne could not be apprised of it. Cardinal Mazarin in turn fled to Gien, in the middle of the night, to awaken the king, and acquaint him with the ill news. His little court was thrown into consternation. They proposed to save the King by flight. The Prince of Condé, victorious, approached Gien, and augmented their fears. Turenne saved the court by his admirable conduct.

to thank you. I shall, therefore, merely assure you that there is nothing which I would not do to serve you; and I trust that you will do me the honour to believe this, and fully to depend upon it. I learnt yesterday that the Mazarin army had passed the river, and was encamped in several quarters. I resolved on the instant to attack it in these quarters; and succeeded so well, that I fell upon the *Mazarins* before they were aware of it. They made some little resistance, but at length all were put to the rout. We followed them for three hours; after which, we marched to find Monsieur de Turenne, but found him so advantageously posted, that with our men exhausted by their previous exertions, and loaded with the booty they had gained, we thought it better not to make an attack upon him under these circumstances, so that nothing but a few cannon were fired, upon which he retired. The troops of d'Hocquincourt have been routed, and all the baggage taken, two or three thousand horses, a quantity of prisoners, and their munitions of war. Monsieur de Nemours has done wonders, and is wounded by a pistol-shot in the hip, but not dangerously. Monsieur de Beaufort had a horse killed under him, and has done good service. Monsieur de Rochefoucault the same, as well as Clinchamp, Tavanne, Valon,

and all the other 'Maréchaux de Camp.' Maré is wounded by a cannon-ball; but in the whole we have not lost more than thirty men. I think you will be happy to learn this news; and that you will never doubt but that I am, Mademoiselle,

"Your very humble
and obedient servant,
"LOUIS DE BOURBON.

"*A Châtillon sur Loin,*
April 8th, 1652."

My anxiety was now over; and my joy was augmented when I heard that Monsieur de Nemours was not considered in danger. I was very sorry that the poor Count de Maré should have been wounded; and he died some little time afterwards.

Nothing could equal the consternation of the court. On the day of the combat they sent all the baggage beyond the bridge, so as to be ready to save it on the first alarm, and to break up the bridge. Had the Prince only known the locality better, he would, notwithstanding the fatigue of the troops, have carried all before him, and consequently dictated to the court: nothing would have been more easy!

Soon after this, he was obliged to go to Paris,* having learnt that his presence was necessary to counteract the arts and influence of Cardinal de Retz with regard to his Royal Highness. He took with him Monsieur de Beaufort; and Monsieur de Nemours followed as soon as he could undertake the journey. As for myself, I still remained at Orleans, amusing myself with stopping all the couriers as they passed, for I had really nothing else to do. Some I found charged with despatches, others with family matters or love-letters, ridiculous enough,—so that when they were of no advantage to my own party, I turned them into a source of merriment.

Still, I found so little to do at Orleans, that I was impatient to return to Paris; I wrote without ceasing to Monsieur and the Prince, entreating them to give me permission: but although

* Condé, who did not flatter himself that he could surprise Turenne as he had done Hocquincourt, set forward with his army towards Paris. He there found each of the parties privately attending to its own interests, and the people like a boisterous sea, whose waves were driven different ways by so many contrary winds. The shrine of St. Genéviéve was carried through the streets, to obtain the expulsion of Cardinal Mazarin; and the common people were as confident of the saint's working this miracle for them, as they were in seasons of drought, when they invoked her aid to cause it to rain.

the Prince carefully informed me of all that was passing, neither of them said a word upon *this* subject. At length, wearied out, I sent a trumpeter to Monsieur de Turenne and the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt, who were encamped at Chartres, upon the high road to Paris, to ask them for passports; begging them to send them *directly*, as I wished much to go to Paris, and that, as they knew me to be very impatient, I hoped they would not provoke me by retarding my journey. I wrote also, at the same time, to Monsieur, stating, that having done all that I could for him at Orleans, and inconsolable at being deprived of the happiness of seeing him, I had sent to demand passports from the generals of the opposite party; requesting that if they could not grant them, they would send to require them from the court.

I left Orleans on the second of May, and went to Etampes. At Ingerville I found the escort they had sent me, and the weather being beautiful, I rode on horseback, accompanied by the Countesses de Ficsque and de Frontenac, who had never left me. Indeed, Monsieur had written to them on my entrance into Orleans, complimenting them on their bravery, and addressing his letter, "*A Mesdames les Comtesses Maréchales de Camp dans l'Armée de ma Fille contre le Mazarin.*" Consequently, all the officers of our

troop showed them the utmost respect when we met our escort; the Maréchal de Camp, addressing us, said, "It is right that we should receive you with all due honours;" and at the same time ordered a German squadron that marched before me to halt, telling the colonel that he must salute the Countess de Frontenac as *Maréchal de Camp.* Upon which, sword in hand, they gave her a German salute, drawing out the whole squadron to do her honour; the colonel entering as readily into the humour of it as though he had been a Frenchman.

At a quarter of a league from Etampes, all the generals and a number of officers came to meet me, the guns were fired, and I found "le quartier des Etrangers," through which I passed, under arms to receive me. Here I heard from Monsieur de Turenne, who informed me, that he had sent to St. Germain, where the court was, for the passports I had demanded, and that he would forward them the next day; while I waited at Etampes to receive them. I wished to see all the army in order of battle, but the officers objected, saying, that by such means the enemy would calculate their exact number: this at once cooled my curiosity.

In the course of the day, I held a grand Levée of all the officers of the army, in full dress. In

the morning I walked to mass, with a number of gentlemen who followed me, to a church so near my residence that my guards lined the way; the drums beating—trumpets and tymbals playing before me—which was all very delightful. After dinner, I went on horseback to a house about a quarter of a league from Etampes, having in my suite all the officers of the army.

On my return in the evening, I found a trumpeter whom Monsieur de Turenne and Maréchal d'Hocquincourt had sent with the passports. He brought me also information that they hoped to see me the next day, and would receive me in battle array outside their quarters. Clinchamp, who was a shrewd old veteran, said, "This is not done because they expect to see Mademoiselle, for they know that she has not seen our own troops *en bataille;* believing that we shall be unprepared, their object is to attack us, but it does not signify. Mademoiselle must see the army tomorrow." I replied, "But suppose that were to lead to a battle—I should be very sorry; I do not desire to see it." Clinchamp then said, "It would be ridiculous in the extreme that the enemy should have proposed to render you an honour which we had omitted on our side. We will put ourselves in a position for battle, should it be necessary; if not, we will retire." He

then asked me at what hour I would go, and I fixed for six o'clock.

I awoke very early, and having arrayed myself in great haste, went to the Capuchins to hear mass. On entering the church, I met the trumpeter who had come the evening before, and who had been despatched the same night to ask for passports for the escort who were to accompany me as far as their quarters. He said he could find no one, for that the enemy had marched towards Lonjumeau. I suspected they were coming towards us; and immediately sent to apprise our generals of it, and then went to mass. I confess I attended with much devotion, and prayed God with great fervour, that we might gain the battle I so eagerly wished they would offer us; for I doubted not that my presence and the regard all the army had for me, would give them so much courage, that even with an inferior force victory would be achieved.

After mass, I mounted on horseback to inspect the position of our army; and met on the way Messieurs de Tavanne, Clinchamp, and Valon, who had come out to meet me. They informed me that the enemy were coming towards us; and that we had barely sufficient time to resolve whether we would engage or not; that we had, therefore, better retire to consider.

We withdrew a little apart from the rest, and I called the Countesses—my *Maréchales de Camp* —to assist at this singular council of war. The Countess de Fiesque cried, at ten paces off, "I am not of opinion that we should fight." Valon then said that he had an express order not to accept battle. Tavanne assured me that he had the same from the Prince. Clinchamp said, "All other orders are nothing where Mademoiselle is present; and those she will please to give, we may all rest assured will be approved both by Monsieur and the Prince; they are satisfied with everything she does." I replied, "Were I to follow my own inclination, it would be to accept battle without delay; but I think it wiser to attend to the directions of those who ought to know best: it is your profession, and not mine; I therefore look to you all for advice." Clinchamp then observed, "That our force nearly equalled the enemy's; that they had not a thousand horse more than we had; and that we might hope for a good issue to the battle. Nevertheless, I was the Maréschal, and therefore it must be left for me to decide, as there was no time to lose." I said, that I feared the result of a combat forced upon us, and therefore it was better to retire into the town. Indeed, I ordered the troops to march, not allowing them even to stop to salute

me. The soldiers, with loud cries, begged me to give battle: but I told them it was not a moment to indulge them. After seeing all the army re-enter the town, I got into my coach, and continued my journey to Paris.

I found the Prince at Bourg-la-Reine, where he had come out to meet me, accompanied by Monsieur de Beaufort, Prince de Tarente, and all the gentlemen of rank then in Paris. He alighted to salute me, and then got into my coach; when, after many compliments and protestations of service, he told me that Monsieur was very angry with me for returning without his orders; yet, notwithstanding this, he would have come out to me, but was confined to his bed with a slight fever. He then congratulated the Countesses on being present on so many fortunate occasions. I soon met the Duchesses d'Epernon and de Sully, who had also come out to meet me; and I stopped to take them also into my coach, when the Prince begged I would give them an account of all I had done at Orleans. So I told them, that for the first few weeks I had not gone out at all—that I then walked in the squares, and went to the convents to mass—that I played at nine-pins in my garden—received two or three times a-day the mayor or other authorities—that I wrote to the army, and signed innumerable

passports—that I had laughed to see myself occupied with things so little suited to me; but found out in a short time that I was mistaken, for I acquitted myself very well. That afterwards I had taken excursions into the country on horseback; but that all this had not in the least abated my wish to return, neither had the regret I felt at leaving it, lessened in any way the joy I now experienced in seeing them all again.

CHAPTER XIV.

MADEMOISELLE IS RECEIVED IN PARIS WITH ALL DUE HONOUR—THE GREAT CONDÉ PROMISES TO MAKE HER QUEEN OF FRANCE, IF POSSIBLE—THE GENERALS LEFT IN COMMAND AT ORLEANS GO QUIETLY TO DINNER—LEAVING A FAUBOURG TO BE TAKEN BY THE ENEMY—MADEMOISELLE REVIEWS THE TROOPS, AND RECOMMENDS ACTIVE OPERATIONS.

On my reaching Paris, the people poured forth from all quarters. I found the road lined with coaches; everyone expressing by their looks the joy they felt on seeing me return, and at the happy results of my expedition. I found the Palace d'Orleans full of company; and, on accosting Monsieur, he received me with a smiling countenance, when I went to salute him in his bed. The Prince was present at our interview, apprehending that he might say something harsh as to my return. I wished to give him an account of my journey, but he said he was ill, and that I must tell it him another time, for he

could not now talk of affairs. I then went to salute Madame in her chamber, where she had awaited me very patiently, having little pleasure in seeing me return triumphant on an occasion in which I had been so useful to the party, for she considered that it would be attended with no good results. The Prince led me to her; but as she had little affection for him, she complained that his boots smelt of Russia leather, which she disliked extremely, so that it put an end to all conversation, and he left the apartment for the next room, where he found the best company arrived to greet me. Madame received me well enough, but I made my visit as short as usual, and found all the distinguished ladies of Paris, who were waiting to see me, in her cabinet. The Prince, approaching me, first observed, you will now go to court; every one will be proud to welcome you there; and more from the unusual occurrence of your having seen the army and the court in one day. I soon, therefore, set out for the Luxembourg, and people ran after me in the streets, as if they had never beheld me before. Indeed, I was quite ashamed. As no one seemed to doubt I should go to court, the way was so crowded with coaches, that I had some difficulty in entering: all my friends congratulated me *en passant*, and the kindness shown me, and the applause I met with, exceeded all that I had expected.

On returning to my residence, I found the Prince, who handed me from my coach. At the same moment several other gentlemen arrived, and among them Monsieur de Nemours, who was out for the first time; so I took him aside to converse with him, requesting the Prince and Madame d'Epernon to do the honours of the house, and entertain the company whilst I conversed with him. He told me, that all had changed its aspect since he had last had the felicity of seeing me; for that if thoughts of peace were then entertained it was death to utter them; but that now if some compromise were not entered into we should be ruined. This conversation took me quite by surprise, and I reasoned with him on the subject, for I did not consider our affairs at all in a bad state; I had taken Orleans; the Prince had beaten the enemy at Bleneau; our troops were in the best condition; and we were masters of Paris. After having admitted all this, he replied: "You do not perceive what is for your own advantage, for if we make peace at this time you will be Queen of France: whilst if we delay to effect it till we are no longer masters, you will be nothing, and the whole party undone." Upon hearing this, I softened a little, and he then further told me, that Monsieur le Prince was in every respect well affected towards me.

After this conversation, I joined the company, where the Prince never quitted me, saying, "It is but right that I should have the honour of talking to you, having so much to say." He then began, "I think the Count de Fiesque has informed you from me on many points connected with your establishment; affairs are now more favourable in that respect than ever, and I promise you, I will conclude no treaty of peace in which you are not considered." He then gave me to understand, that the thing he most wished was, to see me Queen of France; for that his interest was so concerned in it, that nothing would be more advantageous, and considering the kindness that I had for him, and the confidence he felt in me, he was persuaded that I should always regard him as depending more than any one else on me; for there was nothing he would not do to see the affair succeed—that I had only to command him, and that he would obey me in everything.

The next day a courier arrived from the army, bringing tidings that the enemy had attacked one of the Faubourgs of Etampes—that they had carried our position, and taken a great many prisoners. Our generals, after having seen all our troops enter the town, believing unfortnately that there was no attack intended, went quietly to dinner,

when *le quartier des Etrangers* was surprised. Every one flew to arms; but the crowd and the astonishment were such, that they could do but little. There was also another difficulty, which retarded the help they might have given, which was, that during their morning sally they had placed the baggage in the town, and as Etampes merely consists of one street, they did not know how to pass it. Still, on their return, there would have been time to have removed it had they believed the enemy so near, and to have put themselves in a position to receive them, had they resolved to attack. But though it is easy to settle all this when the thing has happened, it is not so easy to foresee it all; and it is not the first mistake that has so happened in war. I confess I was very much distressed at this account, from the kindness the officers and the whole army had uniformly shown me.

The King of England came to see me, but he was no longer in our interests; for he had sent his brother the Duke of York as a volunteer to the army of Monsieur de Turenne. He said nothing of what had just passed at Etampes, knowing it could not be agreeable. When the Queen of England heard that I had entered Orleans, she said that she was not at all astonished that I had saved it from the hands of the enemy, as the Maid of

Orleans had done in former times; and that I had begun as she had done, by driving away the English—meaning to say, that I had banished her son from my residence. This was much talked of, and every letter I received for two days afterwards made mention of the circumstance. I paid her Majesty my respects, and found her much attached to the interests of the court, which constrained me to make my visits less frequent: we derive little pleasure from disputing with those whom we are bound to respect.

It is as well to say a few words concerning an embassy of Messieurs de Rohan, Chavigny, and Goulas, on the part of Monsieur, to St. Germain. On their arrival, they demanded an audience of the Queen, which was granted. Her Majesty led them into her cabinet, and said that she would send for Cardinal Mazarin. When he entered, they were desirous of leaving, for they had received no orders to confer with him; making, at the same time, some forced excuses. Nevertheless, they remained shut up with him three hours after their Majesties had left. They were agreed upon every point. Monsieur and the Prince were to have everything their own way; and the Cardinal consented to take himself from court, provided that he went to treat for peace. Monsieur would not consent to this; so the affair

was broken off, at which the Prince was much chagrined.

Monsieur and the Prince came to see me every day, with all the other principal people, of both sexes, belonging to our party. The court, in short, was at my residence, and I was, as it were, Queen of Paris; for Madame liked the world as little as it seemed to like her. I therefore passed my time very agreeably. I was honoured by all, and held in the highest consideration; I do not know if this was for myself, or from the belief that I had much to do with the progress of affairs. Yet the truth is, though it seemed difficult to believe, that I had nothing to do with them, for Monsieur never did me the honour of giving me his confidence. This avowal is as wounding to my self-love as to the love I felt for him; for those who knew me were aware that I merited such confidence; whilst those who read these Memoirs will feel that I well deserved the honour.

The Prince acted towards me in a very different manner; making me acquainted with almost everything he knew: when he kept back anything, it was that in which he believed he had failed, as if he wished to conceal it even from himself. Often when he had something to tell me, I would say, "I am tired of hearing the

same thing; affairs of this sort only serve to weary me. Nobody likes intrigue less than I;" which, indeed, is the reason I neglected many matters in which I might with propriety have taken part.

Since Monsieur had declared himself, he had several times sent to Monsieur de Lorraine, who held out the hope that he would come over to our party. The Prince sent also: and on the arrival of the Count de Fiesque, he gave notice that he would indeed come, but that it was on account of the Spaniards, and not at all on that of Monsieur or the Prince. Intelligence was at length received that he was actually at Dammartin, about eight leagues from Paris. The morning was beautiful, so that Monsieur and the Prince immediately set out on horseback to meet him; whilst I sent a gentleman to offer him my house of Bois-le-Vicomte, which was about half-way between Dammartin and Paris. As soon as they met, he resolved to come with them to Paris. I was at court when I heard of his arrival, and I hurried with all speed to receive him.

On entering the room of Madame (his sister), he came forward to salute me. I drew back, not thinking it right that he should begin with me first; so he ran on jesting with Madame upon all that had passed since we had met; and

then he talked with me, when he became serious, and paid me some handsome compliments. He spoke of the veneration in which I was held by the Spaniards, on account of the affair of Orleans; and brief as this conversation was, it embraced no topic but my praises, nor is it to be wondered at that I thought it highly agreeable.

As it was very late, I took my departure; when M. de Lorraine conducted me to my coach, and then walked part of the way with his hand on the door, wishing to escort me to my residence. I was much embarrassed by this civility, and at last he left me. He remained in Paris six days, during which time he went with me to court, diverting me very much, and avoiding all conferences with Monsieur and the Prince, from fear of committing himself. I found him one evening with Madame and Monsieur. They were both pressing him to give them some news from Etampes; but he parried their questions with admirable address, saying nothing, yet giving them the impression that he was well disposed towards them. And when he wished not to reply, he sang, or began to dance, making them both laugh heartily; for had we not known him to be a very clever man, on seeing all this we might have taken him for a fool. Monsieur one day sent for him when Cardinal de

Retz was with him, and wished to speak on business; but he said, "With priests I can only pray to God, that they will give me a chaplet (meaning bread). They ought not to meddle with anything, but to pray, and to make others pray also." At that moment Madame and Mademoiselle Chevreuse came in. They also wished to hear him speak; but he took a guitar, saying, "Let us dance, ladies; it will suit you much better than speaking of affairs."

Upon the arrival of Monsieur de Lorraine's troops at Villeneuve Saint George, Monsieur and the Prince went to see them, in the hope of inducing them to pass the Seine, a bridge having been made for that purpose. They took me with them. On our reaching the guard at the bridge, they told us his Highness (Monsieur de Lorraine) was not there; but they showed us the way he had gone, and we went to him. We found him quite alone. He said, that he had been driving away a party of the enemy which had shown itself; but, in reality, he was just come from negotiating with an agent of Cardinal Mazarin's. After this he threw himself on the ground, exclaiming, "I shall die. I was about to be bled, but hearing that you were bringing me some ladies, I went to see whether I could not catch a courier charged with letters,

so as to have something to amuse them, for what else can they have to do with the army?"

All the ladies—especially the Maréchalès—on horseback with me, were astonished to hear him talk in this manner. After he had lain on the sand for some time, uttering a thousand wild, agreeable things, Monsieur proposed to adjourn to the wood, to hold a council; and here, at last, Monsieur de Lorraine positively promised him that he would arrange for the troops to pass the river.

While they were talking, I crossed the bridge for the purpose of viewing the troops, which stood in battle array. The cavalry were very fine, but the infantry nothing to speak of. There were among them some Irish, who in general have nothing to recommend them but their bag-pipes. When we had seen all, he caused several regiments of cavalry to pass the river; but no sooner were we gone, than he recalled them all. He remained in this position six or seven days; the merchants of Paris going out to sell their wares, so that there was quite a fair in the camp. The ladies from Paris repaired thither also. When Monsieur de Lorraine came into Paris, he did it secretly, so that we had no opportunity of seeing him.

One day, after having received a visit from the

King of England, he sent us word that he was hard pressed, and should be obliged to give battle, and that we must send him reinforcements. This broke in upon our merriment, for we were just going to dance when the news came. The Prince immediately changed his dress, and proceeded on horseback to meet him with our cavalry; joining our troops at Essone, where he remained for the night. Monsieur de Beaufort set out at the same time, taking with him what troops he could find; but these were not considerable, consisting of a few recruits. When the Prince arrived, Monsieur de Lorraine told him that he was so pushed, that he could no longer retain the post; that the siege of Etampes, the only motive of his being there, was raised; that he had treated with Monsieur de Turenne, and had a passport to return with his troops. He caused those which Monsieur de Beaufort had brought to be escorted to the gates of Paris, and then prepared to march himself.

I was informed of this strange news on my awaking, and it caused me the utmost surprise. I greatly deplored the embarrassment which it must occasion to our party, even without thinking of my own peculiar interest; for Madame might now turn her plans to account in favour of my sisters, and enter into a compromise to my pre-

judice. When the Prince heard of the new treaty, he left his cavalry and went to meet the infantry, which were to encamp at Juvisy, where he had many officers with him; and we can well fancy how proud he was to have compelled Monsieur de Turenne to raise the siege of Etampes.

I was at the Luxembourg that day, where I confess I did wrong to go, for I scolded Madame without any mercy, and said worse things of her brother, which I ought not to have done, from the respect due to her and Monsieur de Lorraine; but party spirit for once made me forget myself.

Although Madame stood very well with Monsieur, and was supposed to be held by his Highness in more consideration than myself, it did not appear on this occasion. Though he knew that I had treated her without ceremony, and though I allowed myself the greatest liberty in speaking of the affair to him, he did not utter a word. He even behaved to me as well as usual; that is, in appearance, always making me welcome; but as to confidence, I have said how that was; and it seemed to me that merely for a father to act civilly, was not sufficient towards such a daughter as myself.

All Paris was inveighing bitterly against the Lorraines; indeed, no one ventured to speak of them favourably for fear of the consequences;

neither was more consideration shown for the King and the Queen of England, who, it was conceived, had conducted the negotiation between the court and the Duke. So they and their household were kept in the Louvre without daring to go out; for the people said, "You wish to render us as miserable as yourselves, and are doing as much to ruin France, as you have done, and are doing, in England."

Of all dominations, that over people's tongues is the most difficult, for we cannot hinder them from saying to each other what they think. But the King and Queen of England avoided the danger with great prudence, more than *we* should have shown in trying to restrain the people's speech; for Monsieur, the Prince, and myself, were not a little angry with their Britannic Majesties. Monsieur, who had always lived on the best of terms with his sister, had much to complain of, in regard to the way in which she had acted. As for me, I could blame neither him nor the Prince; for I exclaimed against their Majesties with all my might; and I thought that the King of England ought to have considered the friendship he once had towards me. But in another view, their Majesties might be excused, considering that they drew their subsistence from the court, and were therefore bound to show their

gratitude. Everything considered, however, it would have been more becoming in them to have remained neuter.

Mònsieur went to the mill at Châtillon, to view from it the victorious troops that were coming from Etampes, and was conducted by the Prince to St. Cloud; after which, he returned to Paris. The officers were very much pleased with their vicinity to Paris, as they could visit it often: but this facility was detrimental, causing them to slacken in their duty to the army, while the pleasures and allurements of Paris corrupted the troops. Monsieur de Clinchamp took care to visit me, and to inform me of everything that occurred. He paid me some compliments on the part of the Count de Fuensaldagne, and told me that the Spaniards had great consideration and esteem for me; and that if the Archduke possessed merit sufficient to deserve my hand, they would give him the sovereignty of the Pays-Bas, as had been done in the case of the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella. I made a jest of what he said; but he seemed so angry that I was fain to constrain myself, and listen to him with the utmost seriousness.

Whilst our officers were amusing themselves at Paris, and in the fine houses of St. Cloud, Messieurs de Nemours and de la Rochefoucault

were expecting to secure great advantages from a treaty with the court, neglecting, in the meantime, to raise recruits and new troops. The Cardinal adopted means to amuse them; arousing a zeal for their own interests, which proved detrimental to their party, and quietly assembling his own troops at the same time from all sides.

Soon after the arrival of the Maréchal de la Ferté, he sent these troops to make a bridge over the Seine, towards the church of St. Denis, so as to attack St. Cloud. The Prince being informed of this, hastened thither with all speed. I had not met him for some time; for although he had called on me every day, he knew that it was at those hours when I was out: Monsieur de Nemours did the same; and when I met them at the Luxembourg there was a visible embarrassment, from a just fear that I might speak my sentiments too freely.

After having been to learn what was passing at the Isle of St. Denis, and raised a battery, the Prince returned to Monsieur, to state that he judged it advisable to march from St. Cloud, and to take the post of Charenton; as he would not be able to hold St. Cloud, in case it were attacked. Monsieur being of the same opinion, he went back in great haste, and ordered the army to march; making in person a survey of the isle,

before he rejoined the troops. Two days had passed since I had been out, owing to my being indisposed. When I left home again for a promenade, they told me at the gate de la Conference, that there were troops in the Course (a place without the gates of Paris, where persons of rank take the air). But this did not alarm me; I still continued my walk, and meeting the Baron de Lemeque, I asked him where he was going? He replied, to Charenton; but that he had great apprehension he should not gain this post easily, for that he was employed in the unpleasant commission of having to escort the baggage: as he spoke I saw a great quantity pass over the Course by the terrace *de Renard*, where I was about to walk. Here I met Madame de Châtillon, who began to weep, and said she much dreaded some harm would happen to the Prince, and that she was in extreme terror of a battle. I was very uneasy at this idea; the enemy being so much stronger than we, that they might easily cut our army to pieces; so I returned home, and changed the design I had of nursing myself, thinking I might make myself useful in one way or another.

On the day following, all the troops passed into the Faubourgs during the night; and, as there was only the Tuileries between my residence and the *fossé*, I distinctly heard the drums

and trumpets, and could distinguish the different marches. I remained leaning against my window until two o'clock in the morning, listening, and grieving at the bare thought of what might happen; yet in the midst of it all, I had a continued impression that I should find means of relieving our party in its difficulties: and I even said to Préfontaine, "I will not stay in to-day; for my impression is, that I shall do some unforeseen act, in the way I was called to do at *Orleans*." He replied, that he hoped I might, but he feared that there was nothing to be done. "Le pauvre Flamarin," whom I liked very much, and with whom I had become very intimate in my journey to Orleans, came to see me, and observed, "I am in no way uneasy as to what will happen to-morrow, being persuaded that affairs are not in the bad way we think: for I believe that peace has been made; and that it will be declared to-morrow, when the armies are face to face." I replied, laughing, that I supposed the Cardinal would do as at Casal,—throw up his hat to stop the combat, as a signal of peace. "You are sadly duped," I continued; "and we also, to be amused with negotiations, instead of putting our troops in proper order. All that will come of this, will be to our disadvantage. I hardly dare to think of it; nor of the pain it will be to you, who always

believe what they bid you, to discover that you have been deceived." We then parted, and he added as he went, "Well, we shall see which of us two is deceived!"

CHAPTER XV.

BATTLE OF SAINT ANTOINE—CONDÉ CALLS ON MADEMOISELLE TO AID HIM—GASTON, FINDING A BATTLE IMMINENT, FALLS ILL, LEAVING IT TO MADEMOISELLE TO ACT—SHE EXTORTS PERMISSION FOR THE ENTRANCE OF THE TROOPS, IS PLACED IN COMMAND BY THE PRINCE, TAKES HER POST ACCORDINGLY; AND, FINALLY, SAVES THE GREAT CONDÉ AND HIS ARMY, BY GOING TO THE BASTILE AND ORDERING THE GUNS TO BE TURNED UPON THE ROYAL ARMY—SHE RECEIVES A VISIT FROM THE PRINCE, AND RECOMMENDS FIGHTING, GENERALLY, IN PREFERENCE TO NEGOTIATION.

At six o'clock in the morning, the 2nd of July, 1652, I heard a knock at my door. I awoke in surprise, and called my women to open it. The Count de Fiesque entered, and said that the Prince had sent to Monsieur to inform him, that he had been attacked at break of day, between Montmartre and la Chapelle; that he had been refused entrance at the gate St. Denis, on going thither to render him (Monsieur) an account of the state of affairs, and to receive his orders; he therefore begged him to mount his horse, when

he would continue his march, not being able to remain where he was. But Monsieur had replied, that he found himself ill. He added, that the Prince had also desired him to come to me, and to beg me not to abandon him. I arose with all the haste possible, and went to the Luxembourg, where I found Monsieur on the top of the stairs. I said, "I thought to have found you in bed; for the Count de Fiesque tells me you are ill." He replied, "I am not ill enough for that; but am too unwell to go out." I then entreated him to get upon his horse and fly to the help of the Prince; but in vain: nothing I could say had the least power to persuade him; and finding that every appeal was useless, I begged him to go to bed, and appear to be ill; for that it was for his interest, as well as for the Prince's, so to appear. But he was neither to be moved by tears, nor by anything I said to him. It was difficult to maintain one's fortitude and presence of mind in circumstances so trying, when the very lives, as well as interests, of the Prince and so many others—true and gallant men—were at stake. The suspense was terrible. I saw Madame de Nemours in so pitiable a state of anxiety for her husband, and Monsieur de Beaufort, her brother, that it served to augment my grief.

The partisans of Monsieur were full of joy, in

the hope that the Prince would perish; but these were the friends of Cardinal de Retz, and it was that which made them speak as they did. Monsieur himself went and came in and out, I talking to him all the time, and pressing him so far as to say, "Unless you have a treaty with the Court in your pocket, I cannot understand how you can be so tranquil: but do you do well to sacrifice M. le Prince to Cardinal Mazarin?" He made me no answer; and these entreaties lasted an hour; during which time all our friends might have been killed, and the Prince among the number, without any one appearing to care. All this seemed to me as ill-judged as it was cruel.

At last, Messieurs de Rohan and de Chavigny, in whom the Prince had always put the greatest confidence, came in: after they had conversed for some time with his Royal Highness, it was resolved to send me to the Hotel de Ville, to demand in his name what was necessary to be done. At the same time, a letter was given to Monsieur de Rohan, to present to the gentlemen of the Hotel de Ville, in which it was explained that his Highness entrusted it to me to make known to them his wishes. I left the Luxembourg, accompanied by Madame de Nemours, and the Countess de Fiesque, with her daughter; and, in the Rue Dauphine, met the Marquis de Gersé, on his way to entreat Monsieur, on the part of

the Prince, to allow the troops that were stationed at Poissy to pass through the city. They were then waiting at the gate St. Honoré, to have it opened. Gersé had been wounded by a musket-shot in the arm, and was covered with blood, not having had time to dress it. I told him that he was wounded "gallantly," for that he carried his arm in a very charming manner. He replied that he could have well dispensed with such "gallantry," for his wound was so near the elbow that he suffered most horrible pain, although he seemed to make light of it. All the citizens were collected in the streets, asking me as I passed,—"What shall we do? You have only to command, and we are ready, one and all, to obey your orders;" appearing, at the same time, very zealous for the party, and for the preservation of the Prince.

When I arrived at the Hotel de Ville, the Governor and others came to meet me at the top of the stairs, excusing themselves, on account of the suddenness of my visit, from not having come further. I replied, that I doubted not my arrival was a surprise to them, but that it was owing to the indisposition of Monsieur. Seeing that we were in the great hall, I asked, "Is everybody here?" and being answered in the affirmative, I continued, "Monsieur, being very unwell,

and not able to come here himself, has desired M. de Rohan to give you a letter from him." After this was read, I explained that Monsieur had commanded me to tell them, that he desired that the city might be armed in every quarter. They replied that it was already done, and that they had sent the Prince two thousand men. Hearing that they had given this order, I was in no trouble as to its execution, knowing the affection which the Bourgeois had for the Prince, and that they would willingly extricate him from his peril. I then asked leave to place four hundred men in the Place Royale, which was granted; keeping back for the last my principal request, which was, that they would grant a passage for our army. Seeing them consider of it, I said: "It seems to me that there is little time to deliberate; Monsieur has always shown so much good will towards the city of Paris, that it is but right in this conjuncture, in which he has come to its help, and to that of the Prince, that it should convince him of its gratitude. It is right, also, you should be assured that if unfortunately the enemy should be too strong for the Prince, there will be as little quarter shown to the Parisians as to the soldiers in the ranks. Cardinal Mazarin is persuaded that no one likes him; for, in truth, we have given him sufficient proof of it; can we doubt, therefore, that, with vengeance

in his hand, he will fail to use it? It is for us to prevent this by our precautions; and we cannot do the King greater service, than by preserving the largest and most beautiful city of his kingdom—its capital, and which has always remained faithful to his Majesty."

Le Maréchal de l'Hôpital spoke, and said:—"You know well, Mademoiselle, that had you not drawn your troops near the town, the King's would not have come; they are only here to drive yours away." Madame de Nemours did not like this, and began to reproach him; but I interrupted her, saying, "There is no question as to what Cardinal Mazarin would do if he could; whether in Paris or without, we can easily guess what his intentions are; certainly not favourable towards any of us. But think, Monsieur, whilst we are amusing ourselves with these useless discussions, the Prince is in peril in your faubourgs! What grief, what indelible disgrace, will it be for Paris, should he perish for want of succour! This you can give him, therefore let it be as quickly as possible." They arose, and retired to a room at the end of the hall, to consider of it; during which time, leaning on a window which looked on the St. Esprit, where they were singing mass, though I did not hear the whole of it, I offered up my prayers to God. Still, I continued running backwards and

forwards, to hurry the gentlemen for their answer, reminding them that the matter for which they were assembled demanded haste; inasmuch as that if they would not grant what we asked, we must take other measures; for that I had so much confidence in the people of Paris, that I could not believe they would abandon us. Soon after I had said this, they went out, and gave the orders I desired; whilst I sent with all speed to the Prince, to state that I had obtained for our troops the *entrée* of the city, and that I had sent the Marquis de la Boulaye to the gate St. Honoré, to let in those that came from Poissy.

On quitting the Hotel de Ville, I found the citizens congregated in the Grève, inveighing rather bitterly against the Maréchal de l'Hôpital. There was one even who asked me, looking at him intently as he was accompanying me, "How can you put up with that Mazarin? If you are not satisfied with him, we will drown him." Nay, he would have struck the Maréchal, but I prevented him, and cried out, "I am quite satisfied." Nevertheless, to place him in safety, I made him go back to the Hotel de Ville before my coach quitted it. In the Rue de la Tisseranderie, I met the most pitiable and frightful spectacle I ever saw; this was Monsieur the Duke de la Rochefoucault, who had received a

musket-shot, which had entered the corner of one eye and come out by the other, so that the two eyes were both wounded. He looked ready to sink from the loss of blood; his son held him by one hand, and Gouville by the other, for he could not see. He was on horseback, and wore a white doublet, as did those also who led him, and all were covered with blood. His attendants were all in tears, for he looked as if he never could recover. I stopped to speak to him, but he made me no answer; it was as much as he could do to listen to a gentleman of Monsieur de Nemours, who came up to inform the wife of the latter that he had sent him to say that he was slightly wounded in the head, but that it was nothing, and that he had turned back for fear of alarming her, being covered with blood. She left me immediately, to go in search of her husband.

Many persons said, on seeing these wounded gentlemen, that God had punished them; inasmuch as their negotiations, causing everything else to be neglected, had led to the engagement in which they had been so roughly handled. Although this thought had struck me as well as others, I nevertheless felt much compassion for Monsieur de la Rochefoucault. After having quitted him, I met Guitaut, at the entrance of the Rue St. Antoine, on horseback, without his

hat, and his dress in great disorder. A man was assisting him, for he could not support himself, and he looked the picture of death. I cried out to him, "Are you dying?" and he motioned with his head in the negative; nevertheless, he had a large musket-ball in his body. I then saw Vallon, who approached my coach in a chair; he had received a wound in the loins, and as he was very fat, it was necessary to have it dressed quickly. He said, "*Eh bien, ma bonne maîtresse*, we are all lost!" I assured him that we were not, and he replied: "You give me life with the hope of securing a retreat for our troops." At every step I took I met with wounded men; some struck in the head, others in the body, in the arms, or the legs; and they were upon horses and afoot, upon ladders, upon planks, on hand-barrows, and there were many dead bodies.

When I arrived near the gate, I sent on Monsieur de Rohan, with the order to the guard to allow our people to go in and out, and to do all that I should direct him; for the orders of the Hotel de Ville were, that persons in authority were to do everything I should command. I then entered the house of the Maître des Comptes, who had come to offer it to me. It is close to the Bastile, the windows looking into the street. As soon as I was there, the Prince came to see me. He

was in a deplorable state; his face covered with dust, his hair dishevelled, his neck and shirt stained with blood. Although he was not wounded, his cuirass bore the marks of blows; he carried his naked sword in his hand, for he had lost the scabbard. He gave it to my equerry, and said: "Ah, Mademoiselle! I am in despair: I have lost all my friends. Messieurs de Nemours, de la Rochefoucault, and Clinchamp, are mortally wounded." I assured him that things were not so bad as he imagined; that the surgeons did not consider their wounds dangerous; and that I had just heard news of Clinchamp, who was only two doors off, and that Préfontaine, who had seen him, said that he was in no danger.

This seemed to revive the Prince a little; though he was very much cast down; for he wept bitterly, as he exclaimed, "You must excuse the grief in which you see me." It had been said, he cared for nobody; but I had always found him attached to his friends, and kind to those he loved. He arose, and begged me to take care that the baggage, which was outside the gate, should pass, and not to leave the spot, in order that they might all know where to find me in case of difficulty; for he was in haste, and therefore could not remain. I entreated him to come instantly into the city with his army. He replied,

that he was not yet in a position to do so, but that I must not fret myself, as he should do little more than skirmish about; that I might be easy respecting my friends; as he pledged himself to bring back the troops of Monsieur safe and sound: but that, for himself, he would never be reproached with having made a retreat in broad day before the Mazarins.

After he had departed, the Marquis de la Roche-gaillard was carried by, stretched upon a ladder, and totally insensible from a wound in the head, which appeared to be mortal. I felt great commiseration for him; he was a handsome, well-made man, and retained his good looks even in that state; the worst was, that he was of the Protestant religion.

There was nothing to be seen all that day but the killed or the wounded; and I experienced the truth of the observation made by military men, that we become accustomed to such sights, and that our pity is strongly excited only at first, especially with regard to those with whom we are not acquainted. There were some poor Germans, who knew not where to lay their heads, nor, from not speaking our language, to whom to complain: I sent them to the hospital, or to the surgeons, according to their degree.

All the colonels in quarters sent to me to

receive orders respecting the entrance of their soldiers: I seemed to be again at Orleans: I commanded and they obeyed me. I gave directions for the baggage to file off, in the way the Prince had desired; and ordered that it should be taken to the Place Royale; thinking it well to put it in the centre, whilst they unyoked the horses and fed them under the galleries. The Prince had forgotten to tell me where to send them, but they did very well there till we knew better where to dispose of them. The four hundred musqueteers they had given me as a corps de reserve, for the Prince, in case of need, I sent in the evening, one half to the boulevard of the Porte St. Antoine, and the others to the Arsenal, where the *Grand Maître* at first made some objections, but on my second summons he consented to receive them. Their mere appearance there had a good effect; namely, showing that the Bourgeois were defending us, as well as themselves, and leading the Mazarins to conclude that they were entirely on our side of the question. Any further assistance from the citizens could not be relied upon: but every circumstance that made it appear as if Paris had declared for us, was a great advantage. I was extremely anxious and uneasy all that day; but I had no right to complain of my exertions, since everything succeeded so well.

The confusion in which I beheld affairs in the morning, had occasioned me great disquietude, although now relieved from it; whilst the conduct of Monsieur towards the Prince, which did so much harm to himself, drove me almost to distraction; my mind was on the rack, and I can hardly comprehend how I could have performed what I did in such a state of agitation. It was one of the results of the miracle God performed for us that day; for, without some such intervention, affairs would never have terminated as they did.

The Prince, being attacked near the Faubourg St. Denis, sent the cavalry to hold the enemy in play, whilst he marched with all speed to the Faubourg St. Antoine, where he was attacked by the whole army of Monsieur de Turenne, who arrived at the same time as himself. Condé barricaded himself in the great street, within sight of his enemies, in the best way he could; sending his troops to guard the other avenues; though it is right to observe, that this faubourg is open on all sides, and that it would have required twice the number of troops the Prince had to guard a single avenue. The enemy's forces were about twelve thousand men, the army of the Prince not more than five thousand: nevertheless, he resisted them for the space of seven or eight

hours, fighting furiously all the time, and he was at every point where danger threatened. The enemy said, that he was nothing less than a devil, for that no human being could have done what he did that day; he was everywhere to be seen in the thick of the battle. At length, Turenne forced the great barricade, which kept the cross-way leading to Picpuce and Vincennes. Our infantry did wonders; but the cavalry took fright and fled, carrying with them all they met in their way, as far as the abbey St. Antoine. Their flight so enraged the Prince, that he returned, sword in hand, with a hundred musketeers, and all the officers of cavalry or infantry at hand, to the number of thirty or forty, and with these and some volunteers, he retook the barricade, and drove out the enemy, although protected by numbers of their best troops. What he did that day is quite beyond conception; he gained the admiration of all, by his great valour, his prudence, and cool presence of mind.

My occupation was to watch the passing of the baggage, and the killed and wounded. There was a cavalier who had been shot, still remaining on his horse, which followed the baggage, with its poor master: it was a pitiable sight! Madame de Châtillon came in Madame de Nemours' coach to the house where I was. She

had been to see her husband, and exclaimed, "Ah! how very good you are to go through all this for the sake of the Prince! for if I mistake not, he has not of late been on good terms with you, and you have reason to complain of his conduct." I replied, "If M. le Prince has been wanting in kindness towards me, it has merely been in trifles; and I will not desert him now: this is an affair of too much importance to allow us to think of anything but his safety. If I were in his place I would hang all those who had brought me into such a dilemma for their own despicable objects." She replied not a word, and remained near me, though I wished much that she would take her departure.

Upon the President Viole's coming in, she assured him that Monsieur had treated with the court, and knew well what was about to happen; which was the reason why he had not made his appearance. I repeated this to the Count de Fiesque, and reproached Madame de Châtillon, expressing my surprise that any sensible woman should have fallen so easily into the snare, and have believed anything so ridiculous; adding, that if Monsieur knew the author of such a calumny, he would assuredly throw him out of the window; but, that I thought, with her, Monsieur had done wrong in not placing himself on horseback, which I had ardently desired

and had done all in my power to effect. Yet it was not to be inferred from this that he had deceived the Prince, for that he was not a man to be led in this manner. She betrayed no little confusion at these words; she had reason, and ought indeed to have rested satisfied with the mischief she herself had done, without accusing others. Her embarrassment made her forget even her wonted graces, or there was not one that day to display, and her complexion being naturally a "deep brown," this depth of tint was only too visibly augmented.

The Governor of the Bastile, named Louviers, son of Monsieur de Broussel, sent me word that, provided he received an order from Monsieur, in writing, he would do everything that he commanded. I requested the Count de Bethune to convey this message to Monsieur. The Abbé d'Effiat, who, among others, had come to see me, perceiving that it was late, and that I had not dined, nor even thought about it, offered me his house, which was near, and ordered some refreshment to be brought me. It was most acceptable, for I was very hungry. Madame de Châtillon dined with me, making the most ridiculous grimaces; at which we should all have laughed had we been rather more in the humour.

About two o'clock the Count de Bethune sent

me notice that Monsieur was coming to see me. I despatched a messenger immediately to the Count de Fiesque, to beg him to inform the Prince. The poor Count had many journeys to take that day; indeed he flew backwards and forwards, like a foot-ball, without ceasing.

At length, Monsieur le Prince came. I saw him from the window, and went to the staircase to meet him. He seemed quite a changed man since morning; although he wore exactly the same dress. He had a smiling look and a gay manner, and paid me a thousand compliments and thanks for the essential service I had rendered to him. I had said that I had a favour to ask; which was, that he would take no notice before Monsieur of the fault he had committed as regarded him. He replied, "I have many thanks to return to Monsieur; but for him I should not have been here." I began to laugh, and exclaimed, "A truce to your jests; I know how much reason you have to complain, and I am quite unhappy about it; but, from kindness to me, I know you will not speak of it." He promised me seriously that he would not; "being persuaded that, in reality, Monsieur had a great esteem for him, and that it was the friends of the Cardinal de Retz who had prevented him from following out his good intentions. Besides, he did not

forget the respect he owed him, nor was he less sensible on what grounds he had long acted in that respect." We then went into the room where the Countess de Fiesque was, with Madame de Châtillon and Monsieur de Rohan. He approached them, looking daggers at Madame de Châtillon, and showing by his manner how much he despised her. I was very glad to see it; whilst she was so overcome that they gave her some water to keep her from fainting, and she very soon took her departure.

Monsieur had now arrived; he embraced the Prince with a manner just as gay and unconstrained as though he had been no way to blame; expressed the joy he felt in seeing him out of danger, and made him relate the particulars of the combat. Upon this, the Prince confessed that never had he been in such imminent peril. They grieved over the killed and wounded, both indeed very numerous, and it was resolved that the army should enter the city the same evening; upon which Monsieur went to the Hotel de Ville, to thank the city corps; whilst the Prince returned to his army. Monsieur de Beaufort made a great bustle, and seemed to think that it was he himself who had done everything.

When they had departed, I went to the Bastile, where I had never before been. I walked for a

considerable time upon the towers, and ordered the garrison to load the cannon, which were all pointed towards the city. Some I caused to be turned towards the water-side, and towards the faubourg, to defend the bastion. By the aid of a telescope, I saw a great many people upon the height of Charonne; and, perceiving some coaches, I was disposed to think that it was the King, and I afterwards learnt that I was right in my conjecture. I saw also all the enemy's army in the distance towards Bagnolet; it appeared very strong in cavalry. I could distinguish the generals, though without knowing their features, recognising them by their suite; and I perceived, from the disposition of their cavalry, that they intended to cut us off between the faubourg and the fossé; some squadrons being sent in the direction of Pincourt; others to Neuilli, by the water-side. Had this movement been made sooner we should all have been lost. I sent off a page at full speed to give intelligence to the Prince: he was already on the belfry of the Abbey St. Antoine, and, on receiving my confirmation of what he was observing, he ordered the troops to march into the city.

I then returned to the house where I had been during the day, to view the army as it passed, for I knew that all the officers would be delighted to

see me. I must not forget to state, that in the morning the officers and soldiers were in a state of extreme consternation, not knowing where to find quarters; but when they knew that I was at the gate, their cries of joy were heard on all sides; and they exclaimed, "Let us show a bold front! we have a secure retreat; Mademoiselle is at the gate, and will cause it to be opened if we are pressed." Monsieur le Prince issued an order for me to send them some wine, which I did with the utmost diligence; and as they passed before the house, they cried aloud, "We have drunk to your health, as our deliverer!" When the regiment of Sester passed, I called Baudits, (who was at its head, and much afflicted by the loss of his colonel, his friend,) to tell him that I had asked of Monsieur the regiment for him, and he had granted my request.

Monsieur le Prince came to see me when he reentered the city; and, wishing to reproach him with all that had taken place, I said, "Look at those fine troops! I do not see that they are any the worse since I saw them at Etampes! And yet they have sustained a siege, and been in two actions. Heaven preserve them from negotiations!" He coloured, but did not reply; and I continued, "You will at least, my cousin,

promise me that there shall be no more?" He said, "I do." And I added, "I cannot help telling you that on this occasion you ought to distinguish your true friends from those who have only their self-interest in view, and who expose you to personal danger in the hope of gaining fifty thousand crowns. What I say to you is in friendship, and to make you reflect; no one else will venture so to speak to you." Tears of anger came into his eyes; I dropped the conversation; but first added, "Intrigue has been pushed quite far enough; I hope you will now put a stop to it." He left me, and I remained where I was until all the troops had passed in. Those which the Maréchals de Turenne and de la Ferté had pushed forward to harass them, advanced closer to the city, but, conformably to my orders when I left, two or three discharges of cannon from the Bastile checked their ardour, and, sweeping a rank of cavalry, caused the utmost dismay. But for this timely succour, all the foreign infantry, the gendarmes, and some cavalry, which were in the advanced guard, must have been cut off.

When I had seen them all safe, I went to the Hotel de Chavigny, to take some refreshment and repose, for it had been intensely hot. On my going to the Luxembourg, we talked much of what had been performed that day; every one

entertaining me with an account of what had passed. Monsieur le Prince paid me a thousand compliments, and told Monsieur that I had done enough to deserve all his praises. He came towards me, and said that he was satisfied with me; but it was not spoken with the affection that he ought to have shown me. I attributed this to the regret he must have felt at my having performed what he ought himself to have done; and consoled myself for an indifference which was hard to bear, by accounting for it in this manner.

CHAPTER XVI.

INCIDENTS IN CONNEXION WITH THE BATTLE OF ST. ANTOINE—THE KING OF FRANCE AND HIS MEN MARCH BACK TO ST. DENIS—MADEMOISELLE DESPATCHED TO THE HOTEL DE VILLE, TO QUELL A RIOT THERE—SHE DISMISSES THE PRÉVÔT DES MARCHANDS, AND FRIGHTENS M. LE MARÉCHAL DE L'HÔPITAL OUT OF THE WINDOW.

WHEN I reflected in the evening that I had rescued this fine army from destruction, and that, at the same time, what was hardly less wonderful, I had caused the cannon of the King of Spain to thunder over Paris, and *les drapeaux rouges* to be enriched with the cross of St. André, I confess that it was to me a source of great satisfaction, as it still is. The joy I felt in having rendered so considerable a service to our party, and at having conducted myself on the occasion in such a manner as, perhaps, no person of my condition had ever done before, left room for no other considerations.

The Marquis de Flamarin was killed, which occasioned me much grief; for he had been my particular friend since the journey to Orleans, whither he had followed and faithfully served me. It had been predicted that he would die with a rope round his neck; and he had often spoken of this during the journey, laughing at himself, and saying in jest, that he never could believe he should come to be hanged. When his friends went in search of his body, they found it in the place where some years before he had killed Canillac in a duel, *and with a cord round the neck.* I could not sleep at all that night, so much did these poor dead people recur to my mind. The next day I remained at home, and a great many of the officers of the army came to see me. They talked of nothing but the bravery of Monsieur le Prince, and of the great feats he had performed; nothing could exceed their admiration! The Prince also came to visit me, and wished to have an *éclaircissement* with me upon all that had taken place previous to the combat; and the conclusion was, that he wished for no other acknowledgment from the party, than to be placed in a position to aid in securing for me a settlement as advantageous as he earnestly desired.

The good feeling evinced by the people on the day of the battle was extraordinary. They went

with one accord to seek the bodies of the dead, to have them decently interred; and distributed, as they passed, drink to the soldiers and aid to the wounded; doing what good they could, and shouting all the time, "*Vive le Roi, et point de Mazarin!*" We found several excellent officers in the list of killed; Mancini, the Cardinal's nephew, was dangerously wounded, as well as Fouilloux, ensign in the Queen's guards. The Marquis de Nantouillet, a volunteer, was killed; and St. Maigrin, at the head of the light horse. Mancini was only seventeen years old, *un fort joli garçon*, and of great promise; he did wonders at the head of a regiment of the marines, of whom he was colonel, and was very much commiserated. The battle had continued obstinate and long: at court they thought the victory certain, from the inequality of the troops; and this, indeed, is a pretty sure advantage, unless the Almighty takes the weak under his protection, which was the case in the present instance.

The Queen, who remained at St. Denis, sent one of her coaches to bring thither Monsieur le Prince, whom she believed to be a prisoner.* I

* Condé remained at Paris, with a decreasing power, and an army still more weak. Turenne conducted the King and his court towards the capital. The King, then fifteen years old, was a spectator, with Mazarin, from the

learnt from a person who was with the King, that when they heard the cannon of the Bastile, the Cardinal said, "They are firing on the enemy." And, judging by the intelligence received from Paris, they had counted upon entering by the gate of the Temple, where the Treasurer of Spain was that day on guard, in the office of colonel of his quarter. As the cannon continued to fire, some one said, "I fear it is against us." Another observed, "It is most likely Mademoiselle, who is gone to the Bastile, and they are firing in honour of her arrival." The Marquis de Villeroi said, "If it is Mademoiselle, the guns are directed against us." It

hill of Charonne, of the battle of St. Antoine, in which the generals, Condé and Turenne—the first, especially—whose reputation had previously been thought incapable of increase, gained a new renown. The Duke of Orleans, uncertain for which side to declare, kept himself quiet in the Palace of the Luxembourg. The Parliament waited the issue of the battle, to know what arrêts to make. The Queen was on her knees in the Carmelite chapel. The people, who feared equally the troops of the King and of the Prince, had shut the gates of the city, and would suffer neither ingress nor egress to any, whilst the greatest personages of France were furiously engaged in battle, and shedding each other's blood in the suburbs. Then it was that Condé's troops, coming to the Porte St. Antoine, were refused admittance; when Mademoiselle, the daughter of Gaston, taking part with Condé, commanded the gate to be

was a long time before they were assured of the truth.

The enemy's generals, when they had disposed their cavalry, as I have already stated, so as to cut us off, marched with the infantry to force the barricades; but when they thought to have surrounded us on all sides, they found no one to surround, and it soon became apparent that our party had entered with triumph into Paris. Intelligence was despatched to the King and the Cardinal, who marched back to St. Denis, which they did not reach till midnight, after a hundred false alarms. Orders to halt and to put themselves in order of battle were often issued to the

opened, and gave the order for the guns of the Bastile to be turned upon the enemy. The Prince afterwards retired to Chantilly, from whence he seldom went to Versailles. He passed the latter part of his life tormented with the gout, yet consoling himself in his retreat, and under the pain he suffered, with the conversation of the men of genius whom France could boast. He was still admired, even in his retirement; till at length the quick spirit which had made him a hero in his youth of impetuosity and strong passions, having consumed the forces of a body rather active than robust, he suffered a total decay of his faculties. His understanding failing with the weakness of his body, there remained no trace, during the two last years of his life, of what the great Condé once had been. He died in 1686.

troops, in the firm belief that we were about to attack them. Never were people so needlessly terrified, or so fatigued, for neither officers nor men ventured to take any rest.

The Queen was given to understand that we had been beaten, that few had entered Paris but the killed and wounded, and that that circumstance told in no way against the King. The retreat afforded to the troops, their inferiority in numbers, and their wretched condition, all had convinced the people of Paris of the weakness of the Princes; and they would consequently soon be disgusted with them.

An intention had long been entertained of calling a general assembly at the Hotel de Ville, with a view to form a combined party, to consist of the Magistrates, the Parliament, Monsieur, and Monsieur le Prince, and to find more ample funds for paying the troops, and for raising additional numbers. This assembly having been convoked, was held on the fourth of July. To distinguish his party, the Prince had ordered his soldiers to wear straw in their hats. I do not know how this became known among the people; when it was, they naturally concluded, that to evince zeal for the party, it was proper to wear straw, and such was the cry for it, that even the clergy were forced to

wear it; for those who displayed it not, were attacked and maltreated, with cries of "*Aux Mazarins!*"*

I repaired to the Luxembourg as soon as I had dined; when I found Monsieur very indignant against the Prince, who pressed him to go to the Hotel de Ville, which he declined. I could not understand all this mystery; and it alarmed me so much, that I sent hastily to the Prince, who was in Monsieur's room, to ask him the meaning of the anger that Monsieur evinced in regard to him. He replied, "It is nothing: Monsieur fancies there is a conspiracy, on account of the straw;" and he then explained his reasons for making his party wear it. He also informed me how necessary it was, in the state of our affairs, that an assembly should be held at the Hotel de Ville, and the bad appearance it would have if Monsieur were not there. When his Royal Highness, therefore, spoke to me on the subject, I strongly pressed him to be present. He seemed to be of a very opposite way of thinking to the Prince, yet, all of a sudden, to my surprise, he resolved to go; a little

* In order to distinguish his troops on that fatal day, when Frenchmen were to fight against Frenchmen, Condé made them wear a wisp of straw in their hats, and Turenne a piece of paper.—*Desormeaux*, vol. iii. p. 300.

late, it is true, to adopt such a resolution. The assembly ought to have met at two o'clock; he was not there until a quarter after; so that it caused a number of people to assemble in the front of the Hotel, and crowds of the *canaille*. They were bound in this assembly to recognise Monsieur as Lieutenant-Général de l'Etat, as they had done in Parliament, with full power to rule, in virtue of the King's authority, which he held in his hands whilst his Majesty should remain a prisoner in those of Mazarin—a declared enemy to the state, and a disturber of the public peace, by decree of all the Parliaments banished for ever from the kingdom; all these "arrêts" having been since confirmed by several declarations of the King. A price had now been set upon his head.* These circumstances rendered him unworthy to be the guardian of a person so sacred as the King. All things considered, there was no one but Monsieur in France who had a right to command in the royal name; and the people, knowing the zeal of his Royal Highness for the State and for his Majesty, his love

* This was acting upon a decree that had been issued in 1617, on the occasion of the Maréchal d'Ancre interdicting, under pain of death, any foreigner from taking part in the ministry. The reviving such at this time, was declaring war against Cardinal Mazarin.

for his country and for the public good, were persuaded that affairs must prosper under his administration. Monsieur le Prince, conformable to the declaration of Parliament, was also to be declared Generalissimo of the King's armies, the employment suiting him so well, that no person doubted that he would most ably fulfil it.

It seemed to me that all this was sufficient to induce Monsieur to make no difficulty in attending, although neither he nor M. le Prince assisted at the deliberations of the Hotel de Ville, as not belonging to their body. Both Princes here declared, before the whole assembly, as they had done in Parliament, that they had no other object but the service of the King, and the good of the people; that they levied war for this cause only and to drive Cardinal Mazarin out of the kingdom, and that as soon as he was removed they would lay down their arms.

While the Princes were at the Hotel de Ville, not knowing how to amuse myself, I took a promenade in the streets, with a *bouquet* of straw tied to my fan by a blue ribbon, which was the colour of our party. The people were loud in their cries of "*Vive le Roi, les Princes, et point de Mazarin!*" I returned to the Luxembourg just at the time that Monsieur arrived. While he retired to his room to change his dress,

the Prince remained with me in the antechamber; there were also some ladies. He amused himself by reading some letters which a trumpeter of Monsieur de Turenne had brought him. I asked him what they contained; and he replied, "They relate to the prisoners: if they could amuse you, I would read them to you."

At this moment a bourgeois entered, out of breath, and hardly able to speak, from the speed he had used and the fear that had seized him. He exclaimed, "The Hotel de Ville is on fire! They are shooting and killing each other, and it is the most horrible sight imaginable!" M. the Prince hastened to acquaint Monsieur, who was so surprised at the news that it made him forget he was not dressed; and he came in where the ladies were, in his shirt, saying to the Prince, "My cousin, pray go to the Hotel de Ville; you can give every proper order." He replied, "Monsieur, there is no place whither I would not go to be of service to you; at the same time, I am no friend to sedition, I do not understand it, and I confess, as regards *it*, to be quite a poltroon. Pray send Monsieur de Beaufort; he is well known and liked by the people, and will better understand how to serve you than I shall." So they sent Monsieur de Beaufort;

while Monsieur and the Prince, who seemed to be much surprised at the disturbance, and very desirous of quelling it, exerted themselves in giving every necessary direction to that effect. I went into Monsieur's closet, and proposed to him and the Prince that, if they wished it, I would go and pacify the people; for that it would be *un coup de partie* if we could avail ourselves of this occurrence to turn out the Maréchal de l'Hôpital and the Prevôt des Marchands; that it would delight the people; and that we could not give a greater mark of our authority, than to relieve those magistrates from the embarrassment they were under in being among persons so irritated against them. They replied, that if I thought I should succeed, I might go, for that it would be both useful and advantageous.

The Prince wished to accompany me, but I desired him not to do so; merely taking some of his and his Royal Highness's people, Mesdames de Sully and de Villars, and the Countesses de Fiesque and de Frontenac, who confessed that they were much frightened. On our leaving the Luxembourg, the first thing we saw was a man dead in the street; and this did not serve to reassure us. I thought within myself, if we were near the Grève, we should be running more risks than usual on such

an occasion; so we offered our prayers to God, under the idea that we were about to expose ourselves to danger, and that it behoved us to be prepared for it. When we were at the end of the *Rue de Grève*, close to the bridge of Notre Dame, we saw carried along the body of Monsieur Ferrand, a counsellor of parliament, and one of our friends. I felt very sorry indeed: and those who followed informed us that they had fired upon him even at the *holy sacrament;* whereupon all the people with me got out of their coaches, and surrounded me to conjure me not to go on.

It was to no purpose that I had sent to the Hôtel de Ville, for I received no answer: they had killed another counsellor, named Miron, a good man, and one of our greatest friends. After having waited a long time without knowing even what was going on, I resolved to send a trumpeter to make himself heard; but there was none to be found: I repaired to the Hôtel de Nemours to ask for one; but I could find no trace of any. I met with an incident on le Petit Pont, which might have terrified me at a time when I had fewer affairs of moment to think of. My coach became entangled with a cart, which they use every night to carry the dead to the Hotel Dieu: I was compelled to change my seat from one

door to the other, out of apprehension that some of the hands or feet of the dead might project and strike me on the face.

When I returned to the Luxembourg I gave an account of my journey, although I had but little to relate. Monsieur wished me again to return, which I did, with the same persons in my coach, with the exception of Madame de Villars, who remained at the Hôtel de Nemours, and the good lady, Madame de Fiesque, who had gone to bed, so that I had less attendance than before; for those who knew that it was midnight, and that I was at the Luxembourg, thought that they had nothing else to do. I found the streets full of the corps-de-garde, but the people had all retired: the corps-de-garde gave me a company for escort. I met Madame le Riche, a seller of ribbons, *en chemise*, for it had been extremely warm, and the night was the most beautiful that could be seen. She had with her the Verger of St. Jacques, whom she called her Compère Paquier, who was in his calico drawers. This masquerade diverted me extremely; for they began to tell me a thousand pleasant stories in their *patois de francs badauts*, which made me laugh, notwithstanding my anxiety.

When in the Place de Grève my coach was stopped, and a man came and put his hand in at

the door at which I was seated, and asked, "Is the Prince here?" On my replying in the negative, he took his departure. He wore nothing to distinguish him; but by the light of the flambeaux before my coach, I saw that he had weapons under his arm; although I could not plainly discern what they were.

After he was gone, a moment's reflection led me to fear that his intention was to have killed Monsieur le Prince; and I was sorry the idea had not struck me at the time, as I would have had him arrested. Monsieur de Beaufort came to meet me, which hastened my progress towards the Hôtel de Ville. We passed over beams and fragments yet smoking with the fire. Never was a place so desolate! We went round about it, without meeting a single human being. But when in the great hall, a man informed me that Monsieur le Prévôt des Marchands was in his cabinet, and that he would be very glad to see me: so I went to him, leaving the ladies who accompanied me in the hall, and asking Messieurs les Comtes de Fiesque, de Bethune, and Préfontaine, to escort me.

I found Monsieur le Prévôt in a peruke, which very much disguised him; but with a face as tranquil and serene, as though nothing had happened. I said to him, "His Royal Highness has sent me

here to relieve you from this affair; and I have accepted the commission with joy, from the esteem I have always felt towards you. We will not enter into the subject of complaint; no doubt your intentions have been upright, and if you have failed, it has not been your wish to do so: our friends will sometimes embark in awkward affairs." He replied, that I did him much honour in entertaining such an opinion: that he was always the humble servant of Monsieur and of myself, and that he must ever gratefully remember the obligations he owed us; that he should always act true to his honour and conscience: he saw clearly that they wished to depose him; and that he was quite ready to give in his resignation; for that he should feel it a relief, under the present state of things, to be no longer in charge. He then asked for pen, ink, and paper: and I said, "I will repeat to his Royal Highness what you have stated. If you wish for your dismissal, I think you had better ask for it: I will not take it upon myself; for I should be sorry to require anything from a man whose life I had come to save."

Monsieur de Beaufort then asked him, what he would like to have done? He replied, that he should be glad to return to his house, where he should feel himself in security. Monsieur de

Beaufort then went to reconnoitre at a small door, through which he might pass with one of his men in safety. The good man seemed to me delighted to go, and made me innumerable protestations of regard for my kindness. To say the truth, I had removed him from a perilous position.

I remained at the Hôtel until Monsieur de Beaufort returned; and on reaching the great hall, learnt from Madame de Sully, that a musket-ball had passed between her and the Countess de Fiesque, which had been fired in the place, and had very much frightened them. I then went into a room at the end of the hall, where I was told the Maréchal de l'Hôpital was; intending to confer with him, for the same purpose as I had already with the Prévôt des Marchands. I had sent him word that I was coming; and he had replied that I did him much honour: but, whether he mistrusted Monsieur de Beaufort, whom he believed to have caused all this disorder, with the design of becoming governor of Paris, or that he thought it beneath his dignity to owe his safety to the care of his enemies, instead of waiting my arrival he took to flight, making his escape by the window; while I remained knocking at the door till I was tired.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAUSES OF THE FAILURE OF THE FRONDE—FATAL DUEL BETWEEN TWO BROTHERS, GENERALS OF THE PRINCE—DEATH OF MADEMOISELLE'S BROTHER, M. DE VALOIS—HER ATTENTION TO THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS—THE CONDÉ ALLIANCE AGAIN IMMINENT—ARRIVAL OF M. DE LORRAINE—RECONCILIATION WITH MADEMOISELLE AND THE PRINCE—DINNER GIVEN TO HER AND OTHER LADIES—HER HEALTH DRUNK WITH MILITARY HONOURS.

THE day began with a great assemblage of the people; and it was to be apprehended that, in the prevailing humour, they might have mistrusted the long visit I had made to the Hôtel de Ville; but as I came out they cried, "God bless you! All that you do is right!" I did not return to the Luxembourg, for it was four o'clock in the morning, so I went to bed, and slept the whole of that day.

Towards the evening, Monsieur le Comte de Fiesque came to inform me that he had given

Monsieur an account of all that had passed; and that he had been charged, along with the Comte de Bethune, to wait upon the Prévôt des Marchands, and require from him the resignation he had promised before them; and that Préfontaine, who had been witness of such promise, had gone also. He made no difficulty in giving it; and the day after, a public meeting was called at the Hôtel de Ville, to appoint Monsieur de Broussel Prévôt des Marchands; who came afterwards to the Luxembourg, and took the oath from his Royal Highness, as it was the custom to do from the hands of the King; Monsieur de Thou being made Secretary of State. I was in the gallery of the Luxembourg whilst this was going on; and I confess that it looked very like a farce. There were many opinions upon the subject; but with one accord the blame was laid upon his Royal Highness and Monsieur le Prince. I said nothing about it to either of them, happy to remain indifferent; for had they been in the wrong, I should have been sorry to have admitted it.

Some days elapsed without the slightest event of public interest; for, in point of fact, this affair was the finishing stroke of the party—shaking the confidence of the best intentioned, intimidating the bold, relaxing the zeal of the most earnest, and producing the worst effects.

It was proposed to hold a better regulated council than the previous one; but it was first necessary to decide upon those who were to compose it. This occasioned many disputes among the different Princes, as might be expected in a kingdom where nothing like order is established, and where it would have been difficult, with so many of foreign birth, to have settled the precedency. The houses of Lorraine and Saxony would yield to each other in nothing. Since the affair at Orleans, it was supposed Monsieur de Nemours would have deferred to Monsieur de Beaufort, especially as on the day of the conflict in the Faubourg St. Antoine, there had passed between them many protestations of friendship, much to the joy of poor Madame de Nemours, who loved her husband tenderly, notwithstanding his indifference. She entertained also the warmest affection for her brother, who well deserved it, by his uniform kindness. Unhappily, disputes as to rank arose between them. Monsieur de Beaufort took the affair with as much good nature as Monsieur de Nemours showed displeasure; which gave Madame de Nemours the greatest uneasiness. Her husband had not been out, on account of his wound, and when he did go, this disquietude increased; for, on the same day, his Royal Highness and Monsieur le Prince had even demanded his *parole* that, for five-

and-twenty hours, he would say nothing to Monsieur de Beaufort. I was at my residence in company only with two counsellors of Parliament, le Coudray and Bermont, and a captain in my brother's regiment, when a man came and begged to speak to one of my women, entreating her to inform me directly that Monsieur de Beaufort had had a quarrel, and was then walking in the Tuileries garden. I begged the two gentlemen to go, for there were none of my people to be found at home—pages, footmen, or any others, save one valet-de-chambre, whom I sent off immediately to Bautru, where his Royal Highness often went to play, to inform him of the circumstance. This absence of visitors that day was something extraordinary, for there were generally, at this hour, a hundred officers who came to pay me their court. My valet-de-chambre could not find his Royal Highness, but he had met the Count de Bury, who desired him to assure me that he would not quit Monsieur de Beaufort. The counsellors whom I had despatched to the Tuileries, now sent me word, that they did not think there was anything in the report, for that on seeking Monsieur de Beaufort, they had found several gentlemen with him.

Whilst in this anxious state, Monsieur de Chavigny entered, and observed that he feared

the rumour was not without foundation, for that Madame de Nemours had written to beg him to take care of her husband and her brother. At this moment, Monsieur arrived, to whom I imparted my fears; but he laughed at me, and said, "You are always thinking that people are going to quarrel; and the alarm you put yourself into is the very thing to put it into their heads." He then went to the Tuileries, to the *Jardin de Renard*, which was the usual promenade since people had given up the Course. I went there also; and, as I was ascending the steps that led to the terrace, a page of Madame de Châtillon's pulled me by my dress, and said, "Madame has sent you word by me, that Monsieur de Nemours is gone to Petits Péres to fight with Monsieur de Beaufort; and she begs that you will make this known to Monsieur." I immediately went to the bench were he was seated, and told him that I had been right in my conjectures; all which Madame de Châtillon had confirmed. He was extremely surprised, and ordered the Comte de Fiesque, who was near, to hurry to the spot directly. But he arrived too late; for, a moment after, a lackey of the Hôtel de Vendôme came to say that Monsieur de Nemours was dead, and that Monsieur de Beaufort had killed him. Monsieur immediately returned to the Luxembourg, and

the Prince hastened to Madame de Nemours, whither I accompanied him. We found her on her bed — senseless — the curtains open, and everybody round her. Nothing could be more distressing than the manner in which she had learnt the cruel tidings. She was in her room, a window of which looked towards the court, and she heard them say, "He is dead!" upon which she fainted away. Amidst all this desolation, Madame de Bethune said something, I know not what, in so lamentable a tone, that it set off Madame de Guise laughing, who was yet the most serious person in the world, so that the Prince, and even myself, who heard it, burst out into a violent fit, of which we were quite ashamed.

We then repaired to the house of Monsieur de Rheims, brother to the deceased nobleman, when we were again almost tempted to laugh; for he, too, was in bed, with all the curtains drawn, and spoke to us very lugubriously through them.

There had been a kind of fatality in this affair; and neither Monsieur nor M. le Prince had taken any pains to prevent it, owing to their having M. de Nemours's *parole* for twenty-five hours in their pockets. Monsieur de Beaufort had done all in his power to avoid a meeting, but this only increased Monsieur de Nemours's anger against

him; and even when he found it all of no avail, he made an excuse on account of the number of gentlemen who were then with him, to put it off until another day. But Monsieur de Nemours returned to his house, and, unhappily, met the number of friends that he required. He at once returned to Monsieur de Beaufort, and they fought at the back of the Hôtel de Vendôme. M. de Nemours had with him Villars, le Chevalier de la Chaise, Campan, and Luserche. Monsieur de Beaufort had le Comte de Bury, de Ris, Brillet, and Hericourt. The Comte de Bury was dreadfully wounded; de Ris and Hericourt died in twenty-four hours; if the others were injured at all, it was but slightly. Monsieur de Nemours brought the swords and pistols, which he had loaded at his own house. When they met, Monsieur de Beaufort exclaimed, "Ah, my brother, what a disgrace this is to us! Let us forget the past—let us be friends!" To all this, however, M. de Nemours replied, "Ah, coquin! I will either kill you now, or you shall kill me." Upon which he fired his pistol, which flashed in the pan, and then rushed upon Monsieur de Beaufort sword in hand; so that, to defend himself, he was compelled to fire, and shot his brother dead, three bullets having entered his body.

Many blamed Monsieur de Beaufort for the affair; saying that he ought to have evaded it, on account of the weakness under which M. de Nemours still laboured from his recent wound. But to this it was replied, that a child of five years old could let off a pistol; besides which, to show how much he had regained his strength, he had pulled up a small tree only the day before in the gardens of the Arsenal. He had called upon me, and, at the same time, showed me his hand, which had merely a slight redness. He possessed some good qualities. He was brave as any man need be; he had an agreeable turn of conversation, lively and amusing; but he was inconstant in his friendships, and fickle in his love. He was a handsome man, but his features were not very pleasing. He was irritable with Monsieur le Prince, which, considering the good treatment he received from him, could only be imputed to jealousy. He talked even of fighting against him; but I think he would have been dissuaded from it, though it was his declared intention. He threatened also to go over to the Court of Savoy, with which he would soon have been as discontented as with that of France. If there had been time for him to have had a confessor, I do not think his friends need have regretted him, for he was tired of the world, and the world

would soon have been tired of him. At the battle of St. Antoine he had jested, and said, that his troops were never equalled in their cleverness at running away! and that never had a man such good officers for conducting a rapid retreat. It is not always the fault of officers when soldiers run away, and they were consequently incensed against him in the highest degree.

Monsieur le Prince testified much grief at his loss, though there were certainly motives for consolation, in being thus rid of a man who gave him no little trouble. It was said he was glad to be freed from a rival; but as Monsieur de Nemours only paid in compliments, whilst the Prince gave estates, the supposition could have had little foundation in truth. The first time that Madame de Châtillon appeared after his death, she repaired first to the house to which Madame de Nemours had retired, and then came to the Tuileries. She wore quite a plain dress, with a large hood, which seemed to veil her charms completely from view. As she came into my room, I advanced towards her, and condoled with her on the loss of her "friend," which I had already done by letter. We then seated ourselves in a corner, where she made the most doleful lamentations. Whilst we were inveighing against the vanity of the world, Monsieur le

Prince entered and approached us, upon which she threw up her veil, and looked so agreeable and smiling, that I almost thought I beheld another face under the same hood. Her hair was powdered, she wore pendants in her ears, and all was adjusted with the nicest care. As soon as the Prince went to the other side, she again put down her hood, and breathed nothing but sighs. This farce lasted about an hour, much to the amusement of those present.

Soon after this my brother, Monsieur de Valois, died, an event which caused great affliction to his Royal Highness. I was taking my promenade when they came to tell me that he was ill, so I hastened to the Luxembourg, where Madame informed me that he only felt a little unwell; that it was nothing, and that he was then asleep. The next morning early I repaired thither again, and went straight to his room, where I found him in his nurse's arms, being only two years old. The physician said he was better, and that he was out of danger. I met Monsieur le Prince in the evening at the promenade, and told him that my brother would die: he was much surprised. I sent again to know how he was? The answer returned was, that he was better. When I awoke in the morning, they informed me that he was dead. I therefore went

with all haste to the Luxembourg, where I found Monsieur overwhelmed with grief, and Madame eating "*un potage*," and saying, "In my present state (she was *enceinte*), I am obliged to take care of myself."

I went into the room where the child lay in his cradle, looking beautiful as an angel; the priests praying round him, or rather returning thanks to God for the grace he had vouchsafed him. The sight affected me much; I cried even to sobbing, and they were obliged to take me away. I know that it is wrong to weep for the death of a child at this age, and it is a proof of the little knowledge we have of what is best, or of our natural weakness; for how much rather ought we to rejoice. He had ever been an ailing child, for at two years old he could neither speak nor walk, nor had he the sense usual to children of that age.

I received much attention on his death; and the deepest mourning was worn on the occasion. Monsieur le Prince had a cloak which trailed on the ground; and if he were not really afflicted, he affected it very well, appearing to entertain every proper feeling towards Monsieur on the occasion. His Royal Highness made known his loss to the Court; but instead of letters of condolence, interment was refused him for his son at St.

Denis; and the reproach was added, that this death was an evident punishment inflicted by the Almighty for the unjust war in which he had so lately engaged.

I must not omit to state, that after the affair of the Porte St. Antoine, I sent round to all the wounded, on the part of Monsieur and Monsieur le Prince, to learn how they were going on, and to offer condolence to their relations. Their Highnesses would never have thought of it themselves; but this attention gains the people's hearts, secures their affections towards the great, and procures them friends and faithful servants.

Intelligence was now received from Bourdeaux that Madame la Princess was dying; she had a continual fever, and was shortly expecting her accouchement. Monsieur sent to inquire about her, and the reply was, "She was in that state that the next accounts might announce her death."

Monsieur de Chavigny and Madame de Frontenac were conversing together at the gate of the Luxembourg; I went up to them, and inquired what they were saying? M. de Chavigny replied, we are talking of the poor Princess, and of remarrying the Prince. I coloured, and went away. Madame de Frontenac told me afterwards, that Monsieur de Chavigny had informed her that the Prince was already consoled, in the hope of an

union with me: that he had talked a great deal about it in the morning, and that he was resolved to make his son, the Duc d'Enghien, a cardinal.

A day or two afterwards, as I was taking a walk, the Prince joined me. We made two turns in a shady walk, without saying a word; I knew he fancied that all the world was looking at us, and I had just the same idea; indeed, my mind was full of what Madame de Frontenac had communicated, so that we were both extremely embarrassed. A few days subsequently, while walking in the same place and waiting for his Royal Highness, one of his equerries came towards me, and informed me, that the Prince would not be there that evening; that he was at Monsieur de Chavigny's whither he requested that I would repair, and bring with me Madame de Frontenac. Observing that I left the public walk so hastily, everybody thought it was to undertake some great design, in the way I had been engaged to do at Orleans, so that they all wished to follow me; but I freed myself from them as well as I could, assuring them, at the same time, that if I had any journey to take, I would apprise them of it. On the way, Madame de Frontenac observed, "I believe that Madame la Princesse must be dead, and that they wish to speak to you of the marriage before it is known at Court, which they fear will do

everything to prevent it." To this I did not reply, and knew not what to think.

On descending from my coach at Monsieur de Chavigny's, I inquired what I was wanted for? and being merely informed that I should know it within, my curiosity increased. His Royal Highness and Monsieur le Prince quitted their play and came towards me, saying, "Guess what we want you for;" but I could not understand, and could guess nothing. The Prince held in his hand a letter from Monsieur de Lorraine, which he showed me; and which said, "If you wish to have me back, you must obtain my pardon of Mademoiselle, who must command me, as also Madame de Frontenac's; otherwise I shall not come." So I was obliged to write to him, pardoning all the injury he had done us, in the hope that he would come and repair it, and stating that I was most anxious to see him. Our despatches being sent off, I returned home with my curiosity perfectly satisfied.

I was soon informed that they had again received accounts of Monsieur de Lorraine, and that he was at Brie-Comte-Robert, whither he had repaired with his troops. These tidings rejoiced me much. The next day, on awaking, they gave me a letter from him in reply to mine; it informed me, that he should be in Paris on the en-

suing day. Two hours after this, Monsieur sent me word that he was come, and that I must be at the Luxembourg at five o'clock. I was a little embarrassed at all I had said of him, not on his account, for he was a very sensible man, who understood raillery; but on account of Madame, who was afraid that he would tease me, and for this reason I did not go to the Luxembourg directly. Twice again they sent for me; but I made excuse that it was too warm, and I feared lest it should make me ill.

At seven o'clock, however, I went, hoping to find M. de Lorraine gone; knowing that Monsieur le Prince would desire him to return to his quarters, on the ground that it would not be safe for him to go at night, for want of an escort. But he had mounted on the first horse he found at the Luxembourg gate to come to me. I met him on my way, when he instantly dismounted, and knelt in the street, declaring that he would not leave that position until I had granted him my pardon. I raised him immediately, and we embraced. Monsieur le Prince arrived at the moment, and pressing him to go, I begged he would get into my coach, and I would take him to the Porte St. Bernard. Our army was encamped at Limée and in the neighbouring villages; Monsieur de Lorraine's at Charenton: the enemy's at Villeneuve and in its vicinity.

After Monsieur de Lorraine had been there two days, he left Monsieur le Prince and returned to Paris, having given the command of his army to Monsieur le Chevalier de Guise. Many blamed him for the part he had taken in affairs, considering the high position of his house; but on the other side it was advanced, that he had no employment at court; that in the first years of the Regency he had followed Monsieur in the campaign of Flanders; going thence to Malta, in the service of Religion. . . At the age he then was, therefore, it would have been hard to have followed in the train of the King without having any employ, and still more so to have asked to serve against his Royal Highness, being his brother-in-law; so that, on Monsieur's rupture with the court, he had gone to Poictiers to see what arrangement he could make. There he found that his Royal Highness had given the command of his army to Monsieur de Beaufort: thus nothing better presented itself than to follow his Sovereign—the head of his house, who gave him the command of his army.

As soon as he arrived in Paris, he came to see me; and, being indisposed, I was in bed. He threw himself on his knees, and exclaimed, "Until now I have merely jested with you, never speaking seriously. I know your worth, and I desire to become your servant; and to place in you-

every confidence; for which reason I wish to justify and explain to you my past conduct." He then admitted that he was come with the purpose of serving his Royal Highness, and that he had promised the Spaniards nothing. That as regarded Monsieur le Prince, he had had no design of succouring Etampes; for that, as soon as he was in Paris, he had allowed himself to be inveigled by the friends of Cardinal de Rêtz, who had dissuaded him from it; that he had also listened to the proposals of the Court. Moreover, that he had felt so distracted between the one and the other, that he had returned to Paris, as I had seen.

The conclusion of all this was, that he now offered himself in good faith, promising to do all he could for the party, and that of Monsieur le Prince, since he was one of my friends; and that together they would perform their utmost to bring affairs to such an advantageous accommodation as should ensure me an establishment such as I deserved: for although Madame was his sister, he begged me to believe that he considered me more than her own daughters, and my interest before theirs: that he was concerned to perceive that Madame and myself were not on pleasanter terms; and it was only the apprehension he entertained of being thought partial,

that prevented him from doing all in his power to reconcile us; and that, finally, he was devoted to my service. I replied to all this in a proper manner: and he added, that he would inform me of all that passed, hoping I would consent to become the medium between Monsieur le Prince and himself; for, as they were both quick in temper, he feared there might be misunderstandings, which I was the proper person to prevent.

Tidings now arrived that the Princess was out of danger; so that all rumours on the subject of my marriage with the Prince were set at rest. I cannot say that it put an end to the project, for she still continued in a very indifferent state of health.

Monsieur, in going to join the army, paid a visit to the Prince and Monsieur de Lorraine, who were constantly moving. To obviate any confusion in giving orders, Monsieur issued them for eight days. He desired that I should proceed at once to head quarters, which I did willingly; though it subjected me to the unpleasant proposition that Madame de Châtillon and Madame la Duchesse de Montbazon should accompany me. I had already arranged for La Duchesse de Sully, Madame de Choisy, La Comtesse de Fiesque, Madame de Frontenac, Mademoiselle de Beaumont, Madame de Bonelle, and Madame de Raré. These, with

Monsieur de Lorraine and myself made nine, so that the coach was well filled. Nevertheless the former ladies were disposed to feel offended, until they saw there was good ground for the excuse I made.

I was extremely happy that it so turned out. It would have given rise to unpleasant remarks among the foreigners of our party, had these two ladies, one the mistress of Monsieur le Prince, the other of Monsieur de Beaufort, arrived in my company. Unhappily, however, two of the ladies proposed were taken ill, so that we had only seven in the coach. I called at the Hôtel de Chavigny for Monsieur de Lorraine, who excused himself for keeping me waiting, on the plea of wishing to hear mass. Being in mourning for my brother, I was dressed in black; but I tied to my sleeve the *cordon bleu*, making all the ladies with me do the same; and in the middle of the blue, which was tufted, we put a little piece of yellow ribbon, being the colour of Monsieur de Lorraine.

At Charenton we met Monsieur le Prince, who had come with three troops of Monsieur de Lorraine's to escort us, distinguished by their horses, black, white, and bay. All the cavaliers looked noble in their cuirasses; Monsieur de Beaufort was also among them. I took Monsieur le Prince

into my coach: he was well dressed, which was very unusual with him, being the most slovenly man in the world! His beard was trimmed, his hair powdered; he wore a buff collar, a blue scarf, and a white neckcloth. His extreme neatness surprised the company; and he made the same excuses for it as though he had committed some great crime, explaining, that some one had told him that the foreign corps had said they could not distinguish him from others, owing to his being dressed simply as a cavalier.

Monsieur de Lorraine and the Prince now arranged to send word to the enemy that there was to be a truce whilst I remained with the army. I did not wish it, until they said it was a respect they owed me—so that, as I desired their respect, I then consented to it. We arrived at Gros Bois, where we dined; Monsieur le Prince having provided good cheer, although he had only heard that I was coming in the morning. The ladies who were with me dined also with Monsieur le Prince, and Monsieur de Lorraine, Monsieur de Beaufort, and the Chevalier de Guise, who had met us at Charenton. They drank my health on their knees, while the trumpets sounded, with all the imposing formalities they are accustomed to observe in the army on such occasions; I believe they even fired some cannon which were in the chateau.

Monsieur le Prince received a reply from the Marechales de Turenne and de la Ferté, in which they presented me with many fine compliments, and declared that I was to command, and to consider myself mistress of their army as well as of our own.

During dinner, Monsieur de Lorraine told Monsieur le Prince, that it was a long while since they had dined in such good company. He replied, that it would be difficult to find better. I then spoke, and said, that it was not my fault that it was not still better; for that I wished to bring Mesdames de Montbazon and de Châtillon with me, but had arranged with Mesdames de Sully and de Choisy, who only sent their excuses as I got into my coach. Upon this Monsieur le Prince made a terrible face, and it seemed to me as if he had taken my observation rather as a piece of raillery than a civility. Monsieur de Beaufort was perfectly easy under it; while Monsieur de Clinchamp, who had seen us dine, said, on my leaving the table, that he was delighted I had not brought them; for that the Germans did not understand our French ways, and looked upon these ladies as no other than they were. After dinner, I mounted on horseback, and went to view the army, speaking to the officers I had seen at Etampes, who were sur-

prised at my recollecting them and their names. I suspect that the Princesses of the House of Austria take little notice of them on like occasions; for they admired my condescension, and praised me much on account of it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ENTERTAINMENTS GIVEN BY MADEMOISELLE, AND TO HER —THE RIVAL PARLIAMENTS — AMUSING SCENE — M. DE LORRAINE AND MADAME DE CHATILLON—ILLNESS OF THE PRINCE—HE QUITS PARIS—GRIEF OF MADEMOISELLE—THE COURT RETURNS—SHE IS ABANDONED BY HER FATHER AND COMPELLED TO LEAVE PARIS—HER SUBSEQUENT ADVENTURES—PERSECUTED BY THE COURT.

AFTER having inspected the state of affairs, I returned to Paris, escorted by a troop of Lorrainers, leaving Monsieur le Prince with the army, and taking back Monsieur de Lorraine, who often came to sup with me; and we afterwards played at our *petits jeux*. Monsieur le Prince also came to see me one day, having dined in Paris. My rooms were full of company, so he begged me to come to the door to speak to him. While we were thus engaged, the King of England entered, for the quarrel had been made up between him and his Royal Highness. Monsieur le Prince made excuses for being so ill-dressed, saying that he had just come

from the army, and was about to return. To this the King of England replied, that he could well appear before him, if he had not scrupled to appear before me. I then requested the King to join the company, and to leave me to talk with Monsieur le Prince, who then observed, "The Abbé Fouquet has been here, and Monsieur has seen him at Monsieur de Chavigny's. He then wrote a long letter, which I will leave with you; I have not time to say more."

The same day, Madame de Choisy treated the world to a comedy and a collation on my account, and I requested the King of England to accompany me. On my way I stopped at the Luxembourg, where I again met Monsieur le Prince. As it was late, this surprised me not a little, since he had told me that he must hasten away. I asked him what had detained him, and whether he would like to go to Madame de Choisy's? He declined, saying, that he was dying with a wretched headache, and this had prevented his return to the army. I had afterwards the curiosity to send to his residence to know if he were there, and learned that after leaving the Luxembourg he had returned home to bed. The letter which he had left with me was a seditious fabrication, but of no serious import.

The King's parliament was now established at Pontoise, in order to obviate any recognition of

that at Paris, which received orders to remove to Montargis, but took no notice of them; so, from that time, the Parliament of Pontoise called itself that of Paris, meaning it to be inferred that it had been transferred to that place by orders of the King. It was composed of barely a sufficient number to make an arrêt—I suppose of about a dozen members. To mark its insignificance, Benserade, a man of wit, and a poet, replied to the Queen, who asked him from whence he came, "From the *Prairie*, Madame, where the parliament is seated in a *carosse coupé* (a chariot).

Monsieur de Lorraine frequently received letters from the Court, to which he replied from my cabinet, and which he would have shown me, but I feared that it would displease Monsieur. Madame de Châtillon was dying to attract him. She came one evening decked out in a handsome dress, made very low in the neck, and said, "At any rate, I am not humpbacked! Is not my dress well made? I do not ask you, sir; men know nothing of these things; they can only judge of jewellery: pray tell me what you think of these pearls?" He hardly took the trouble to reply to her, but whispered me, "I beseech you, do not keep her to supper! I wish she were gone already;" and she shortly after took her departure. He then

observed, "That is one of the most foolish women I ever saw! I cannot express to you how she annoy me." He then related, that some few days before, he had been at her house, and that he had found there a merchant with a quantity of jewels, under the supposition, he thought, that he would make her a present. But he was as cunning as herself; for he told the merchant that he had no money. Upon which she observed, "If you wish to have any jewellery, he will be happy to give you credit." He told this anecdote in the most agreeable style, at the same time making her appear very ridiculous.

Monsieur le Prince had been for some time ill, when he learnt that Madame his wife was brought to bed of a son. I sent to congratulate him; but he replied, that it was no great subject for rejoicing, as the child could not live many days. He afterwards heard that Madame la Princesse was in a most dangerous state, and this revived the talk of my marriage with him. Monsieur de Chavigny had a serious quarrel with the Prince: on the same day he fell ill, and died about a week afterwards. Many seemed to think that it was a seizure occasioned by the severe lecture which Monsieur le Prince had given him; others said that it was from regret at finding that he placed no confidence in him.

The day he died, the Countess de Fiesque gave a very pretty fête, a magnificent entertainment—a comedy and the violins. But never was a fête more *ennuyeuse* at first! The Prince was in a bad humour, Monsieur de Lorraine also, and Monsieur would not remain. Madame de Châtillon came to display all her charms; but the Prince despised, and would not even look at her. Indeed, it was observed that he had closed his doors against her, on having gone to see him when he was ill; of this I know not the truth, but he was this day indifferent to her in the extreme! He wore a close-coat of velvet, and a mantle over it; and his hair unpowdered. When they asked him what he would eat; he replied, "I am still so ill that I will take nothing but broth." He seated himself behind me during the play, saying, "I shall attend on Mademoiselle as her capitaine des gardes." Never was there so beautiful a fête! and never did people seem more completely jaded and ill amused.

During Monsieur le Prince's illness, the enemy decamped, marching off in sight of our army, without the least endeavour on the part of the latter to charge them, although it would have been as easy as advantageous. When the Prince heard of it, he was in a perfect fury, and

exclaimed, "We ought to put bridles on Tavannes and Vallon; they are nothing but asses!"

Monsieur de Lorraine never left my side: he had a great desire to marry me to the Archduke, making sure that the King of Spain would give him the Pays-Bas. He said, "You will be the happiest person in the world! he will meddle with nothing; he will be occupied all day with the Jesuits, or in composing verses and setting them to music; and you will govern in everything." It did not seem that Monsieur le Prince took any part in this plan; and when the day arrived for his departure, and that of Lorraine, they both came to say adieu, and appeared very well satisfied with the assurances his Royal Highness had given them, neither to treat without their participation, nor in any way to abandon them. They then promised to take all the advantage they could of the fine weather remaining; and that, when the troops were in winter quarters, they would return to the balls and comedies, and enjoy all the pleasure they could after their troubles.

Nothing could be more beautiful than to see the great walk of the Tuileries crowded with well-dressed people, wearing everything new; for they had left off mourning for Monsieur de Valois, and it was the season for putting on

their winter dresses. Monsieur le Prince was habited very superbly with *une petite oye de couleur de feu*, gold, silver, and a blue scarf *à l'Allemande*, over a *justaucorps*, which he left unbuttoned. It was with great regret that I saw him depart; and I confess that I shed tears when I bade him adieu. Monsieur de Lorraine amused me very much; and, to console me, they made me go to mass at the two o'clock bell.

When they were gone, it seemed very strange and tiresome to see scarcely any person who did not annoy me, and this feeling was much increased by the rumour that the King was coming, and that we should all be driven away. I communicated what I had heard to the Prince and Monsieur de Lorraine.

On the Saturday morning after their departure, while I was having my hair dressed, Sanguin, maître d'hôtel in ordinary to the King, was shown into my room, and observed, "Here is a letter which the King has commanded me to present to you." It informed me that he was coming to Paris, and that he had no other residence to give to Monsieur his brother than the Tuileries; he therefore begged I would remove before twelve o'clock the next day; and that, until I had found another residence, I could go to the Rue de Tournon, and remain at the house of

Damville. I declared that I should obey the orders of the King, and would go and explain them to Monsieur, and that if he would return after dinner, I would do myself the honour of replying to his Majesty.

I then set off to the Luxembourg, and astonished Monsieur not a little with the communication I had to make to him. I asked him what I had better do? He replied, "Obey." I then sent for the President Viole, and for Croissy, friends whom the Prince had directed me to consult in case of need. They told me the rumour was, that his Royal Highness was in treaty with the court, and showed me the articles. I replied, "You know him: I cannot answer for him. It remains to be seen in what manner we can best serve Monsieur le Prince." They were of opinion that I must leave, and proposed my going to the Arsenal, to show my displeasure to the Court.

I went to the Luxembourg in the evening, and Monsieur consented that it should be so arranged. On my return, I found Madame d'Epernon and Madame de Châtillon waiting for me. They were as much distressed about leaving the Tuileries as myself; for it was a most agreeable residence, and I was much attached to it as the place where I had all my life resided. They inquired where I was going? I replied, "To the

Arsenal." Madame de Châtillon then observed, "Those who have given that advice are no friends to Monsieur le Prince. How can you, in the present state of affairs, hold out against the Court? Do not flatter yourself with anything of the kind; but rather think of securing a retreat. I warn you in all good faith; rely upon it, that Monsieur your father has treated, and that he is reconciled to the Court, with the understanding, moreover, that he will not answer for you—that he gives you up."

I expressed my gratitude for this information, which I found indeed but too true; and I forthwith sent word to the President that I had changed my intention. Some were of opinion that I should go to the Palais Mazarin, for that to induce me to give up that, the Court would provide me a good residence. But I was not of this opinion; neither was his Royal Highness. I wished to repair to the residence of the late secretary of state, for it was empty and commodious, with a gate into the Tuileries, where I could walk, and my stables, where all my people lodged, were not far off. But the keys were in the country with his son, and, though I sent for them, I after all resolved to sleep at the young Countess de Fiesque's. His Royal Highness saw me in all this difficulty as to a residence, without

offering me a chamber at the Luxembourg; but I was so little accustomed to receive any marks of kindness from him, that I did not regard it, and went to sleep at the house of la Comtesse de Fiesque, perfectly astounded with what had taken place.

The next day on returning from mass, whither I had walked through the Tuileries, word was brought me that Monsieur had also received orders to depart. I despatched a page to the Luxembourg with a *billet;* but he was desired to tell me in reply, that I knew not what I said. While at dinner Madame de Châtillon came in; my violins were playing, and she said, "How have you the heart to listen to those violins, while every one assures us we shall be all turned out?" I replied, "We must wait and see what we are to do." Yet I failed not to have my hair dressed, in the uncertainty whether I should not see the Queen; for, the Princess having been to see her ere she left Bourg, there was as little difficulty as regarded me. We then went to Madame de Choisy's, whence, from one of the windows which commands a view of la Place du Louvre, we could see the King pass. They were selling lanterns, in the street, to hang at the windows in token of rejoicing, and crying, '*Lanternes à la Royale!*' when I giddily cried out, "Pray, have

you any of them *à la Fronde?*" "Surely," exclaimed Madame de Choisy, "you would not wish to see me assassinated?" And it certainly was imprudent.

The ensuing Monday I again heard that Monsieur had received orders to take his departure; so I repaired to the Luxembourg, where I found Monsieur de Rohan, who was also accused, and with justice, of standing well with the Court, and of having abandoned the interests of the Prince, to whom he had many obligations; I gave him to understand what I thought of him without reserve. On entering the cabinet of Madame, where I found Monsieur, I asked him if he had received orders to leave? He answered, that he did not consider himself accountable to me. "Then," I observed, "you abandon the Prince and Monsieur de Lorraine?" But he merely replied in the same words. I then supplicated him to inform me if I should be compelled to leave Paris? He answered, "That he should not meddle with anything that concerned me; for that I had managed matters so badly with the Court, that he had resolved not to mix himself up with my affairs; I had never followed his advice." I took the liberty of observing, "When I went to Orleans, it was by your order; I have it not in writing, because you commanded me

yourself; but I have several obliging letters from your Royal Highness, in which you express sentiments of kindness and affection, from which I could little have anticipated your present conduct towards me." Upon which he replied, "And do you think, Mademoiselle, that the affair of St. Antoine has not injured you with the Court? You were highly delighted to play the heroine, and to have it said that you were the soul of our party, and that you had saved it twice over. Whatever happens to you, you will console yourself in calling to mind the plaudits that were then showered upon you." I confess that I was perfectly astounded to see him in this strange humour; and I replied, "I do not consider that I did less to serve you at the Porte St. Antoine than at Orleans. Both these actions with which you reproach me were performed by your order. And if they were to do again, again would I undertake them; my duty would oblige me to it; for how could I exempt myself from both obeying and serving you? If you are unfortunate, it is right that I should share your disgrace and your ill fortune; even if I had not been of use to you, I would still suffer with you; therefore, in my opinion, it is preferable to have acted as I have done, than to be sacrificed for doing nothing. I do not know whether this is being a heroine. I

belong to a family the members of which ought never to do anything but what is elevated and great. They may call it what they will; but I consider it following my inclination, and pursuing the course I was born to take in preference to any other."

When this whim of his Royal Highness had passed off, he recovered himself a little, and I begged him to permit me to lodge at the Luxembourg; not thinking it right to be so near the Louvre, since I went there no longer. He replied, that he had no room. I said, "There are none here but who would give up their place to me; and I think that no one has so much right to be here as myself." To this he answered, that he required the services of all who were there, and they could not leave. "Then," replied I, "since your Royal Highness will not grant me what I ask, I will go to the Hôtel de Condé, where there is no one." He replied, "I beg you will not." I then inquired where he would wish me to go? The only answer I obtained was, "Go where you will:" and he then left the room. I therefore went to the Countess de Fiesque's. I first inquired if she had seen any one or heard anything since the arrival of the Court? She replied, that some persons had observed that I should be sent away, others that they would arrest me, neither of which reports

were at all calculated to reassure me. Madame, her mother, extremely aged, was present, and she observed, " I see, by all this, that you will determine on *something*. I am old and in bad health; I do not wish to be at variance with the Court; adieu, therefore. I shall go to my room, so that if they ask me anything concerning you, I can say with truth, I know nothing about you."

It was then left for us to decide; and Madame de Frontenac now said, that she did not see what necessity there was for me to disquiet myself, for as to an arrest it was merely held out to frighten me, and would never take place. Then, as for sending me away, the King was the master, and that in whatever place I was, I should find every one ready to obey his orders. That to remain concealed in Paris, would be to lead a most uncomfortable life; and that it was useless for people of my condition to think of hiding themselves. I replied, " I see clearly what Monsieur is about, and I will positively not sleep here." So it was proposed by Madame de Frontenac, that I should sleep at the residence of Madame de Montmort, her sister-in-law, who had a large house, lived retired, and saw no one. Liking this proposal, I went to my room, and having asked for supper, begged that they would leave me, as I wished to write, merely retaining

Madame de Frontenac, Préfontaine, and Pajot, one of my femmes-de-chambre. But when one of the doors was closed, we went quietly out at the other, and, getting into Préfontaine's coach, repaired directly to Madame de Montmort, who was delighted with the confidence I reposed in her. Expressing a wish to write, I was shown into a very pretty closet, from whence I wrote to the Prince and Monsieur de Lorraine an account of everything that had passed, and of the displeasure it would occasion me were I to spend all the winter in the country; yet I looked upon *that* as a thing impossible. Indeed, I added, that I wondered how people could live there; earnestly beseeching them to perform some extraordinary exploit, which might put them in a good position to make terms, so that we might spend a joyous carnival in Paris.

I had not much to state to these gentlemen in favour of Monsieur. I told them the truth, which certainly was little to his advantage. At the time I wrote, it was my intention to remain unknown in Paris, hoping that the moment would arrive when I should be enabled to place affairs in such a position as to secure our triumph (for I was sick of war), and to bring about an advantageous peace. Préfontaine, to whom I showed my letter, said, "I am extremely concerned that

your Royal Highness, who has so much good sense, should entertain any such chimerical ideas, and that you have not more serious thoughts at a juncture on which your good or bad fortune depends." I replied, "Hold your tongue, you know nothing about it;" and then sealed my letters, to be ready to send them by an officer who was to depart the next morning.

Madame de Montmort now made great excuses respecting her supper, observing that if she had sent to town, it might have been perceived there was something unusual. I told her I was quite content with anything she would give me. Upon which I had a very good *fricassée* of some cold meat, and some excellent preserves. Of these I ate very heartily, which supported me a little.

Notwithstanding the noble resolution I had expressed in my letters, I really was extremely concerned with what had taken place; I thought that the Prince and Monsieur de Lorraine would be sure to perceive it from the tenor of them; and I only know that when I re-read them I cried bitterly.

After having supped at Madame de Montmort's, I began to think of some obscure spot where I might live without being discovered. Préfontaine observed, "You do not recollect, Mademoiselle, that a sedentary life would not

agree with your health, and that not to be able to leave your room would be extremely prejudicial in many respects. The season is at hand in which you are often attacked with sore throat, and were you to be taken ill, you would be sure of being discovered; you are not mistress of your health, if you are of your person; you should therefore take your measures accordingly." I began to think there was much good sense in what he advanced; and Madame de Frontenac added, "If you would like to go to Pons, Madame de Bouthillier would be delighted to receive you; the air there is good, you can be quite retired, and take your walks whenever it pleases you." I liked this proposal, and determined to go there, desiring Préfontaine to get everything in readiness for setting out the following morning, and to say nothing of it to any of my people.

The next day he awoke me at half-past eight, to acquaint me that Goulas had written to acquaint him that his Royal Highness had set out for Limours, and entreated him to come to him. I despatched him accordingly; and he found Monsieur near Berny, where he descended from his coach, and said, "I have sent for you to instruct my daughter, from me, that she will go to Bois-le-Vicomte, and that she must not fritter away her time with any hopes held out to her of serv-

ing Monsieur le Prince by some great exploit. There is nothing to be done. You know that I am more liked, and of more consequence than she is; nevertheless, the people permitted me to depart without saying a word: she ought, therefore, to expect nothing; she must be content to go." Préfontaine replied, "It is the intention of Mademoiselle to follow your Royal Highness, and never to quit you, but to live near Madame. Should this not be convenient, your Royal Highness will be pleased to consider that Bois-le-Vicomte is a house in the middle of the country surrounded by the army, which will pillage everything that passes, so that the purveyors of Mademoiselle would be robbed every day; and it is not very pleasant to be always depending on *ces Messieurs* the generals. Actuated, moreover, by her good feelings during the war, Mademoiselle has allowed several gentlemen to seek shelter in this château, where some have been ill of fevers; it will, therefore, require some time to free it from infection." Monsieur replied, "I only know that she shall not come with me, neither shall she go with Madame, who is near her confinement, for my daughter will be troublesome to her. If she will not go to Bois-le-Vicomte, let her go to some of her other houses." Préfontaine still pressed him to allow me to come, and

even added, "Whatever refusal you give, I think she will still follow you, so much does she wish to be near your Royal Highness." At this, he put himself in a passion, and said, "No, I will not have it done; and if she comes I shall send her away again."

I had many letters forwarded to me that had been directed to the Comtesse de Fiesque, which she despatched immediately, to warn me that it was intended to arrest me; and that they actually had ordered a company of guards to surround the house where they believed I was, before I should have time to escape. I had sent Préfontaine into the town to bring me the news; and on his return, he found me in a state of extreme alarm at the tidings I had just received. He maintained that there was no ground for such apprehensions, and still wished me to go to Bois-le-Vicomte, protesting that I had nothing to fear on the score of my liberty. He declared that by retiring, moreover, without orders, I should show a mark of respect very agreeable to their Majesties: adding, that Bois-le-Vicomte was only four miles from Paris, and that *les gens de la cour* would often come and see me, and be so much with me again, that when their Majesties should hear of my good conduct, it would afford many opportunities of my visiting Paris; and

that, after one or two such visits, no notice would be taken, and I might, finally, remain there.

In short, he said all that became a good and faithful servant; but these are sometimes the last to be attended to. I was angry with him, and replied, that if he had a wish to stay in Paris, I would allow him to remain there, and that I could do very well without him. He said, he would restrain himself from speaking, and follow me to the world's end if it were necessary and I would permit him. He then retired to his residence.

The next morning I awoke early, so impatient was I to be at a distance from Paris. Préfontaine, however, did not come till after nine, and I rated him soundly. After having heard all I had to say, he replied, "You forget that you could not leave Paris without a *sou;* I have therefore been to get money, as you desired me; I have also been to give orders to send away your household; and after this, I do not think, Mademoiselle, that I deserve to be chidden for being here one half-hour after you desired me." I admitted that he was right, and I wrong; and lost no time in getting into a coach, (without any arms) that Madame de Montmort lent me: my coachman was dressed in grey, and

one of my footmen in the same manner; a lackey of Préfontaine's, and one of Madame de Frontenac's, accompanied me, her lady's-maid, two of my femmes-de-chambre, and Préfontaine.

At the Halle du Faubourg St. Antoine, I found, as we had arranged, my four horses, and my maître d'hotel, named Guériniére. When I had once passed the river Marne, I thought no more of Paris, but stoutly resolved to go through everything that destiny might have in store for me. We made our first stage at Brie-Comte-Robert, putting up at a little hotel outside the town. The host here complained sadly of the troops of the Princes; which made us feel rather shy. While engaged in refreshing ourselves with the viands brought with us, a bell rung and much alarmed us. We asked what it was, and were informed that this bell was always rung when coaches or parties of cavaliers arrived: at which we took fright, and quickly finished our dinner in the coach.

At one o'clock in the morning, we reached a house of Madame de Bouthillier's, called L'Epine, where we found ourselves in safety, it being surrounded by a moat. Madame de Frontenac explained to the keeper, that she had a lady of her acquaintance with her, and begged to be accommodated with a room. We now made

a good supper from the remains of our dinner; for there was ample left to supply a fricassee of fowls and pigeons; and it was too late to roast anything for us. But as we intended to set out early the next day, they were busily roasting in our behalf all night. They had the best cheese I ever ate: I made my people sit down to table with me; and they were so astonished to see themselves thus placed, that if those who waited on us had had the least penetration, they might easily have seen it was a farce. We had each adopted a name, and spoke to one another as my sister, my brother, my cousin: and this "plaisanterie" amused us for some days.

I sent La Guériniére to find the Prince, and Monsieur de Lorraine, to inform them that I had left Paris, and of the manner in which I had been treated by Monsieur; that I was going to Paris, where I would wait to hear from them before I proceeded to a distant province. As we descended a hill, an ensign of the Queen's gendarmes passed, and saluted us, as it is usual to do ladies of quality. After having passed, he returned, and looking at us very intently, made several low bows, I holding myself all the time perfectly upright, so as not to take any of these bows to myself. We stopped to bait our horses at a small village about

two leagues on: I alighted and entered the kitchen of the house, where a Jacobin, as he afterwards declared himself, was seated at table; but, as he had taken off his black cloak, and was dressed in white, I could not ascertain his order. I inquired from whence he came? He replied, 'From Nancy;' and on his asking me the same question, I told him 'From Paris.' I then inquired what was the news at Lorraine, and whether Monsieur de Lorraine was liked there? He replied, yes, for he was *un brave Prince!* He then wished to know if it were true that the King had returned to Paris. I told him he had been there two days; and that Monsieur le Duc d'Orleans, and Mademoiselle, were gone. He said, "I am sorry for that: Monsieur is a good man, and Mademoiselle *une brave fille!* She has so much courage, that she would carry a pike as well as a mask." He asked me if I knew her? I said, no. "What!" he exclaimed, "do you not know that she scaled the walls to enter Orleans, and that she saved the life of Monsieur le Prince at the Porte St. Antoine?" I said, I had heard it spoken of: and he then inquired if I had ever seen her? I said I had not: so he set about describing me. "*C'est une grande fille de belle taille, grande comme vous!* Handsome enough: a long face and a large nose: I do not know

whether you resemble her as much in your looks as in figure, but take off your mask and I will tell you." I made the excuse that I had lately had the small-pox; and asked him if he had ever spoken to her? "Spoken to her," he said, "a thousand times; and should recognise her among any number of people. I have seen her at the Feuillans, attending mass, and at our house of St. Honoré, where she usually comes the first Sunday of the month, with the Queen. And I know her almoner." I asked him if she was devout? "No," he said; "she had once a mind to be so, but she soon grew tired of it: she took it up too violently to last." I then asked if he knew her mother-in-law? He replied in the affirmative; adding, "She is one of those saints, whom we never *fête:* one of those women who never move a step from their chair—a *vraie cendreuse!* As for Mademoiselle, she has spirit, and moves quickly; there is so much difference between them! And you, Madame, who question me so much, pray who are you?" I told him that I was the widow of a gentleman of Sologne; that my house had been pillaged by the army, and that I was on my way to Orleans. He then begged that, if I ever came to Paris, I would come and see him at the convent of St. Honoré.

This adventure served to amuse and put me

in good spirits; and we arrived late at night at Pons, where Madame de Bouthillier was delighted to see me. Here I first tasted all the sweets of repose. The house was large and comfortable, and no one knew me, excepting a young companion of Madame de Bouthillier, and a few old domestics; to others, I was only known as Madame Dupré. For though I attended a fair in the neighbourhood, where we were treated with a collation, I excused myself from taking off my mask when I ate, by giving the same reason as I had done before.

CHAPTER XIX.

MOVEMENTS OF MADEMOISELLE—INGRATITUDE OF FRIENDS—ROBBERS—FEARS OF ARREST—LETTER FROM THE KING—STRONG COALITION IN HER FAVOUR—OFFERS OF SERVICE FROM FLANDERS—THE GREAT CONDÉ—HIS LETTER TO HER—ARRIVES AT ST. FARGEAU—NEW ADVENTURES—AN APPARITION.

PEOPLE were anxious both at Paris and at Blois to know where I was. I had written to his Royal Highness on leaving, to state, that since I was so unfortunate as not to be allowed to approach him, I hoped he would not take it ill that I sought from my friends that protection which he had denied me. The Countess de Fiesque, who much doubted whether I should go to Bois-le-Vicomte, did not leave Paris, and told every one that I was gone to Flanders. Instead of making any excuses for me, she affected to laugh at me: so that there was much gossip about this

pretended journey. I heard of an accident which happened to my retinue as it was going to Bois-le-Vicomte, which gave me some uneasiness. Four or five soldiers attacked the coach of Préfontaine, which followed mine; a circumstance which one would have thought might have answered for its safety: nevertheless, the folly of one of my people was the cause of its being pillaged. At the first shot, two of my men took to flight; so that there was only a page and a valet-de-chambre left to rescue it; and this, of course, they could not accomplish. There were in this coach all Préfontaine's boxes, containing the privy-purse, &c., besides some important papers of mine, which I had written; and, what I regretted the most, a certain "Life of Madame de Fouquerolles," a "Kingdom of the Moon," some verses of Madame de Frontenac, and other papers of equal consequence; so that I resolved to send a courier express to Messieurs de Turenne, and de la Ferté, to recover possession of them.

Two days afterwards, we learnt that, by the activity of Préfontaine's men, we had recovered the horses, which were found with the army, in the possession of those who had stolen them; and that all my papers were safe in the *cassette*, the thieves having contented themselves with taking the plate, the linen, and Préfontaine's clothes. Those of a more serious and worldly turn,

would have lamented, doubtless, over their plate, even supposing they had recovered all their manuscripts.

A messenger now arrived to inform Madame de Bouthillier, that an *exempt* sent in search of me, had slept at L'Epine (the name of a small house on the road to Paris). This news alarmed me much, for I had still the idea that there was an intention to arrest me; and Madame de Bouthillier perceiving this, observed, "Why not go to Fougeon, which is a small moated Chateau about half-a-mile from Pons? If they seek you here, I shall say I know not where you are; or, if you will go further, I have two farms, where there are some habitable rooms, and if you like to cross the water, there are always two boats that will take you to Brie." Préfontaine was of opinion that I had better remain where I was, for that if I went to any more of Madame de Bouthillier's houses, I should embroil her with the Court, and this would surely be a poor return for the kindness she had shown me.

Scarcely an hour after this, I received a letter from his Royal Highness—short enough! in which he informed me that I ought to go to one of my own houses. I replied, that it was my intention so to do, and that I was most happy that it was in conformity with his orders.

La Guériniére returned, and brought a most

obliging letter from Monsieur le Prince, offering me everything in his power, and leaving him to explain matters to me. He was of opinion that I had better retire to a Chateau belonging to Madame de Guise, named Encerville, which was on the frontiers, a few miles from Stenai, where he could often come and see me, with Monsieur de Lorraine; and whither, if I required troops to guard me, he would send them. I could make no difficulty, it was said, in going to this place, rather than to one of my houses, since there was no safety for me in the centre of France, after what had passed. That the Chateau, moreover, belonged to my grandmother, and that no one could have anything to say against my going there. But I was not of the same opinion.

La Guériniére then related how the Prince and Monsieur de Lorraine had received him, and the great joy they had shown in hearing news of me. That they had dined that day at la Comtesse de Fuensaldaigne's, observing to him, "Never mind where we are going to dine; follow us—that is all." They drank warmly to my health; and the Comte de F. begged him to assure me of the profound respect he had for me, entreating me to believe that I was absolute mistress in Flanders, and that the King, his master, would disown it if it acted contrary to his wishes. When

they left, M. le Prince said that he would send his letter to me by Saint Mars, his first gentleman of the bedchamber. It was as follows:—

"I have received, by La Guériniére, the letter you have done me the honour to write. I believe that you cannot doubt the real displeasure I have felt at what has occurred at Paris; yet the greatest anxiety I have is, to see the position in which you are placed. If it but required my life to extricate you from it, I would offer it with all my heart; however, I offer you my services and my army. Monsieur de Lorraine does the same, as well as M. le Comte de Fuensaldaigne. I have commissioned Saint Mars to express to you my sentiments, and to receive your orders, which I will faithfully execute, even at the peril of my life. I beg you to believe this, and that I am devotedly yours. 26th October, 1652."

On the other side the letter, in his own hand, was written, "The Sieurs Comtes de Boutteville, de Meille, and de Chamilly, are ordered to obey the commands of Mademoiselle, as my own.

"(Signed,) LOUIS DE BOURBON."

I was extremely flattered with this letter; and as much surprised at the concluding order.

Saint Mars was wonderstruck to see himself seated at table with me. He told me that he could not understand why his Royal Highness had quitted Paris; for that the court had not sent him away. I explained to him what I had heard from his Royal Highness, namely, that on the approach of the King he had despatched several persons, Damville among them, to ask his Majesty if he might still remain at his residence, and that he had been refused. That Monsieur de Turenne had said to the King and Queen, "If you would maintain your authority, make him leave Paris; and if he does not do it with a good grace, it will be needful to use force, even if your Majesty should require to go to the Palais d'Orleans yourself, with your regiment of guards." And this harsh reply had so much alarmed his Royal Highness, that he had taken himself away with the utmost speed.

We conversed a great deal of my affairs; and the conclusion we came to was, that for many reasons, it would be better not to engage in any undertaking inimical to the Court — at least, not to provoke it; and that as his Royal Highness had ordered me to go to one of my houses, I ought to go to St. Fargeau, being a convenient distance from Paris and Blois, so that I might hear what was going forward. It was, besides,

merely a few days' journey from Stenai, where, most likely, Monsieur le Prince would pass the winter. I should, therefore, be near the world and my friends, yet living in the greatest solitude.

.Whilst I still remained at Pons, Madame de Fiesque sent one of my valets to inform me, that she had despatched some of my people to St. Fargeau. She also acquainted me that she had asked for some of the King's guards, as an escort for my equipage, which had been promised her. This apprehension that my very bed-clothes would be pillaged, appeared to me not a little strange; for it might be expected that my livery would protect me from the thieves and *gens de guerre* to be met with on the road. It was much the same thing as Monsieur having asked for passports, with this difference, that I had not demanded guards; and I believe, that at Court, they supposed that the want of them would greatly annoy me. Madame de Fiesque sent me a letter from the King, which I do not know how he could ever have thought of writing, had she not asked for it, telling me that he had heard of the resolution I had taken of choosing St. Fargeau for a residence; that he was pleased to say he approved of my choice, and to assure me, at the same time, that I might remain there in perfect safety. In reply, I stated that I

thanked his Majesty for the honour he had been pleased to confer, in the testimony given me of his recollection: that I was very glad my residence at St. Fargeau would be agreeable to him; and that I had no anxiety whatever as to my personal safety, for that I had nothing on my conscience to render me uneasy under any circumstances. That my conduct and intentions had ever been faithful to the service of his Majesty; that I therefore feared nothing, for that I was incapable of committing any action unworthy of the rank to which I was born, and of a good French subject.

I pursued my route towards Saint Fargeau, and had not proceeded far, when one of my valets came to tell me that he had seen at Châtillon, about eight leagues from thence, an Exempt with some of the King's guards. The reason they had given for being there was to rest their horses, which were lame; but that this was not true, as the master of the hotel had told him that they had asked him when I should arrive? and whether it was likely I should take another road? This intelligence made me feel anxious; for he added that the environs of St. Fargeau were full of soldiers, ostensibly to collect *la Taille*. People, when suddenly alarmed, immediately conjure up phantoms to combat with;

and I at once exclaimed, "I am certain those troops are there to arrest me, and not for *les Tailles*. The Countess de Fiesque, in asking for an escort, has fallen into the snare, and these troops will join the others, and there will be eighteen of the King's guards." This idea quite disconcerted me, until reassured by Préfontaine, always firm and resolute, and also by La Guériniére. I had gained a character for courage; but I confess that, on this occasion, I was fully persuaded that the intention was to arrest me. In short, terror, for once, seemed completely to have benumbed my faculties.

We arrived at St. Fargeau at two o'clock in the morning, and I was obliged to descend from the coach, the bridge being broken. I then entered an old ruinous house, with neither door nor windows, and the grass growing in the court as high as our knees. All this gave me the horrors. I conceived a perfect aversion to the place. They took me into a dirty room, in the centre of which was a huge beam; and here fear and vexation at last so overpowered me, that I burst into tears. In short, I *was* very wretched in being away from the Court, and having so sad a place to reside in. On recovering myself a little, I called Madame de Frontenac, Préfontaine, and La Guériniére, who had been to learn whether

there were not some place near to which I could repair until I should have somewhat regained my fortitude. They informed me there was a small moated castle about two leagues distant, belonging to one named Davaux, a Comptroller of my "domeines," where I could stay until matters were explained. I then charged one of my people to go the next day to Châtillon, to learn what the Exempt did there with his guards.

After having supped, I wished my people good night, and said, "Do not awake me to-morrow, for I mean to sleep all day;" then I mounted on horseback, accompanied by Madame de Frontenac, one of my femmes-de-chambre, Préfontaine, and La Guériniére. Imagine with what joy I made this escape! I had arisen at four o'clock in the morning, I had travelled two-and-twenty leagues, and I was now on a horse that had come the whole way! We reached Davaux's house, which was called Dannery, about three o'clock in the morning, when I hurried to bed. The next day, La Guériniére returned from St. Fargeau with cheering accounts: he informed me the house was strong and good, and that I could not be taken by surprise; for that if they entered at one gate, I could escape by another; and that we could even detain those who came to arrest me. This was good news, and I now waited the

accounts from Châtillon. The person whom I had sent returned, and told me, that when he arrived at the hotel where the Exempt lodged, he accosted him, and asked him where the Court was, for that he had come from Italy, and that he was going there on business? The Exempt said it was at Paris; and then begged to know where he had slept? and on his replying at St. Fargeau, he asked whether Mademoiselle was not expected there? and on his telling him that I had arrived there that night, he expressed his surprise that I had not passed by that road.

My people now pressed me to go to St. Fargeau; but I was two days in making up my mind; for I never felt at all uneasy while staying at this house. I had books, I walked, went to bed early, and arose late. One morning, however, I set out for St. Fargeau, where they showed me a room very superior to what I had seen at my first entrance, and which had been fitted up by Monsieur le Duc de Bellegarde, who was allowed to live there during my minority, in consideration of the losses he had sustained in the service of Monsieur. This room was formed from a part of a beautiful gallery; and I no sooner saw it than I wished to alter the chimneys and the doors, and to make an alcove. I immediately inquired whether there were any architects in that neighbourhood, and

at once began to arrange the interior of the room. I was thus compelled to go and lodge in the garret, with the misery of an uncomfortable bed; for Madame de Fiesque contrived it so badly, that mine did not arrive until two days after I reached St. Fargeau. I told my people they were extremely foolish to have listened to her; and rated them, as they deserved, for the little care they had taken to be punctual—slily lauding their bravery, at the same time, in rescuing Préfontaine's coach, when it was pillaged. Happily, the Bailli of St. Fargeau had lately been married, and had ordered a new bed. The Duchess de Sully, and other ladies, came to visit me on my arrival, and I felt quite ashamed that I was without means to make them comfortable, and to offer them beds. However, I sent to Bois-le-Vicomte for some furniture, that I might never have this sense of privation and humiliation in future.

While sleeping at Davaux, I was greatly terrified one night. I awoke and heard the curtains of Madame de Frontenac's bed opened and then close again. Her bed was near mine. I said to her, "Are you dreaming, that you undraw your curtains at this hour?" She replied, "It is the wind." We were sleeping on the ground floor; there were windows only on one

side of us, and there was no wind. A strange fear seized on me, and I begged her to come and sleep with me. There was little necessity for asking her twice; and as she left her bed, I again heard the curtains undrawn, and we neither of us spoke a word more till it was daylight.

When it was bright dawn, she confessed to me that she had seen her curtains open, (for I had always a light in my room,) and that her first impulse had been to throw herself into my bed; but that she had restrained herself, from the dread of failing in respect, and also of alarming me. Nay, she declared that she really had seen her curtains twice open; and it was in vain that we attempted to account for the occurrence. Some days afterwards, I heard that a boy—my foster brother—had been killed in my company of gendarmes. I doubted not, therefore, that it was he who had come to bid me adieu; and I ordered masses to be said for the repose of his soul.*

The Court was at Paris, overwhelmed with addresses and harangues from all sides; so that it had not ears enough to listen to the people who sued for pardon. Monsieur le Cardinal de Retz paid his obeisance to the King and Queen, and thought himself on the best terms with the Court;

* How came he to mistake the two beds?—*Ed.*

when one day, on going thither, he was arrested by Villequier, captain in the gardes-du-corps, and taken by the gallery of the Louvre to a coach which conveyed him first to the Pavilion, and from thence to the Bois de Vincennes. After the plan was formed it was some days before it could be put into effect, from his attending so little at the Louvre: but, when once there, and it has been resolved to act, there is no chance of escape. We are reminded of the line of Corneille, in his tragedy of Nicomede,—

"Quiconque entre au Palais, porte sa tête aux Rois."

When the Queen sent for Villequier to give him the order, there was no one present but the King and Monsieur le Tellier. Villequier said, "He is a man, Madame, who has generally a number of brave gentlemen with him; if he resists, what shall I do? Am I to take him dead or alive? Will the King give me a word under his own hand what I am to do?" The King then wrote that he was to take Cardinal de Retz in any manner he could. I learnt this afterwards from the Queen, when chatting with her upon what had passed. She often said that Monsieur le Prince was "a good soul:" that they had advised her to make away with him at the Bois de Vincennes; but that she had never

repented of not having done so: that she was incapable of such a thought, whatever harm he might do her; and she expressed the same sentiment with regard to Cardinal de Retz.

On the arrival of the Court at Paris, Monsieur de Beaufort was exiled: also Madame de Montbazon and Madame de Bonelle. Frontenac received an order for his wife, but she was gone with me. The Comtesse de Fiesque had the same order; and, as she was ill, they put a guard over her, and would allow her to see no one.

Madame was now brought to bed of her fourth daughter, whom they named Mademoiselle de Chartres: Monsieur was very sorry, for he always hoped to have a boy. She was dangerously ill: I sent my compliments to Monsieur, and begged that I might come and see him. He returned me word that it was not yet time. During Madame's illness, the Queen, very kindly, often went to see her. Madame de Fiesque sent to know whether it was agreeable for her Majesty to receive her? The Queen replied, she might come as Comtesse de Fiesque, but not as my governess: so she gave me up to have this honour; and when the Queen spoke of me, she abused me with all her might.

When Madame was a little better, I thought that his Royal Highness, who was now in better

humour, would be glad to see me; I therefore despatched La Guériniére to him, and, not thinking that his Royal Highness would refuse me, I went to receive the answer as far as Pont de Gien, where I received a letter from Monsieur, giving me directions to send to the gentlemen who commanded my regiments, and order them to return. He added, that until this was done he could not receive me, as the court took it ill, and said that it was by his connivance that these officers remained where they were.

I continued my route to Sully, where I was to sleep, and from thence I wrote to his Royal Highness, expressing my regret that I was not allowed to see him; that I could not answer for what my regiments had been doing, but that to show my readiness to hasten their return, I had written as he requested, to this effect:—

"His Royal Highness has desired that I should write to command you to return. I should suppose that his orders are sufficient, without any additional one of mine being necessary: all that I can do, is to make that use of them which I have done," &c. I signed these two letters with my own hand; I think I added, "If you do not return, I shall have cause to complain of you." I then wrote to his Royal Highness, that if, after this, the court was not satisfied, it was acting

with extreme harshness towards me, in allowing the permission for my seeing him to depend on the actions of the two commanders. I hastened my courier, and even asked for relays on the road, which Monsieur sent me word that he had ordered.

Towards the beginning of December, therefore, I went from Sully to Blois in one day; having with me Madame de Frontenac and Madame la Comtesse de Fiesque, whom I have forgotten to say arrived in a litter one morning, when I was little thinking of her. I said, "Ah, Madame! how is it you are here—you who believed me to be in Flanders?" She replied with so much humility, that it touched my heart, and I treated her with more kindness than she deserved.

When I reached Blois, Monsieur had supped. I confess that I had some misgivings as to how he would receive me, and this annoyed me not a little. But when I found guards with the relays, which could not have been had he not so ordered it, I augured a good reception. He came to the door to meet me; observing, he dared not venture further, owing to his having a swelled face. He then saluted the ladies, and inquired respecting Madame de Fiesque's illness. I had, in the meanwhile, drawn near the fire, where I related the adventure with the Jacobin

of Provins. Monsieur came nearer me to hear it, and laughed at the recital. He then said, "Go to supper—good night—do not return, for it is late."

The next day he came to my room as soon as I awoke. I sat at table with him, for I had brought neither cook nor butler. He gave me an account of what was passing; talked a great deal of Monsieur le Prince, and treated me extremely well during the two days I remained at Blois. When I left he accompanied me on my way as far as Chambord, where we sojourned a few days. He thanked Madame de Frontenac for remaining with me, and told Madame de Fiesque she would not do well to quit me. To Préfontaine he said, "I am quite satisfied with you; and when they told me you advised my daughter to go away, I would not believe them."

At Chambord he again addressed him, saying, "I wish to show you everything," and seemed to take pleasure in leading him over his house. This was to me a source of great satisfaction, as we like to see those well regarded who have served us with fidelity. In the morning he took him over his park, and while they were walking, he observed, "Préfontaine, I love my daughter very much; but there are many reasons why I do not wish her to remain here." Préfontaine replied,

"Your Royal Highness must see that she has come without equipage, and has no idea of remaining." Monsieur then expressed to him how much he had always desired to see me established, but that I was so difficult to please, that I would not accept even the Elector of Bavaria. This was true, for it was not altogether a desirable alliance: the Elector's parents were living; he was only fifteen years old, and resided in a house so solitary that it was exactly like a convent.

CHAPTER XX.

A NEW SUITOR TO MADEMOISELLE—SHE REJECTS A GERMAN PRINCE AND HIS ADDRESSES—BEING THREATENED WITH ARREST, SHE CALLS A REGIMENT TO HER DEFENCE AND RESOLVES TO FORTIFY HER CHATEAU; AND TO ESPOUSE THE GREAT CONDÉ, IF POSSIBLE—A JESUIT IN DIFFICULTIES—MADEMOISELLE RESOLVES TO ENJOY THE PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY, AND PROCURES HORSES AND HOUNDS FROM ENGLAND.

On my return to St. Fargeau, I changed my room, for they had begun to alter the chimney; so I took possession of another which had a finer view; nor was this at all extraordinary, considering that it was the garret. It was now the winter season, and so dirty that I could not walk out; but I took advantage of every fine interval to ride on horseback; and when the ground was frozen I went on foot. I had to superintend my work-people, who were making a mall for me over a tract so infested with brushwood and

briers, that it seemed almost impossible to form a walk. But I had them cut away, and raised the ground, so that it formed a beautiful terrace, from which could be seen the chateau, a wood, a vine-yard, and a meadow, through which the river took its course. Yet St. Fargeau had been so wild a place, that when I came to it first, there was not even a herb for the use of the kitchen!

On recovering a little from her illness, the Comtesse de Fiesque sent to me one of her valets, whom she had raised to be a gentleman, to say, that she hoped soon to be able to come and stay with me. She wrote also to Madame de Frontenac to know if I should like her to bring a Mademoiselle Doutrelais, of Normandy. This I declined, stating that she was not of a rank to sit at table with me, as my other ladies did, nor to go in my coach; therefore it would be most unpleasant on all sides; and I then expressed a hope to those with me, that this difficulty would prevent Madame de Fiesque from coming; for that she was old and intriguing, and that class of persons are often dangerous in houses.

She, however, surmounted the difficulty, and came. I requested Madame de Frontenac not to qecome too intimate with her, observing that I was afraid it would disturb the friendship and esteem I felt for her. I gave the same admonition to Préfontaine, enjoining him, as he had

plenty of other matters to attend to, to dispense with going into her room after the first visit. When she arrived, she observed to Madame de Frontenac, that she could get no repose in the room assigned her—that it was too solitary, and she wished to sleep with her. But this could not be done, as that lady had slept in my room since our arrival; and I was too accustomed to her society, and too timid, to part with her. Madame de Fiesque brought us a great deal of news. She was a most agreeable woman—of noble carriage—well-bred—and capable of doing the honours of a house to perfection; as for Madame de Frontenac, she never took the trouble to speak to any one.

The life we led was very placid, and yet exempt from *ennui;* for I am the last person to feel it in the least, making it a rule to occupy myself all day, and divert myself even with day-dreams. I am never annoyed, in short, but when with people whom I cannot like, or of whom I am afraid.

Having learnt that Madame was gone to Paris, I sent to Monsieur to state that I would come and see him at Orleans; but he entreated that I would not do so, as the court was expected there to arrange some affairs, and that, when the weather became finer, he should be glad to see me at Blois. I did not consider this a strict prohibition; took no notice of it; left St. Far-

geau, and soon reached Orleans. I remained there a day, and was received very well both by Madame and Monsieur. I found there, too, a company of comedians, who amused me extremely. There arrived also a Jesuit, named The Père Jean-Antoine, who proposed to Monsieur a marriage for me with Monsieur le Duc de Neubourg. His Royal Highness called me into his closet, and, in the presence of Madame, made me the proposal. I replied, that I suspected he must be jesting with me; or that, since his absence from court, he had forgotten the station which he occupied, thus to think of marrying me to petty German Princes. Madame observed that these petty Princes had married daughters of the House of Austria and of Lorraine. I replied, that others might marry them if they liked, but that, for myself, I was resolved never to ally myself in that sort of manner; and nothing more was said upon the subject.

On my return to St. Fargeau, I thought of nothing but how to plan a theatre, and to arrange it in a great hall just suited to the purpose. I listened to plays with more pleasure than ever I had done before; and our theatre was well lighted and decorated. Our company was, to be sure, not very large, but the ladies were extremely good-looking. They, as well as myself, wore caps trimmed with fur, and ornamented with

feathers. I had adopted this fashion from one worn by Madame de Sully *à la chasse.* We had suited it to our fancy, so that it looked very becoming. Battledore and shuttlecock succeeded to these plays. I delighted in this exercise so much, that I played two hours in the morning, and two after dinner. My partner was Madame de Frontenac, who never ceased wrangling, though she always beat me. I had the most dexterity, but strength won the day.

His Royal Highness still remained at Blois, and our affairs wore the same aspect; that is, they made no progress, although many letters were written. Monsieur pressed me to come to Blois, or to send Préfontaine, saying, that the court wished me to be near, as it had many matters to communicate. I replied, that I would trust no one with my affairs.

From Paris, everybody wrote me word that the Princess was dying—that she could not recover, and that they feared, should her death take place, Monsieur le Prince would at once resolve to take me from St. Fargeau. Monsieur had previously informed me, that if I were ever seen at Blois, the Court would arrest me, and I should never regain my liberty. This alarmed me so much, that I had no desire to move. Still Préfontaine wished me to go to Blois; observing, that it did

not look well to refuse his Royal Highness, from mere apprehension of a prison; for that if the King wished to arrest me, he could do it as well at St. Fargeau as at Blois. All he could say, however, merely served to make me angry with him.

While there was a continued rumour of arresting me at St. Fargeau, I sent to his Royal Highness's regiment of infantry, garrisoned at Nivernois, to let them know, that if such an event took place, they must come and rescue me, and that without thinking of the results. Afterwards, they sent an officer regularly every day to know if I required them. I now amused myself with planning what we would do if we were besieged; the fortifications we must raise, and a thousand other vagaries, which made me laugh, although the subject of them caused me extreme grief. Préfontaine would in no way lend himself to these "plaisanteries," and he seemed extremely concerned at my entering into them at all.

The Jesuit envoy of the Duke of Neubourg now arrived at St. Fargeau, on his way to the Augustins, and made his visit known to Madame de Fiesque. She one day came to me, looking quite pleased, to inform me that his Royal Highness had given him permission to see me; adding, "Although you laugh, I assure you that the

Duc de Neubourg is 'un fort bon parti.' He is a Prince of the house of Bavaria, handsome, well made, witty, not more than thirty, of great merit, and with good estates. He is a Prince who may, perhaps, become Emperor. If you do not accept him, his Royal Highness will suppose that you are under an engagement with Monsieur le Prince." I listened to her very patiently, and then asked her, "Have you said all?" She replied, "No; I wish to express to you how much more I desire that you should marry Monsieur le Prince, because you would not then leave France; if, therefore, you seriously entertain the idea which every one attributes to you, I intreat you to confide it to me; and, after such confidence, there is nothing that I will not do to serve you with his Royal Highness." I replied, that I did not think the Duc de Neubourg at all a suitable match for me; for that no *Fille de France* had ever married a petty potentate of this class, and therefore I positively declined it. I then added, "As regards Monsieur le Prince, I never allow myself to think of it, and could make every possible asseveration that he has never spoken to me of the affair, although Monsieur will have it that we are agreed upon it. Besides, men of sense like the Prince, do not thus calculate upon the death of a person not

older than myself. "If Madame la Princesse were to die, and he were restored to his Majesty's favour, and the King and his Royal Highness should approve of it, for the good of our Royal House, and if he were to propose to me, I believe that I should accept him; for there is nothing in him but what is great, heroic, and worthy of the name which he bears. If I wedded, therefore, with him, it would be like those high-flown demoiselles of romance,—an Amadis would have to come for me on a palfrey, and would run over everyone he met upon the road; whilst I, on my part, should mount another palfrey, like Oriana herself. I assure you that all this is very much after my fancy; and I entertain little esteem for those who are not of the same way of thinking."

She then sent for Préfontaine, who seemed to wish to advise me in the same manner; but I said, that when I asked his advice he might give it me as a man of probity and honour; but that until I did, it would be officious in him to offer it: I was old enough to judge for myself; and I therefore considered it unbecoming in my people to take upon themselves to offer me their counsel. The Countess then said to Préfontaine, "I think that Mademoiselle would like to see the Father (the Jesuit); indeed I think she ought; perhaps, as I am unable to go out, you will bring him

hither?" He replied that he would go with pleasure; and, on my return from mass, when I visited the Countess, it was suggested that it would be better no one should see him come. I had an idea that they were laughing at me, and observed, "Why not bring him by the roundabout way I came here, that is, round the house and round the house, up by the garrets, and everywhere but the direct road! The attic doors are so small that nobody thinks of passing through them but slaters, bricklayers, and such like gentry, who made the house; and, if I mistake not, the walled door which opens on that side into my cabinet can easily be removed."

They all thought this plan delightful; and accordingly, after dinner the reverend Father was brought to my room, Préfontaine leading him round by the garrets, where he was constantly afraid of breaking his neck: when he had reached the door, quite out of breath, they came to inform me. I then entered my cabinet, and Préfontaine ushered him in. I had hidden Madame de Frontenac under the table, and the *entrée* was exquisitely amusing. Think of a Jesuit in boots, a strange rustic dress, and of a most grotesque figure. He held his cloak with both hands, in a posture truly ridiculous, to recover breath; and

when he came nearer to me he twinkled his eyes, as if to be sure that he saw me; in short, I was dying with laughter, and Préfontaine could stand it no longer; from respect to me, he ran out of the room to indulge his mirth, and I told him, very gravely, to remain outside the door.

The reverend father at once began the old tale, by complimenting Monsieur le Duc de Neubourg, and then, looking exceedingly knowing, observed, "I believe your Royal Highness has heard the proposals I am charged to make, and that they have been well received, in testimony of which I have the honour now to see you, and to repeat them myself." I replied, that Monsieur le Duc de Neubourg did me much honour, and that it was a mark of his esteem which I should always value. How unfortunate that, in the position parties were, there was, at present, no probability of my marrying! That all my family were separated; that his Royal Highness stood ill with the court; that Monsieur le Prince was out of France; and that I could not marry until they were all at my wedding, that it might be conducted with suitable *éclat* and ceremony. He then drew a miniature of Monsieur de Neubourg from his pocket, and afterwards a little bust; saying, "He is the best of men—yes, the best—you will be *too* happy with

him! His wife, who was sister to the King of Poland, actually died from excess of joy at seeing him, on his return from a journey!" I replied, "Dear me! you almost make me afraid. I fear I shall love him too much, and perhaps die also." He was then fully an hour entertaining us in this merry mood. He, at length, concluded by saying, "Do you think you are too young to marry?" I replied, "Oh dear, no! I am not; but there is no need to be in a hurry." When he saw that all was unavailing to extort a decided answer, he took his leave, in the same amusing way, and I called Préfontaine to conduct the good father back again by the same route.

The more I was pressed to repair to Blois, the longer I delayed it; I even turned my horses out to grass, so that they should be of no use to me. When I made this as an excuse, they sent me others, which I retained by me two months. They acquainted me, from Paris, that if I returned to Blois they would take from me the two countesses (so they called these ladies) and Préfontaine; and this rumour almost drove me to despair. Still Préfontaine reassured me by saying, that if they wished to act thus, it might be done as well at St. Fargeau as at Blois, and that my own conduct should put me above these idle fears.

Monsieur le Maréchal d'Etampes came to St. Fargeau to press me to go to Blois; and as everything in this world comes to an end, so was I obliged to make up my mind to this journey. Yet I grieved very bitterly at the idea of going, and cried so much the night before, that it brought on one of my severe sore throats; nevertheless, my physician thought me equal to undertake the journey. I slept one night at Sully; where my illness so much increased, with fever, that I sent to Blois, to excuse myself if I should not arrive there on the day I had stated. But they bled me in the foot, which greatly relieved me; so I set out the next day, and wept all the way in the coach.

When I arrived, which was late in the evening, I would not go into his Royal Highness's rooms, but, on leaving the coach, ran hastily into my own. When there, I sat down, and declared to every one, even to those who had seen me run, (so little did I know what I was about,) that I was so weak I could hardly stand upright. Monsieur desired to see me, when they brought me Madame's easy chair, in which I was borne to the door of his apartment.

The next morning, he came to me; and as I remained in bed, Madame, to whom moving about was a cruel effort, also paid me a visit.

They were both kind to me; and Monsieur observed, that I had done very wrong in making a difficulty of coming, from the apprehension that he would use force in the present position of my affairs; for that he would never employ his authority to do violence to any one, and it was not likely, therefore, that he should begin with me. I was made quite happy by this assurance, and one day began to summon courage to speak of my affairs; but he flew off, and would not give me his attention. I asked permission to make known to the Duc de Richelieu that I wished to retire to Champigny. He permitted me to do so; and added, "I always thought that you would retire: what I have done, has been entirely through necessity."

After remaining at Blois some days, I made a tour in Touraine. During the interval, la Comtesse de Fiesque (the mother) repaired to a house she had at Berri, and Madame de Raré (my sister's governess), and Madame de Valency, came with me, which much embellished my court. I was treated everywhere with the greatest respect, and not at all as a forlorn demoiselle in exile.

The morning I set out, Gourville, of whom I have already spoken,* caused me to be awakened,

* The Prince of Conti wrote of him in this manner to La Rochefoucault—"I entreat you to send him to me in Catalonia, for I have very little infantry; and without

to inform me that peace was made with Bourdeaux, that the Prince de Conti was going to one of his houses in Languedoc, and that Madame de Longueville was awaiting news from her husband. The Princess, it appeared, was going into Flanders—she had a passport for so doing, and Monsieur le Duc d'Enghien was to proceed thither by sea. The troops of Monsieur le Prince were to pass through the centre of France, conducted by a commissary, and their quarters were to be ordered by the King. This news did not please me at all, for I knew well that it would much afflict the Prince. I learnt afterwards that the Princess would not quit her son, although they assured her that she would die on the voyage: so she received the communion before she embarked, as a person about to take leave of this world.

On my return to St. Fargeau, I experienced one of those pleasures we derive from the country. I found the apartment that I had ordered to be made ready for me completed; I furnished it, and there took up my residence. It had an ante-

infantry and without Gourville one can hardly make much progress in this country. If I am in want of cavalry in the coming campaign, I shall still ask you to send him to me; and when I am in want of cannon, I shall again ask for Gourville."—*Memoirs de Gourville.*

room, where I had always dined, and a gallery near it, in which I hung portraits of all my relations—the late King my grandfather, the Queen my grandmother, the King and Queen of Spain, the King and Queen of England, the King and Queen, their Royal Highnesses my mother and my mother-in-law, Monsieur le Prince and Madame la Princesse, and Monsieur de Montpensier. To the last of these I gave the best place; for though he was not so great a sovereign as the rest, he was the head of the house, and I had reason to conclude that, had he not left me his wealth, I never should have had anything. There were, besides these, several other portraits of my relations. I placed also a billiard-table in this gallery, for I was very fond of the exercise of this game. My room was really very pretty, with a cabinet at the end, and a wardrobe, and a little closet, just large enough to hold me. After having been for eight months lodged in a garret, I here thought myself in an enchanted palace. I decorated the closet with a number of pictures and mirrors, and conceived that I had produced the most beautiful *chef d'œuvre* in the world, showing it to all those who came to see me, with as much complacency as the Queen my grandmother could have had in exhibiting the Luxembourg.

The court had departed for Champagne; and

the Maréchal de la Ferté had taken Clermont. Monsieur de Turenne was encamped at Mont St. Quentin, as well as Monsieur le Prince, who was suffering much from fever. Madame, his wife, had reached Flanders in better health than they expected, for no one thought she could possibly recover. The Prince was then ordered to Valenciennes. The fever which he suffered had reduced him to the lowest state of melancholy. He wrote to me and complained bitterly of his unhappiness; observing, "I am incapable of anything, excepting the disposition to serve you: and if the occasion should present itself, I think it would restore me to my usual good health."

Madame de Bouthillier now wrote to invite me to come for the vintage to Pons; so I repaired thither about the end of September. I returned by Fontainebleau, that Madame de Frontenac might enjoy the pleasure of seeing it, and we stayed there two days; but not in the Château, owing to my not thinking it respectful to lodge in a house of the King's during my exile.

I found at Fontainebleau some English horses, which I had sent for; and I was much pleased, for I had long wished to possess some. It is one of the amusements of the country to have horses,

to see them, to lead them out, to mount them, and to lend them to those who come to visit us. I had never liked dogs, but I was beginning to do so: the Comtesse de Fiesque had a beautiful large black greyhound, and she gave me one of its young, of which I was very fond.

At Fontainebleau I heard that Madame la Comtesse, her mother-in-law, who had returned to St. Fargeau, was ill of a fever. My medical man sent me word that she had eaten a great deal the night before, and paid a visit in the neighbourhood the next day, which might be the occasion of her illness. I mounted my horse, and set off in a gallop to St. Fargeau. As soon as I arrived, I went into her room, and found her very low indeed. I did not stay long, for it was disagreeable; neither did I go the next day, for the same reason.

In the evening, while at cards, they came to me to say that la Comtesse was dying, and totally insensible. Her daughter-in-law, who was playing with me, quitted the game, and ran to her, and I after her; but, as I was timid, I hesitated to enter the room. When I surmounted this fear, I saw that they were giving her extreme unction, for she was in a most pitiable state; though she recovered sufficiently to receive the viaticum. When they proposed it to her, she

asked, "Am I ill enough for that?" They told her that she had already received extreme unction in the night, and that they had thought her dead: at which she seemed extremely alarmed. I sent to the church for the viaticum, and accompanied it to her chamber. Her daughter-in-law and myself had great apprehensions that she would preach us a long sermon; but the dread of death prevented her: for she was so terrified that she could not speak a word; neither did she ask pardon of any one, although it is usual on a death-bed to do so from those with whom we have lived. She lay all day in this state of apathetic insensibility, and died the next morning. I had wept a great deal the day on which she had received the viaticum, and they had jested upon it, observing that it was because I was afraid she was getting better; but it was, in reality, from the reflections that we cannot fail to make in such distressing circumstances; I thought of myself.

When she was dead, I repaired, after having seen Madame de Bréauté in her chamber, to Ratilly, a house about four leagues from St. Fargeau. As it was small, I took only a few of my people—not even retaining my coach. I walked every day, and went out coursing with some gentlemen in the neighbourhood; which

led me to wish to have some dogs; so I sent for a whole pack from England. I remained some days in this solitude, to allow time for opening the body, to remove it, and to air the room. I always feared the smell of death in a house; and I had a great aversion to sleep in one where lay a corpse.

I despatched a messenger to Blois to inform his Royal Highness of what had happened; and to beg him to allow me to take Madame la Marquise de Bréauté for my *dame d'honneur*, for that I was too old to have a governess. I was well assured that this lady would not accept the proposal I made, for she was of a retiring disposition, and shunned the world. She had felt great reluctance to follow me, and by having done so, showed the deference she had for her mother's feelings. It was only in this belief that I made bold to ask for Monsieur's consent to such a proposal. Although not old, she was so in point of temper; knew how to criticise, and would have been much better suited for a governess than a *dame d'honneur*, though I should have been little adapted to put up with either. But, as I was convinced she would refuse me, I ventured to make the offer public, for it was right that, as the mother had died whilst residing with me, I should desire to take the daughter.

His Royal Highness replied, that he was satisfied with the choice I had made; and that, to preserve the decorum due to the royal family, I should send Damville to ask the consent of the Queen. This, accordingly, I did, and she gave it: but Madame de Bréauté, with many expressions of respect, declined the proposal I had made to her, at which I was less surprised than delighted.

END OF VOL. I.

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